HORIZON

SUMMER 1971

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HORIZON

SUMMER, 1971 · VOLUME XIII, NUMBER 3

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HORIZON

SUMMER, 1971 • VOLUME XIII, NUMBER 3

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Arab and Jew

Writings about Arabs and Jews these days strike a common note. They sound like the claims and counterclaims of litigants in a protracted lawsuit, the suit, of course, being the Arab-Israeli conflict. As in most protracted lawsuits, the rights and wrongs at issue have grown increasingly obscure. This being so, we thought it useful to step back from the contemporary fray and look at matters from a different standpoint. Instead of airing the dispute between the contending parties, we asked two authors to help us identify the contenders. What is an Arab? What is a Jew? What kind of history, what fundamental experiences, have made these two peoples what they are and brought them to their present impasse?

The answers to these questions—provided by James Morris for the Arabs (see page 4), and by David Daiches for the Jews (see page 24)—point up the fierce and stiff-necked pride that marks both protagonists in the current Arab-Israeli conflict. Each is a people haunted by prolonged and bitter experience of subjugation, dependence, and loss. The central historical experience of the Jews has been the Diaspora, the departure through the centuries from their Palestinian homeland and the dispersal throughout the world as strangers and sojourners. The Arabs' central experience has been tied to the fortunes of Islam: the uniting under Mohammed (the story of whose singular rise to greatness begins on page 18), the conquest of a vast portion of the civilized world, and then the fall into disunity, impotence, and obloquy, which lasted from the thirteenth

KENTUCKY
CEASE FIRE IS NOT
HIGHLAND PARK NJ END ARAB BELLIGERENCE NOW-FOREVER
TO MIDDLE
END
SRAEL

BOTH: UPI

Passionate partisans: Jews march in support of Israel . . .

century to the early twentieth. Little wonder that both Arabs and Israelis are determined to suffer no further loss, either at the hands of each other or of anybody else.

The essays on the Arabs and the Jews shed an interesting light, too, on a subject treated elsewhere in this issue—an inquiry into "The Aryan Myth" and racist interpretations of history in general, which starts on page 96. The basic premise of the racist theory of history is that history is made by the actions and movements of whole peoples, each regarded as a simple homogeneous unit, like a chess piece on a chessboard. (The analogy is close: in most racist histories, some peoples are inevitably viewed as pawns.) Yet when HORIZON's authors looked closely at two markedly self-conscious peoples, how little like units they revealed themselves to be. Indeed, the main burden of Dr. Daiches's essay is a description of the profound religious adjustments that the Jews had to make just to maintain some semblance of unity during the two millenniums of the Diaspora. At the same time, as James Morris emphasizes, all the unifying forces of a common tongue, a common faith, of shared triumphs and defeats, have not enabled the Arabs to overcome their persistent tendency toward internal division and mutual strife.

For those among us who hunger for "keys" to history or similar magic formulas, all this, no doubt, is quite vexing. But the rest of us, we feel certain, will quietly rejoice in the fact that the peoples of the earth do not march through history like so many wooden soldiers.

—W.K.

NO U
ISRAEL IS NOT 51st STATE
WE OPPOSE COMMUNISM FASCISM ANTI-SEMITISM AND ZIONISM

while Arabs heckle them at a Washington demonstration.

The Middle East

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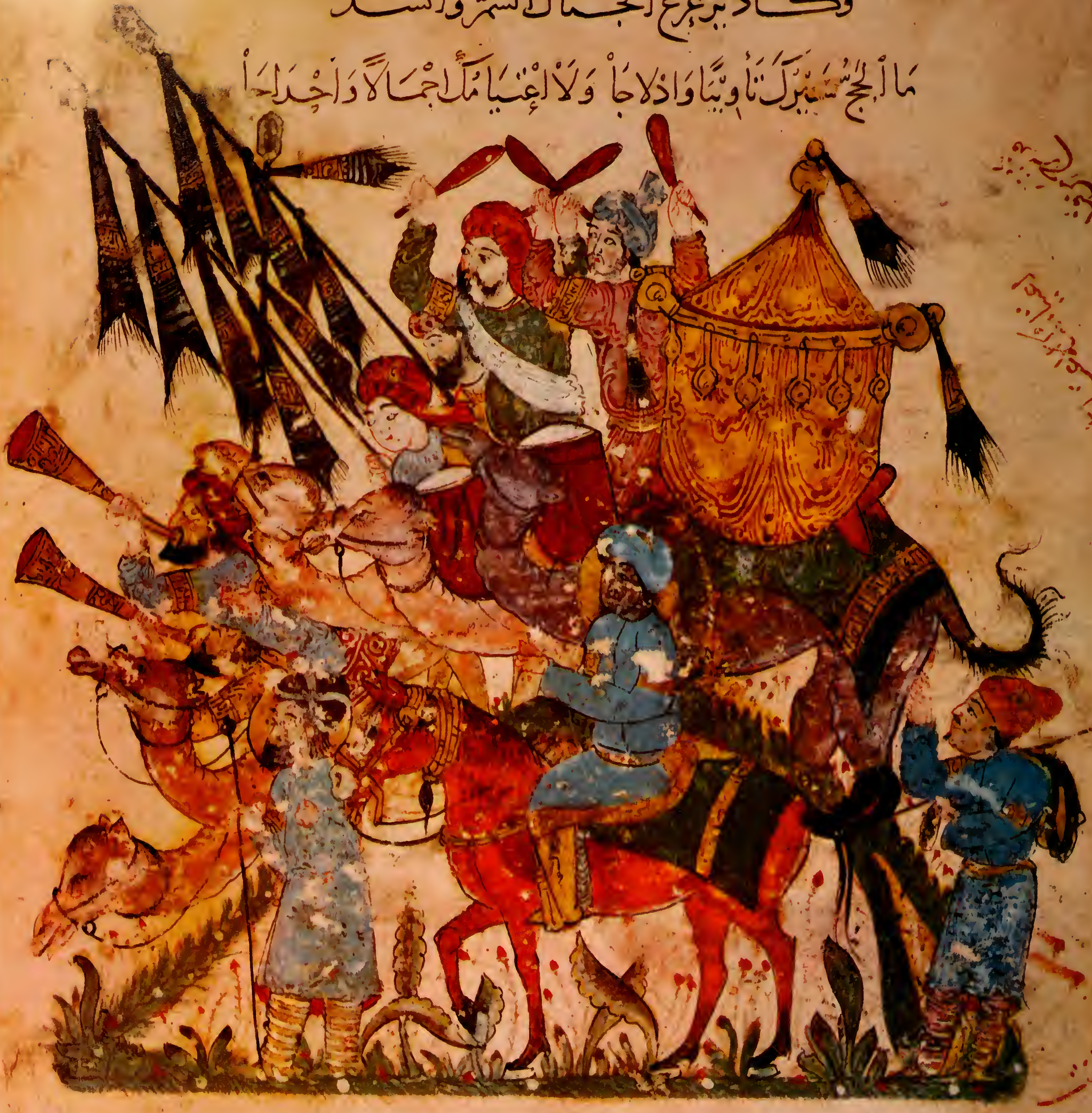
COVER: La Grande Jatte is an island in the Seine not far downstream from Paris. Today an industrial site, it used to be a public park. Either way, we should hardly have heard of it except for Georges Seurat. Using an odd new technique he had perfected for the purpose, he painted La Grande Jatte—as it looked to him—on a Sunday afternoon in summer. The detail on the cover, taken from the left background of the painting (now in the Art Institute of Chicago), is a placid enough scene. People are boating, fishing, sun-bathing. The day is warm, there is a breeze. Yet when the painting was finished and exhibited in 1886, Parisians considered it an outrage, a laughingstock. An article by Roy McMullen explaining why Seurat painted the picture, and why people laughed, begins on page 82.

وكاد يزعزع الجمال للسير وانشد

ما الحج سيرك تأويبا وإدلاجا ولا اغتيامك أجمالا وأحداجا



الحج أن تقصد البيت الحرام على تجريدك الحج لا تبغي به حاجا

وتمتطي كاهل الإنصاف متخذا ردع الهوى هاديا والحق منهاجا

What is an Arab?

You cannot tell him by his face, or his dress, or his manner, or his religion, or even his color. He may live anywhere from the eastern deserts of Iraq to the Atlantic shore of Morocco. He may be enveloped in white draperies in Abu Dhabi, tarbooshed in Alexandria, burnoosed in Tangier, resplendently mod on the boulevards of Beirut or Cairo. He may be a Roman Catholic, a Druse, a Copt; a Maronite, a Berber, a Negro, a Tuareg; he may look as African as Jomo Kenyatta or as European as the Prince of Wales. His wife may be utterly emancipated, or veiled from head to foot in the black draperies of purdah. The Oxford Dictionary defines the Arab simply as "a native of Arabia," but in this it is at least a thousand years out of date. Being an Arab now is not just a geographic predicament, nor even an ethnic state; it is more a philosophical proposition: you are an Arab, it seems, if you believe that you are an Arab—or even, perhaps, if somebody *else* believes that you are.

Moslems in Jerusalem (above) bow toward Mecca. Opposite, a miniature of 1237 shows a pilgrim caravan heading for the Holy City, then, as now, center of the Arab world.

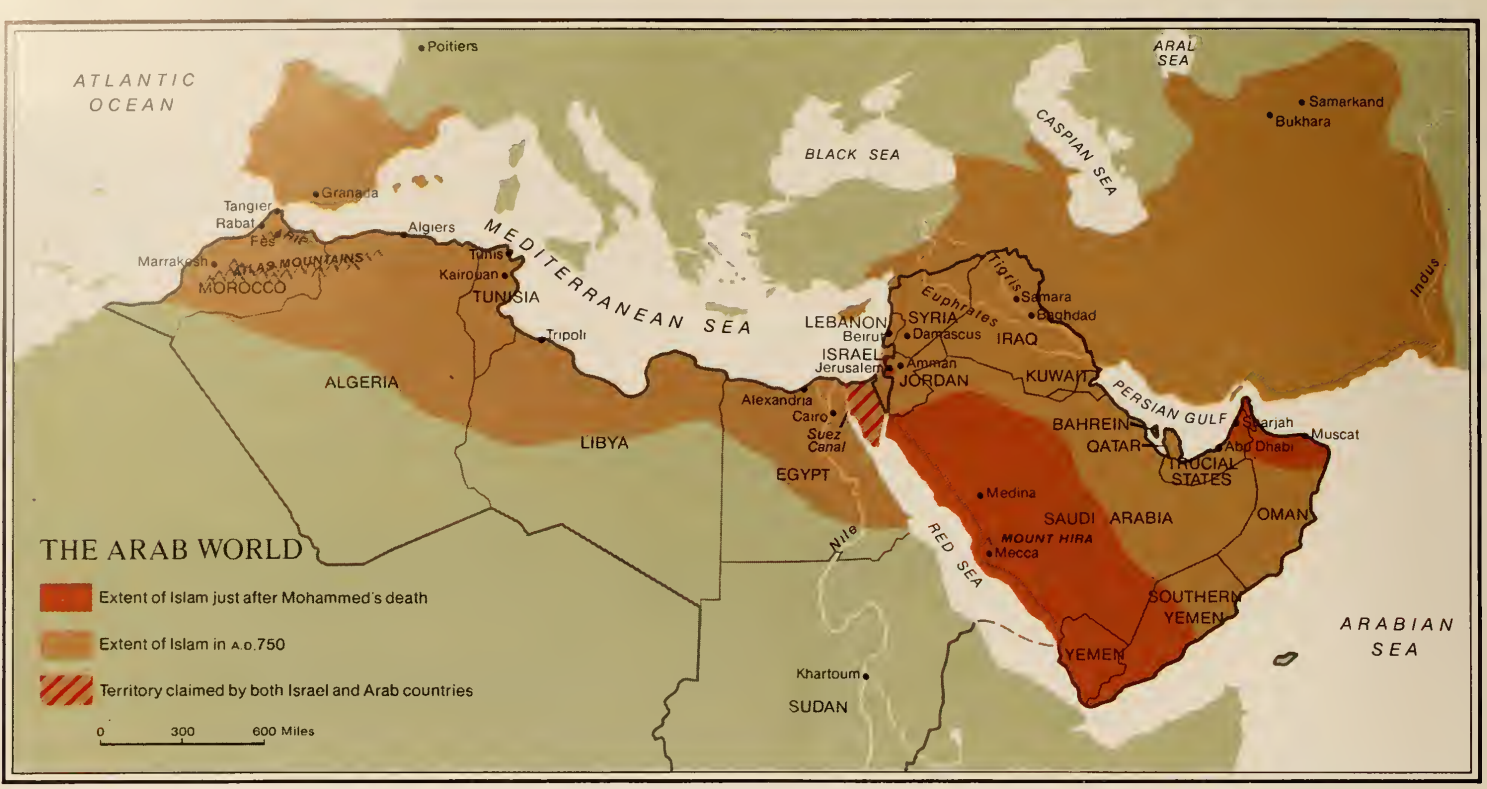
CHARLES HARBUTT · MAGNUM

This blur of identity is fundamental to the Arab consciousness, and the history of the Arab peoples has been a perennial struggle to resolve it—an alternation of certainty and confusion, self-awareness and doubt. Since the seventh century the Arabs have repeatedly tried to convince themselves, and the rest of the world as well, that Arabism, the condition of being Arab, is not just an academic or historical abstraction but a political fact: that there is such a thing as an Arab nation, transcending frontiers and binding within a single secular loyalty all who feel themselves to be Arab.

For centuries at a time history seems to have discredited this claim, as one half of the Arab world squabbles helplessly with the other, or the whole crumbles in impotent decay; but there are two periods in which the idea of a true Arab unity has come close to fulfillment. The first period was that of the Islamic empire, which dominated the Mediterranean world between the decline of Byzantium and the Renaissance in Europe. The second period is perceptibly, if debatably, now.

The Arab community is so ill-defined, so diffuse, that we

By JAMES MORRIS


THE ARAB WORLD
🟥 Extent of Islam just after Mohammed's death
🟧 Extent of Islam in A.D. 750
▨ Territory claimed by both Israel and Arab countries
0 300 600 Miles
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Poitiers
Granada
Tangier
Rabat
Fès
RIF
Marrakesh
ATLAS MOUNTAINS
MOROCCO
Algiers
Tunis
Kairouan
TUNISIA
ALGERIA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Tripoli
LIBYA
BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
ARAL SEA
Samarkand
Bukhara
Indus
Tigris
Euphrates
Samara
Baghdad
IRAQ
LEBANON
Beirut
SYRIA
Damascus
ISRAEL
Jerusalem
Amman
JORDAN
KUWAIT
PERSIAN GULF
BAHREIN
QATAR
Sharjah
Abu Dhabi
Muscat
TRUCIAL STATES
OMAN
Alexandria
Cairo
Suez Canal
EGYPT
Nile
Medina
SAUDI ARABIA
MOUNT HIRA
Mecca
RED SEA
SOUTHERN YEMEN
YEMEN
ARABIAN SEA
Khartoum
SUDAN

FRANCIS & SHAW

speak of it as a world of its own—the Arab World, a generic term we apply to no other people. Even this means different things to different observers. It can be argued, for example, that the whole of Islam is Arab to a degree—Arab in the origin of its faith, Arab in many of its manners and emotions: only a year or two ago angry students of Kashmir, squeezed between Russia and China in their Himalayan valley, burned down the Anglican church of Srinagar in protest against the existence of Israel.

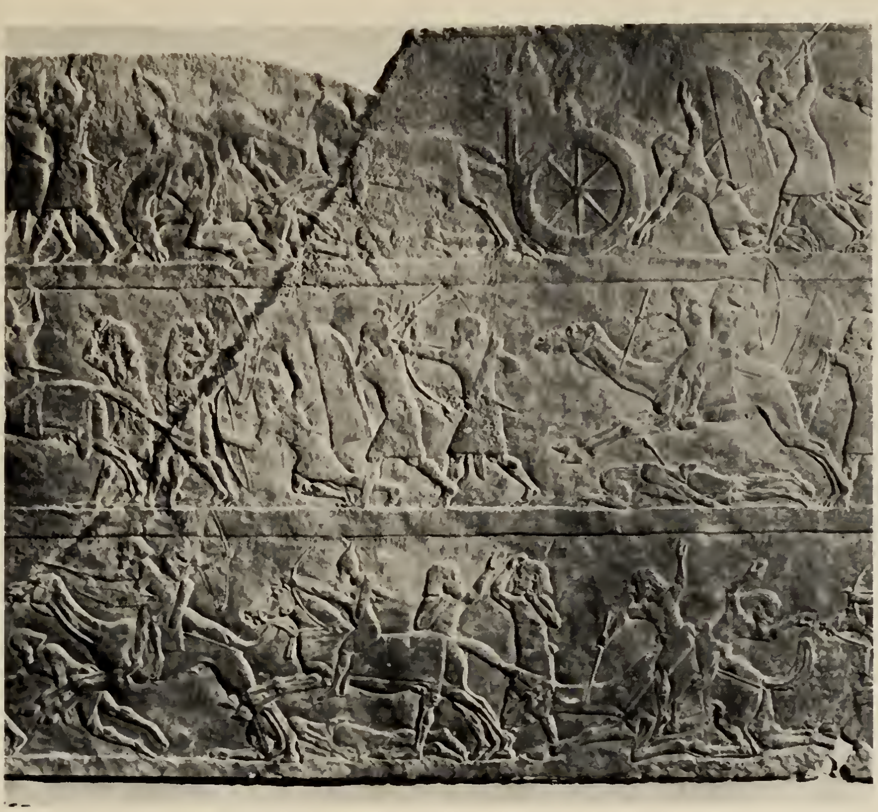
The imprint of Arabism, mostly distributed by the religion of Islam, is apparent deep in equatorial Africa, all over southern Spain, among the mosques and bazaars of Samarkand and Bukhara, on the wharves of Djakarta and Penang where the faithful in their ecstatic thousands embark upon the pilgrimage to Mecca. The Arabic script is used in languages as disparate as Malay and Swahili, and nearly all of us, wherever we are, use Arabic numerals to do our algebra.

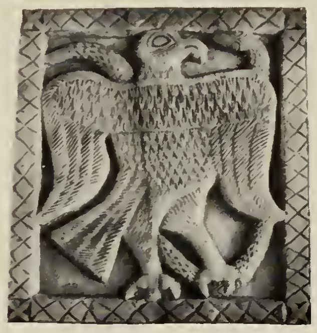
But within this wider conception of an Arab world, there stands a group of countries actually declaring themselves to be Arab. Fourteen are members of the United Nations—six in Africa (Algeria, Egypt, Libya, Morocco, the Sudan, Tunisia) and eight in Asia (Iraq, Jordan, Kuwait, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Syria, and the two Yemens). There are the several petty principalities of the Persian Gulf, from Bahrein in the north to Oman in the south, which are still obscurely tied to the trailing coattails of the British Empire; and there is also the controversial enclave of Israel, which in Arab eyes remains as integral a part of the Arab world as any other.

If an Arab nation really does exist in embryo, then this is it. All these countries, embracing perhaps five million square miles and containing probably a hundred million inhabitants, do possess an unmistakable unity of style. The same sounds are familiar from Baghdad to Marrakesh, the same architecture, the same sense of heritage, the same passions and temperaments. Culturally the Arab world is at least as cohesive as western Europe. One language, one predominant religion, and a shared history give to all its people an instinct of brotherhood; and they talk to each other, wherever they are, like brothers, in terms of intimacy that imply an ineradicable comradeship. Throughout the Arab countries any individual Arab is halfway home—like an Englishman in Australia, say, or more pertinently, a Brooklyn Zionist in a kibbutz in Sinai.

Yet when we of the West survey, bemused and baffled, that vast crescent of peoples, like a swath around the southern and eastern shores of the Mediterranean, little fraternity shows. The Arab world seems to us perpetually in a shambles. There is no apparent affinity between the purebred Bedouin of the Arabian peninsula and the mixed-blood Egyptians of the Nile delta—let alone the veiled horsemen of Algeria and the Christians of Lebanon. It all looks unreal, faintly farcical: always letting itself down, always at odds, always shifting its loyalties, its alliances, even its ideologies—racked by incurable rivalries and hamstrung by an evidently congenital disability to make common cause and stick to it.

Such are the paradoxes of the Arab identity, so formidable a conception in some ways, so distracted in others. Charles Doughty, the great Arabian traveler, once described the Arabs as a people "sitting in a cloaca, but with their brows





Arabia before the Prophet was a backwater, bypassed by the ancient empires. A few conquerors came, but soon went—like the Assyrian raiders, left, chasing camel-riding Arabs in a seventh-century B.C. *relief. The Arabs' own carvings could be as crude as the idol above left or as sophisticated as the bird of prey from a south Arabian altar.*

touching Heaven." Their search for certainty, too, pursued in fits and starts since the Middle Ages, has fluctuated disconcertingly between squalor and sublimity.

The Arab, in a modern sense, did not exist until the birth of Islam. Until then the dictionary definition was right: an Arab was no more than a native of Arabia. The father of the race was traditionally Shem, Noah's eldest son, whose bad brother Ham was condemned to sire slaves and drudges, but whose own progeny would be blessed of God. In prehistoric and classical times a series of misty kingdoms waxed and waned in the Arabian peninsula. They were hearsay kingdoms, half fact, half fiction, but they had some substance in the ancient legend of Arabia Felix. Most of Arabia, to the classical geographers, was Arabia Deserta, but the southwestern corner of the peninsula was Arabia Felix—a lusher, richer, part, where spices were cultivated and where a vast stone dam, the Marib, watered the wide desert for a thriving agriculture. This was not all fancy; there really was such a dam—its remains can still be seen in Yemen—and there were considerable comings and goings between Arabia Felix and the outside world.

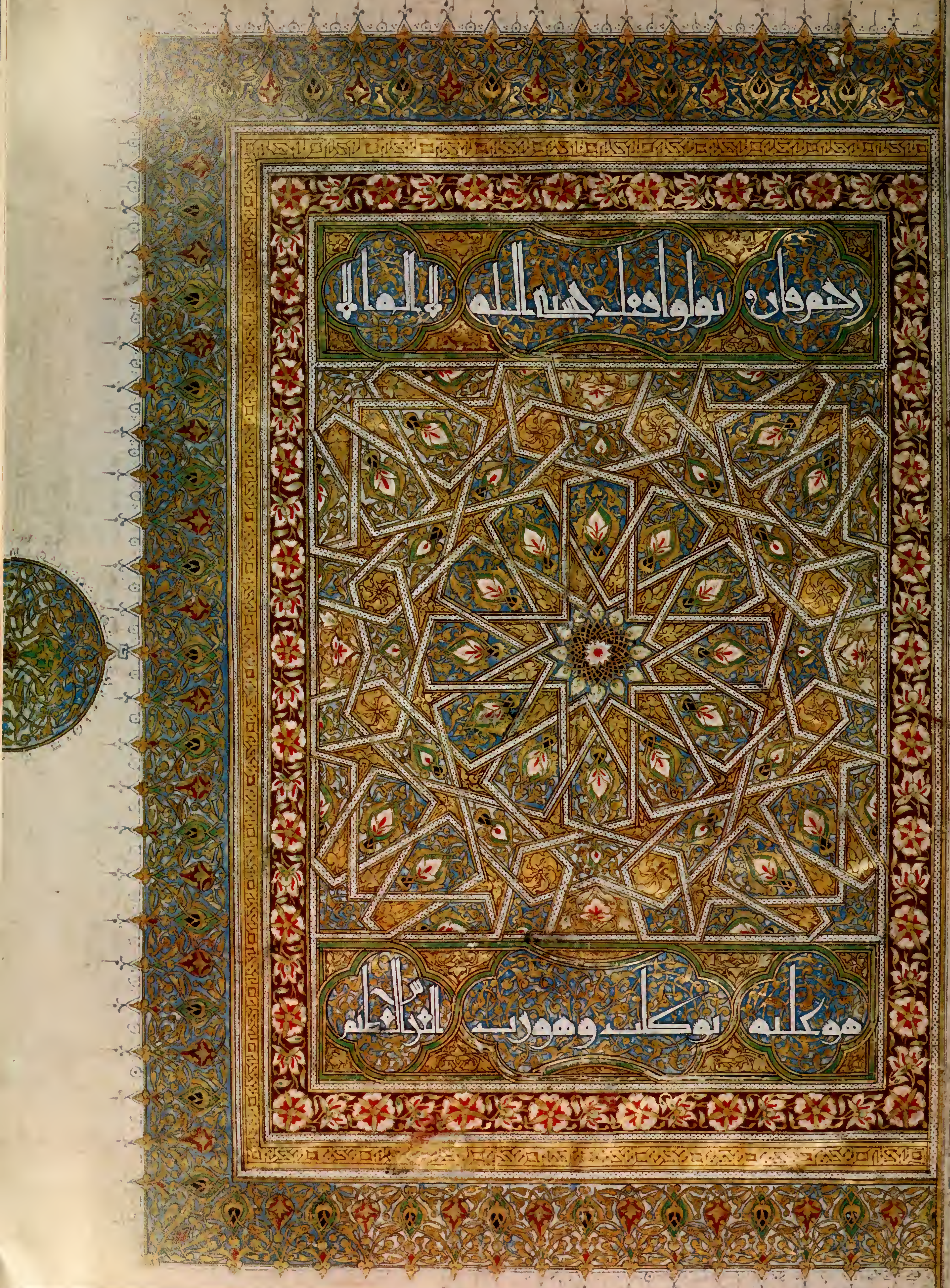
At one time or another the Egyptians, the Romans, the Persians, the Byzantines, and the Ethiopians all sent expeditions there, and several well-known trade routes traversed the peninsula. But the contacts were tenuous, and when, toward the end of the third century, easier routes to India were developed, Arabia relapsed into obscurity. Arab tradition symbolizes the moment in the collapse of the great dam, flooding and ruining Arabia Felix; certainly for the next three centuries Arabia was sunk in the general stagnancy known to historians as al-Jahiliyah—the Ignorance.

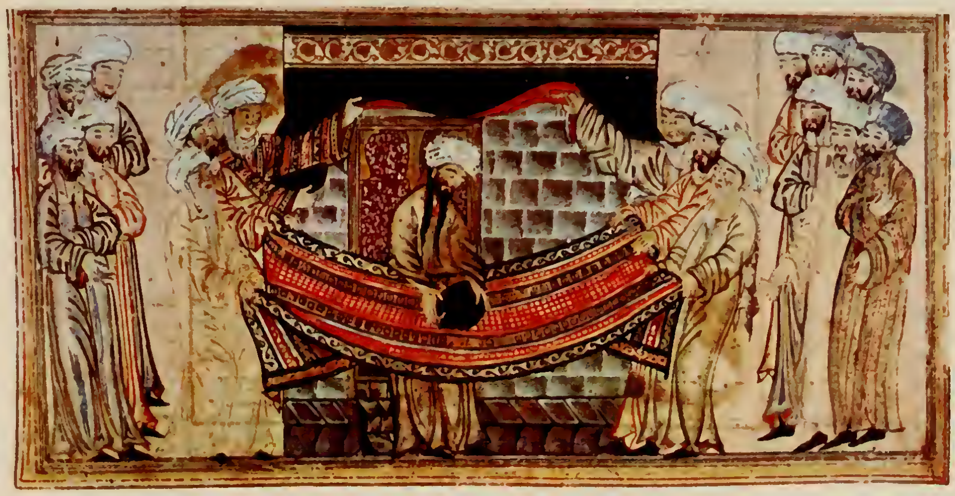
Out of this decadence, in the seventh century, flowered the faith called Islam—the Resignation, or the Surrendering—and out of Islam came the Arab. In those days he was essentially a man of the desert—spare, generally nomadic, living by a severe system of communal conventions. He was a pagan, believing in the spiritual power of stones, springs, or groves, and distinctly wary of jinn. There were few cities in the peninsula, and most of the inhabitants wandered the vast desert with their flocks of camels and goats, moving from pasture to pasture, or spring to spring. They were jealously tribal by instinct, accepted only the limited authority of an elected chief, and indulged in implacable blood feuds and marauds. They loved poetry, war, wine, gambling, lavish strokes of honor or generosity.

They seem to have been passionate people, but superficial: at a time when the Hindu, the Confucian, the Buddhist, the Jewish, and the Christian cultures had all reached noble heights of speculation and scholarship, the original Moslems concerned themselves only with the everyday—the chance of booty, the tingle of lust, or the possible disapproval of the spirit in the juniper tree. Survival was their first preoccupation; their second, in that unyielding environment of rock and sand, was the alleviation of life's hardships by some transient intimations of pleasure.

Yet their brows touched Heaven. Islam brought them to their feet, and in the first of the Arab awakenings, very soon made them the masters of an immense and marvelous empire.

Islam created Arabism, and from the start, the power of


رحيم فان تولوا فقل حسبي الله لا اله الا
هو عليه توكلت وهو رب العرش العظيم



EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, ARABIC 20

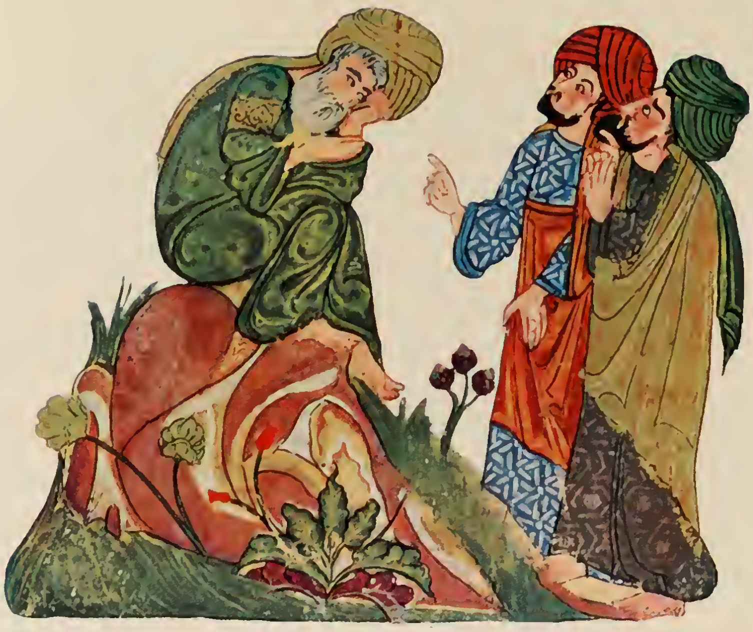
On the title page of a fourteenth-century Koran, Islam's sacred book, opposite, two lines of handwritten Arabic text are set off by an intricate geometric design. "Allah is sufficient for me," the words say, "there is no god but He; on Him do I rely, and He is the Lord of mighty power." At right, an Arab manuscript miniature of 1306 shows Mohammed (center) restoring the meteoric Black Stone, that sacred object of pagan Arabs, to its place in the wall of the Kaaba, the shrine in Mecca at which it was worshiped. Though Mohammed was an iconoclastic prophet, he retained as a "pillar" of Islam the custom of making pilgrimages to the Kaaba.

one was the power of the other. To sense its continuing force, one should visit a classic mosque of the faith—not the mother mosque of the Kaaba in Mecca, which is still forbidden to Christians, but one of the great buildings of the Islamic expansion, Al Aqsa in Jerusalem, say, or the Great Mosque in Damascus, or the Grand Mosque of Kairouan in Tunisia. The architecture varies. Al Aqsa is gorgeously domed, Kairouan is grandly towered, and Damascus always suggests to me an Edwardian battleship, all turrets, flagstaffs, and command. The allure of the scene, though, is identical in them all.

The original mosque was a tent, and these terrific structures still possess a quality of caravansaries—a meeting place, or spiritual market, where the traveler pauses for refreshment or reassurance or information about the road ahead. Though life within their walls is full of movement and rich detail—the rhythmic swaying of scholars at their books, the prostration of worshipers at the moment of prayer; the splash of the ablution water, the florid chandeliers wobbling slightly on their chains; pigeons burbling in aeries, the golden glow of stones, the thick padding of old carpets in the prayer hall; children, cats, tourists, students at their English grammars, businessmen at their rosaries; dust hanging on the sun shafts, beggars in the shade of the arcades; and as the sun goes down, the deafening amplification of the prayer hall from the muezzin's loudspeaker high above—though the mosque is in a perpetual condition of surprise, still there is to all its activities a soothing sense of the inevitable. The strength of Islam is the strength of absolute certainty. All is ordained, demonstrable, in the books.

Born in the mind of a middle-aged merchant of Mecca, Mohammed "the Reliable," Islam was not merely a new monotheistic faith, in the line of Judaism and Christianity. It was a compendium of duties and manners—a new lifestyle for the people of the peninsula. It declared the truest revelation of divine will to be the Koran, miraculously dictated to Mohammed over a period of twenty years and later supplemented by a whole cycle of holy traditions. Its rules were well suited to the exactments of desert existence, promising lush rewards in the afterlife and meanwhile adjuring the faithful to abstinence, self-discipline, and surrender to the will of God. Islam's grandeur was austere. It went well with harsh places, volatile temperaments, warlike habits. It was a manly and vigorous creed, and tempered by its restraints, armed with its unquestioning beliefs, newly bound together by its comradeship, the Arabs burst out of their arid homeland to set their stamp upon the world.

Their eruption was one of the most astonishing events of history. In A.D. 622 Mohammed and his disciples emigrated from Mecca to Medina, about 270 miles to the north, where they established the first of the Islamic governments and thus initiated the Moslem epoch: Moslems still date their years, which are shorter than Christian years, from the year of the Hegira (A.D. 1971 is A.H. 1391). The Arabs were then a people almost entirely isolated from the world, poor, mostly illiterate, and fearfully ignorant. Yet little more than a century later so explosive was the inspiration of Islam that the armies of the Arabs not only controlled the entire southern Mediterranean shore but had marched eastward to the Indus, westward to the Atlantic, northward to the steppes of Cen-



After their armies conquered Egypt and Syria, the Arabs became the heirs of Hellenistic science, augmenting it in such fields as medicine, astronomy, and mathematics—algebra comes from the Arab word "al-jabr" *and is mainly an Arab invention. They translated Greek philosophical works: the picture of Socrates with two students, left, illustrates a thirteenth-century Syrian book called* The Choicest Maxims and Best Sayings of al-Mubashshir. *Opposite, an Arab version of Virgo—the red dots represent the individual stars—adorns a* Treatise on the Fixed Stars, *written in 1009. By then, Arab universities thrived in Baghdad, Cairo, and Córdoba, antedating Europe's by two centuries.*

tral Asia, and had stormed Europe to make Islamic provinces of Spain and Sicily. There was a time when even the pope paid them tribute.

So the Arabs became a Great Power, but already their success was complex and contradictory. The distinction between church and state was unclear from the beginning: in Mohammed's own mind there *was* no distinction. This made a curious basis for imperial expansion. The Islamic empire began as a religious movement, it being the duty of Moslems to spread the Word among infidels, but its noblest characteristic turned out to be tolerance. Millions of its new subjects accepted the Islamic faith, but, at least for Jews and Christians, there was no compulsion to do so, and the conquerors proved to be unexpectedly adaptable and assimilative.

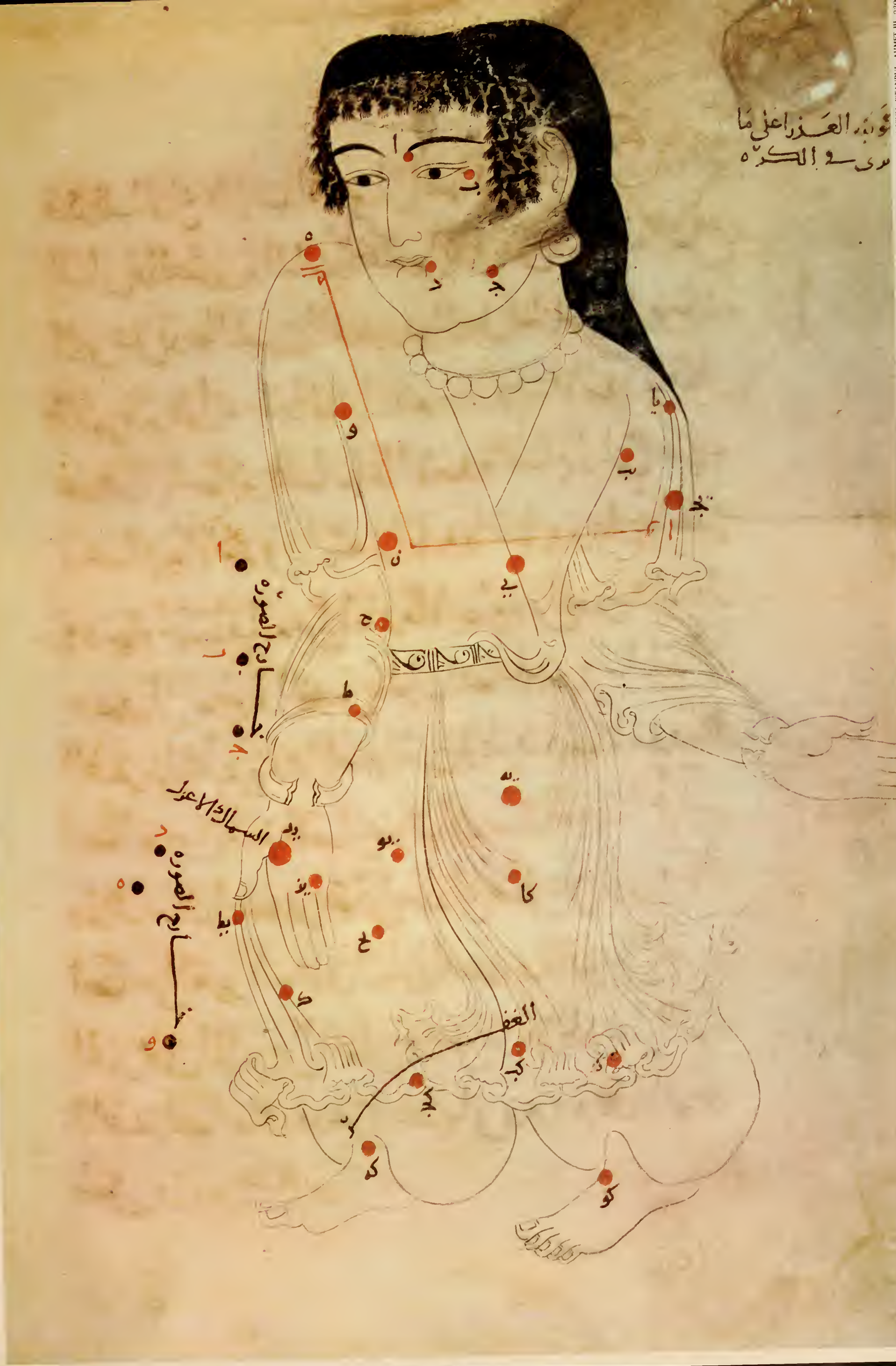
Newly escaped from the Ignorance, the Arabs were eager learners. They respectfully absorbed the scholarship and experience of the conquered civilizations—in the east, the civilization of the Persians, in the west the dying Greco-Roman civilization. They became the entrepreneurs of knowledge, between the vanished world of the classical ancients and the new world of the Renaissance that was to come; for at a time when Christian Europe was hamstrung by dogma, Moslems were generally free to make what intellectual explorations they would.

With extraordinary speed the Arabs familiarized themselves with the whole known world. They became great travelers and sailors. Arab merchants were to be found in China, in Russia, and in many parts of western Europe; there are still Arabic words in the Icelandic language, and the earliest known Swedish currency was based upon an Arab measure of weight. Everywhere they picked up skills, styles, and ideas. They produced a succession of celebrated mathematicians, astronomers, physicians, architects, and historians, and in the centers of their learning—in southern Spain, in Egypt, in North Africa—they achieved a splendid synthesis of Eastern and Western, classic and contemporary, culture.

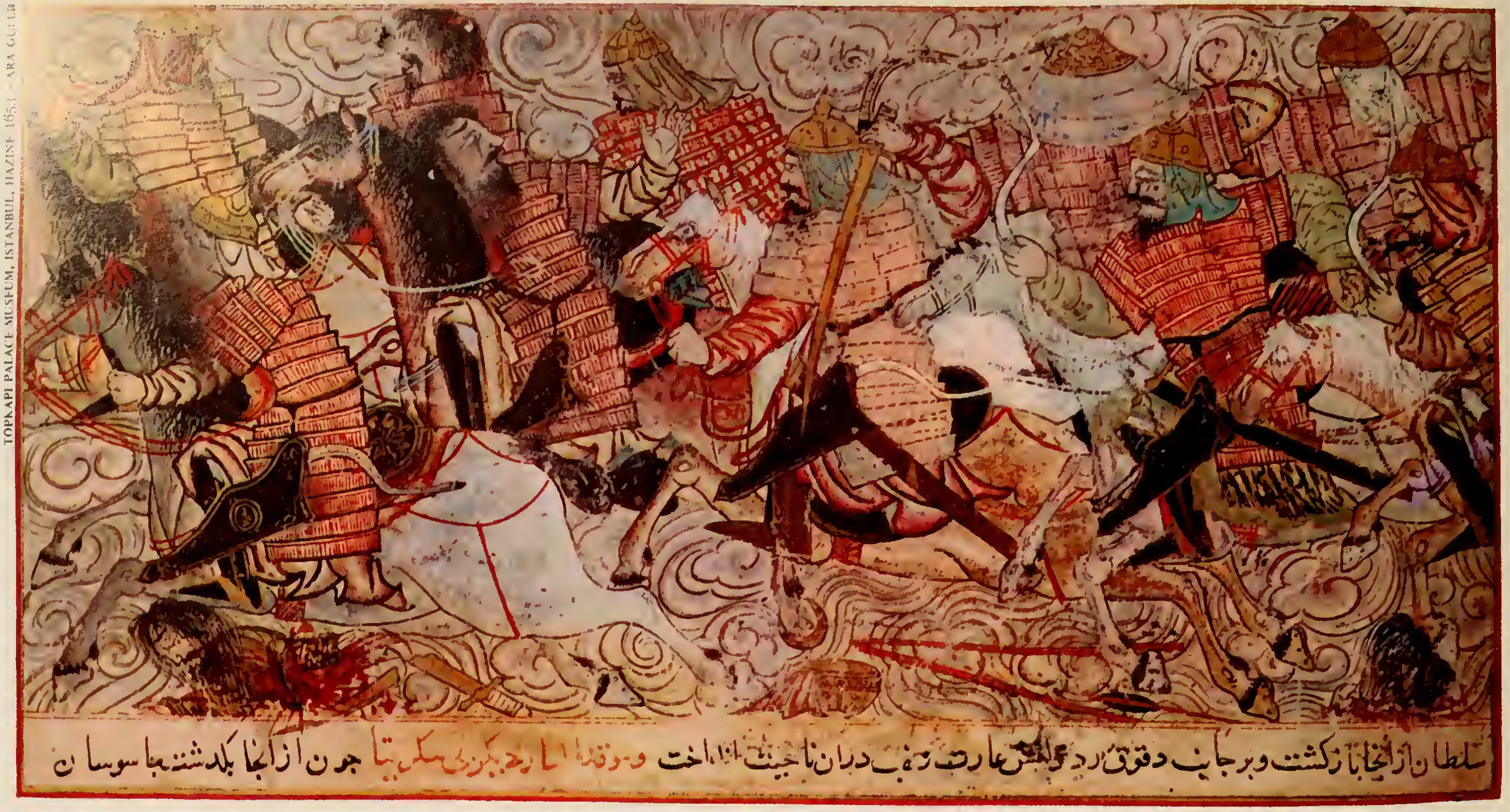
For the best, if most obvious, glimpse of this culture today, try, with a pair of binoculars, running your eyes along the escarpment of the Sierra Nevada in Spain, from some vantage point ten or twelve miles away. The mountains are snowcapped—brilliant white along the ridges, tawny on the flanks—and at the foot of the range extends the rich central plain of Andalusia, green and golden. Your lens, sweeping along the hillside, takes in a panorama of pure Spanishness—pergolas, terraces, campaniles, a flock of goats on an outcrop, a line of mules on a hill track—until there suddenly appears, embedded in foliage, the pinkish, crenelated outline of a fortress: a magic rampart, a dream, flowed about by creepers and flowering trees, punctuated by cypresses, foreshortened by distance into the ideal of a chivalric castle.

It is the Alhambra, and if you never see it again, that one glimpse of it across the valley will remain forever in your mind. Among the fountains of Granada the Islamic civilization reached a lovely apogee, and its spell has lasted ever since: the Alhambra was the flower of Islam and the crown of Arabism.

But on the whole it is better seen at a distance; a closer view is often a disappointment. In the same way, the empire, grand though it was in the whole, was less majestic in the de-


ورة العذرا على ما
رى في الكره
السماك الاعزل
خارج الصوره
خارج الصوره
الغفر

BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD, MARSH 144; OPPOSITE: TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM, ISTANBUL, AHMET III, 320



TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM, ISTANBUL, HAZINE 1653 — ARA GULER

tail. It was not an empire in the usual sense, like the British or the Roman, for it claimed to be a theocracy, and its rulers, the caliphs, traced their descent not from kings and emperors but from companions of the Prophet. Religious zeal was its strategy, schisms of faith or ritual provided its political parties. Its mainspring was a mystic combination of the Islamic faith and the Arabic language, the Word and the Revelation. It was this partnership that gave the empire its unity, a more fragile imperial substance than most and characteristic even then of the mixed logic and spirituality that so often dismays observers of the Arab scene.

The empire's unity came from aspiration; once having achieved success, it fell apart. Doubts weakened it, about the nature of Islam, about the Arab identity. "Am I a king or a caliph?" asked the eighth-century ruler Omar II, bewildered already by the practice of theocracy; Islam, becoming more rigid and brittle, split into rival doctrines, bitterly hostile to one another. At the same time, the Arabness of the empire became hazed in ambiguity. In the early days the Arabs had been conquerors; then they became a ruling class; by the tenth century their status, and their separateness, were not so clear.

Peoples of many other races had become Moslems, and thus came to share the Arab heritage; foreigners joined the ruling class—a Persian dynasty, indeed, assumed the central authority of the empire. The provinces of Islam, developing in different ways, became alien to one another and to the desert origins of the Arabs, until one by one they fell away to establish separate sovereignties of their own. The reality of Arabism was misted, and presently this inner uncertainty, expressed in endemic feuds and rivalries, led to the collapse of Arab power.

The decline was more protracted than the rise. The Arabs burst out of their peninsula in 633; by 750 they had reached the limits of their expansion. But it was not until 1258 that the last of the caliphs was deposed, and Granada remained a Moslem capital until 1492. Internally the empire crumbled in bits and pieces. Externally it was assaulted from all quarters. From the east came the Mongols, from the north the Turks. The forces of Christian Europe counterattacked in Spain and Sicily and followed the twin banners of Faith and Profit to expel Islam from the Holy Land. By the end of the eighteenth century most of the Islamic countries were under Turkish rule—Moslem itself, and expressing itself in the Arabic script, but still an alien imperialism.

A second Ignorance ensued. The Arabs languished once again, enervated and impoverished, scattered now across the Mediterranean littoral and split into diverse schools of Islam. The Middle East was no longer the world's fulcrum, the Great Powers of Europe having shifted their attention westward to the Americas and eastward to India and China; when Napoleon called Egypt the most important country in the world, he was thinking of it only as a key to the Far East. The Arabs were left on the fringes of great events, and they lapsed into splintered apathy. Their scholarship was vulgarized into tradition and superstition. Their religion became ever more fatalistic. Even their numbers shrank, as the techniques of irrigation, production, and medicine were forgotten.

When, in the present century, the Ottoman Empire gave

Mongol cavalrymen, pictured at left in a fourteenth-century Persian manuscript, killed the last of the Baghdad caliphs, nominal rulers of all Moslems, and destroyed their capital in 1258. But the decline of the caliphate had begun long before. By the ninth century, when the caliph al-Mutasim founded Islam's most magnificent city, Samarra, the limits of Arab expansion had already been reached. Little more than the spiral ruins of the great mosque (right), the largest ever built, survives. By 1500 the Arabs were so incapable of restoring power to the office of caliph that they sold the title to the Turks, and the caliphate, once the means of Arab hegemony, became the means of Arab subjugation.

FROM *Pleasure of Ruins* — PHOTOGRAPH BY ROLOFF BENY

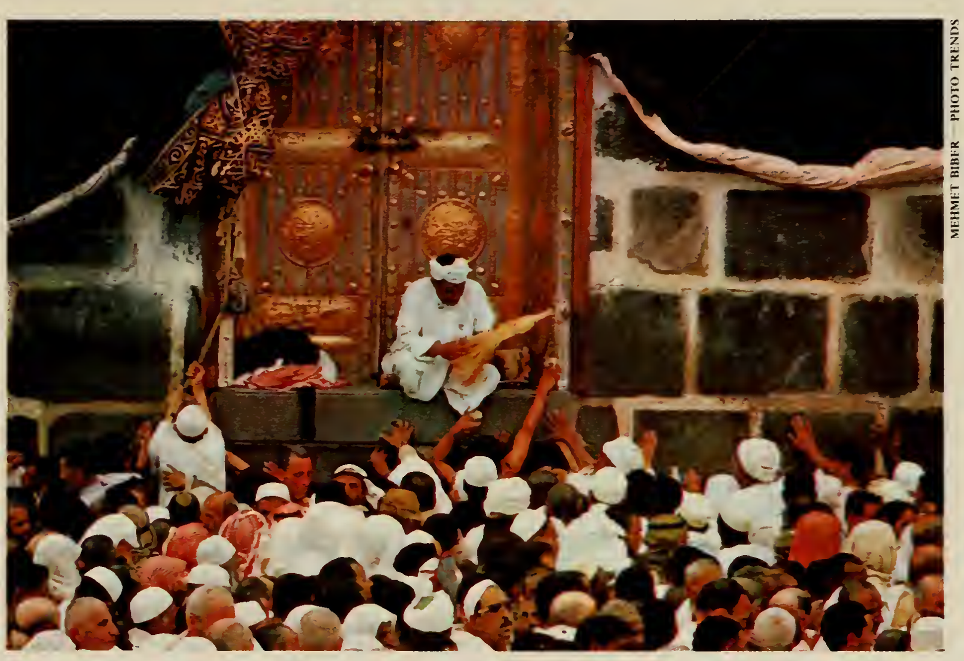
way to the more thrusting imperialism of western Europe, the Arabs changed masters flaccidly, almost without raising a voice in their own interest. This degradation survived until our own time, and anyone who knew the Arab countries in the 1940's remembers the taste of it. By then the Arab world was effectively divided among several Western powers. France ruled the countries of northwest Africa, as well as Syria and Lebanon at the other end of the Mediterranean. Britain was paramount in Libya, Egypt, the Sudan, Palestine and Transjordan, Iraq and the eastern and southern shores of Arabia. Only the two desert kingdoms of the peninsula, Saudi Arabia and Yemen, remained independent—and even there the power of Western oil interests was growing so fast that independence had its limits. Two world wars, far from emancipating the Arabs or reviving their lost sense of destiny, seemed only to have deepened their subjection.

Nowhere in the world could be more dismal than an ordinary Arab town of the 1940's—a town in Iraq, say, which had once supported a thriving and advanced population, but which had sunk into a condition of feckless squalor. There huddles the town on the edge of the desert, hideous in brown mud, attended by flies, dogs, crows, and scabbed children. In form it is a low splotch, its monotony relieved only by a gimcrack wooden minaret and by the piles of rotting rubbish on the roofs of its houses. In style it is totally hangdog: not a simple decoration to a doorpost, not a splash of color to a curtain, not even a bowl of flowers. Its inhabitants, dragging a sustenance from a few incompetently irrigated fields, are poor, diseased, and blindingly ignorant. They possess, as likely as not, not a single luxury. They are almost all illiterate. They know nothing whatsoever of the world outside their district. They have no radio; they can read no newspaper; they have no teacher to inform them, no sage to inspire them, no memory of past glory, no hope of change. Their life is a drab emptiness.

Such a place was like a cage in which the spirit of the Arabs lay trapped and stifled; and each poky village of the Tigris or the Nile, each poor city back-street in Oman or Tunisia, was a paradigm of Arabism as a whole. Unity of the Arabs seemed a chimera, and even their brotherhood seemed beyond redemption.

Look now, though not perhaps upon that same sad settlement, which may confound the argument by being just as awful still, but upon the wide crescent of the Arab world today. Whatever its disabilities, it does not stagnate. Squabbling, bickering, half-cocked, it remains, but it bursts with life. How the radios blare now! How the intellectuals argue! How the armored squadrons rumble past, as the politicians slander one another and the presidents confer! How passionate the declarations of Arab purpose! How vigorous the young people, marching in protest from campus to embassy, producing their existentialist plays and writing their manifestoes! And how attentively, fulsomely even, the great world listens to each successive assertion of the undying, united, unextinguishable Arab will!

For we have entered upon the second Arab awakening. Just twenty years ago the French still ruled Algeria, the British army still occupied the Suez Canal zone, an Englishman commanded the Jordanian army. As recently as 1958 the



MEHMET BIBER—PHOTO TRENDS

Within the immense, arcaded courtyard of the Great Mosque, and overlooked by modern high-rises, pilgrims swirl slowly around the black-draped Kaaba, opposite. After making seven circuits and kissing the Black Stone embedded in the wall, they end (right) by facing the shrine's gold-and-silver doors. Periodically damaged by floods and rebuilt many times during its existence, the boxlike shrine, according to Moslem tradition, was first erected by Abraham and his son Ishmael. Abraham, whom the Jews regard as their "first and unique Patriarch," is also revered as a prophet by the Arabs, as is Jesus.

American Sixth Fleet could with impunity land a force of marines upon the beaches of Beirut: imagine that happening now! The transition from lassitude to commotion has been startlingly abrupt: the present premier of Egypt, Mahmoud Fawzi, has within his own political lifetime seen the entire Arab world emerge from helpless dependency to become, for the second time, a power in the world—an irritation to some, a threat to others, but to be ignored by no one.

This time no religious call stirred the Arabs; the causes of their present effervescence are less direct. One, paradoxically, is imperialism itself. The French and British empires introduced the Arabs to those very techniques, material and intellectual, by which they would eventually win their independence. They taught the Arabs the modern meaning of nationalism, they gave them the beginnings of industrial economies, they made a fresh start with education, medicine, irrigation, and communications. The first spark of the new Arab awakening was the spark of revolt against the foreign rulers—revolt against the Turks, and then against the western Europeans.

A fundamental social shift gave a new intellectual cohesion to the Arabs. For the first time leadership passed from the desert to the town—from aristocrats of Bedouin background to middle-class city people. The balance of Arab society swung away from the traditional and hierarchic toward the progressive and egalitarian. A new intelligentsia, educated largely at Western-sponsored universities, came into being; the bourgeoisie, represented mainly by army officers and lawyers, assumed the responsibilities of power. The desire for change and opportunity, common to all these people, became the driving policy of most Arab states and gave them a new sense of common purpose.

Oil also gave the Arabs a new confidence. They discovered, through no merit of their own, a new importance in themselves. They were not born to be poor after all, but to be immensely rich. They did not inhabit a backwater, but rode the mainstream of world affairs. The possession of oil gave the Arabs a tremendously powerful instrument of persuasion—or blackmail.

Two more developments gave a new vitality to the Arabs. The first was the emergence, in the 1950's, of a remarkable young leader, the first Arab statesman of world importance since Saladin resisted the Crusades: Gamal Abdel Nasser, who made Egypt the epicenter of Arab progress and gave to all the Arab peoples, not prosperity, nor even serenity, but a new pride. The second was the existence of Israel, an alien body planted on the shores of the Arab world by the intervention of the West, which acted as a catalyst to the energies of the Arabs, spurring them on to a common cause and intermittently reviving their sense of camaraderie.

All these factors have combined to bring the Arabs nearer to political unity than they have been since the heyday of their empire. The dream of unity is vivid and inescapable: it enters every Arab declaration and is a *sine qua non* of political respectability. From time to time, unity really seems to be at hand. In 1958 Egypt and Syria actually did pool their sovereignty; though the partnership did not last long, Egypt still officially calls itself the United Arab Republic. Jordan and Iraq, too, once united briefly in the Arab Federation, with

EVE ARNOLD—MAGNUM

Talking on a golden telephone is the young Sheik of Sharjah, left, whose people live in one of the Trucial States along the coast of the Persian Gulf. Opposite, Palestinian refugee children undergo guerrilla training. They are the "lion cubs" of Fatah, the Arab paramilitary force dedicated to the destruction of Israel. These two pictures mark a striking reversal in Arab history. Once it was the sheiks who fused the Middle East with expansive energy, but oil has brought calming wealth to the desert tribesmen. The present resurgence originates instead in the passions of nationalism, a force as unpredictable as the future of the divided Arab world.

the king of Iraq as its head. And other groupings have often been in the wind; toward the end of 1970 it was announced that Syria, Egypt, the Sudan, and Libya were considering a federal union.

Somehow it never works. Arab co-operation, let alone unity, remains fitful and unreliable. The leaders of the Arab world seldom trust each other—and not surprisingly, for each country's leadership shifts from figure to figure, ideology to ideology, incessantly down the years. A few staunch statesmen have survived longer than their peers: King Hussein of Jordan, President Bourguiba of Tunisia, Nasser until his death. For the rest, the Arab policy makers come and go in baffling succession—kings and presidents, sheiks and imams, generals of the left and revolutionaries of the right—leaving the rest of the world not merely confused but, in the end, actually uninterested.

Yet beneath it all, that sense of brotherhood really is alive. The idea of a Pan-Arab destiny, so long dormant or discredited, has seized the imagination of the young, whose new sophistication, vigor, and familiarity with the world at large would have been inconceivable a generation ago. No people has changed so fast and so impressively in our lifetime: the second awakening of the Arabs has been as astonishing as the first.

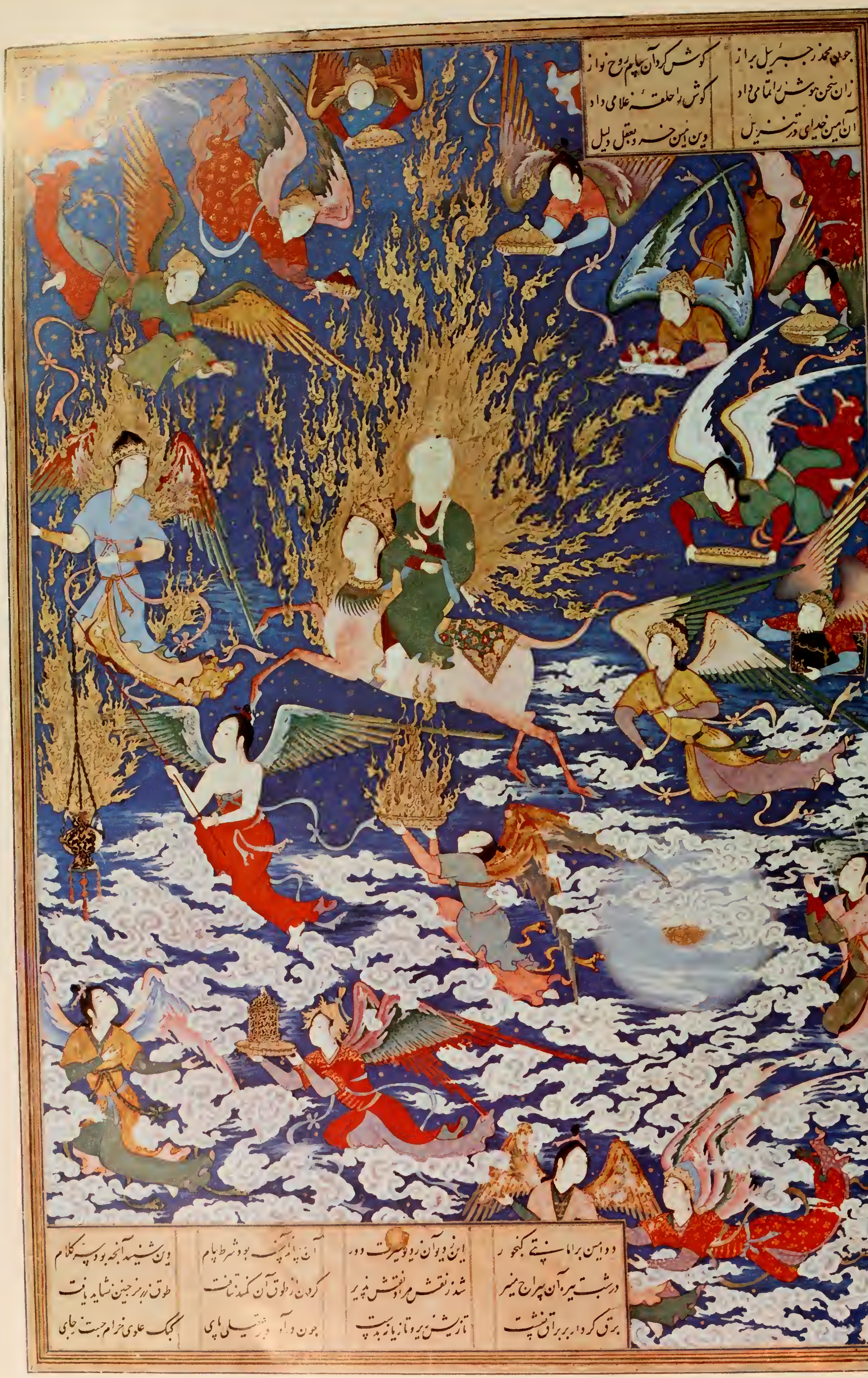
Will it end the same way, in fissiparous disillusionment? Or is its mere inspiration, like McLuhan's medium, complete in itself?

It may be that the Arabs will never constitute a single nation—that their true strength will remain metaphysical, spiritual, the Word and the Revelation. Or it may be that they have leapfrogged, so to speak, a historical stage and are ahead of the world in their fragmentation. Certainly one can detect something avant-garde or prophetic in their renaissance. With their ambiguities, paradoxes, and evasions, their uncertain identity, their jumbled patriotism, they seem somehow suited to a throwaway age. Those who believe in the permanence of technical civilizations are inclined to consider the Arabs not merely primitive but probably irredeemable—scarcely ready, as a civilized American recently put it, for the eighteenth century, let alone the twentieth.

But to those of us who sense that the technical culture is past its apogee, and that the world will in some measure revert to simpler ways, nearer the earth and the poetic imagination, the Arabs present a different prospect. Dappled, shifting, charming, indistinct, they look readier than most people for the twenty-first century—which is perhaps why the young in particular, all over the world, find themselves instinctively, as well as politically, in sympathy with their mood.

What is an Arab? Perhaps, in this metaphysical sense, it is what we all are. To many Westerners the Arabs have always seemed among the most foreign of foreigners; but now we begin to see that their world is only a mirror of our own, in whose cracked, discolored, but still elegant glass we may observe, however puzzlingly distorted, some unexpected aspects of ourselves.

We last saw James Morris in these offices just before he flew (for the umpteenth time) to the Pacific. Reliable reports suggest that he has now returned—briefly—to his home in Wales.


چون محمد ز جبرئیل براز
گوش کرد آن پیام روح نواز
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گوش را حلقهٔ غلامی داد
آن امین خدای در تنزیل
وین امین خرد به عقل دلیل
دو امین بر امانتی گنجور
این ز دیو آن ز دیو سیرت دور
آن پیامی که بود شرط پیام
وین شنید آنچه بود پیش کلام
در شب تیره آن چراغ منیر
شد ز نقش مراد نقش پذیر
گردن از طوق آن کمند نتافت
طوق زر بر جبین نشاید یافت
برق کردار بر براق نشست
تازیانش پر و تازیانه به دست
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کبک علوی خرام جنت جای

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Mohammed:

The Prophet Armed

I live in Morocco, and I am never more strongly reminded that it is a Moslem country than during the month of Ramadan, which happens to be taking place as I write this, in November. It was on the twenty-seventh day of Ramadan in the year 610 that the Koran was first revealed to the prophet Mohammed. In celebration of this event, Moslems are enjoined to fast from sunrise to sunset, for as the Koran commands: "Eat and drink until you can tell a white thread from a black one in the light of the coming dawn. Then resume your fast until nightfall and do not approach your wives."

In countries where it is observed, Ramadan is a month of economic slowdown. Absenteeism soars in offices and factories, and shops close at irregular hours. Here, in Morocco, Ramadan is not only encouraged, it is enforced. Civil servants are put on half time, and one can be arrested for eating in public, drinking a cup of coffee, or even smoking a cigarette during the daylight hours.

In our age of scientific skepticism, when Christian religions are questioning the relevance of their doctrines to the problems of society, Moslems continue to practice their faith with the undoubting fervor of early days. One still sees elderly Moroccans pull from beneath the folds of their jellabas a heavy gold-plated fob watch that is kept on Mecca time. And considerable prestige is attached to the man who has been to Mecca, and who is rewarded with the title al-Hadj (he who has been on the pilgrimage).

Haloed in fire and escorted by angels, Mohammed ascends from Jerusalem to the Seven Heavens, to view the Pleasures of Paradise and the Punishments of Hell. In this painting from a sixteenth-century Persian manuscript, the Prophet leaves the globe of earth, lower right, mounted on the human-faced horse, Burak. His own face, in keeping with the convention begun at this time, is hidden behind a veil.

Mecca, of course, is the birthplace of an illiterate camel driver named Mohammed, who was chosen by Allah to pass on the Koran to his people and who, on the strength of a book, founded an empire that once, in 732, stretched from Samarkand to Poitiers. Americans who admire the self-made man can find in Mohammed an example that eclipses all others. For he was not, like Christ, the Son of God. He could not perform miracles, and he did not rise from his tomb. His qualities were human, and so were his failings.

Every Moslem seems to possess a personal fund of information about Mohammed that is not to be found in the Koran. I went to see a Moroccan friend, an uneducated fisherman named Salah, and asked him to enlighten me about the Prophet. I found Salah at home, sitting cross-legged in front of a low table, cutting kif with a kitchen knife, like a housewife chopping parsley, and mixing it with tobacco. "One day," Salah told me, "Mohammed saw a pregnant cat and stroked her swollen stomach and said: 'I know you have suffered.' He was wearing a garment with wide, billowing sleeves. When the cat dropped her kittens, she snuggled with them in one of Mohammed's sleeves. Mohammed cut off the sleeve and wrapped them up in it." Salah looked up, beaming. I did not really get the point of the story, except that Mohammed was kind to animals, but I nodded and smiled as though I had heard something wise.

By SANCHE DE GRAMONT

The stories spiraled one into the other, curling like the kif smoke that rose toward the ceiling. I heard about Mohammed cutting off the heads of his enemies in such a way that they did not know it until all their heads fell off at once; about Mohammed being met by a Christian king who kissed his feet; and about Mohammed's ability to satisfy all of his fifteen wives in a twenty-four-hour span.

Through this traditional information, Mohammed is made more familiar than Christ is to Christians. Moslems talk about the Prophet as if they had personally known him. Such stories and sayings, repeated after the Prophet's death and embellished by successive generations, are known as Hadiths.

Most of what we are told about Mohammed's physical appearance has come down through the Hadiths. He had a large head, large gray eyes, and an aquiline nose. He was neither tall nor short, his complexion was neither dull white nor reddish, his shoulder-length hair was neither very curly nor completely straight. He had a bushy beard and broad hands. He never laughed out loud, he only smiled. His step was so energetic that he seemed to fly, but he did not walk proudly like a prince. Between his shoulder blades was a large, hairy mole the size of a pigeon's egg, which came to be known as the Prophet's seal.

Aside from the Hadiths, the principal sources of information about the Prophet are the Koran itself and several biographies that were written long after Mohammed's death. The biographies, like the Hadiths, are compilations of hearsay. Modern scholars must accept without proof the veracity of the early texts, checking them against their knowledge of the period and their analysis of the Koran. But the Koran presents difficulties of its own. Moslems believe that its 114 chapters, or suras (apparently from the Hebrew word *shūrāh*, which means a row of stones in a wall, or by analogy, a line of writing), are the infallible word of Allah as revealed to Mohammed. They were at first committed to memory by the Prophet's followers, and were later written down on stones, palm fronds, and camel bones by secretaries. It was only fifteen years after Mohammed's death that the chapters were collected between hard covers by his son-in-law the caliph Othman. They were arranged, not by the date of the revelations, but by the length of the chapters. Scholars are still debating their exact chronology.

The content of the Koran reflects the Prophet's changing needs. In the beginning he had to convince his idol-worshiping fellow citizens of Mecca to abandon their stone gods for the one God. Thus the early revelations, received when Mohammed had few followers, contain a clear statement of the new faith and a series of what might be called incentives for conversion: the faithful are promised a garden of earthly delights after death, where they will have high-bosomed maidens for companions and dwell in towering mansions with cool shade. Later, as Mohammed emerged as a successful political and military leader, the revelations become more practical—concerned with social reforms, military operations, and the Prophet's private life.

Thus, one can look at the Koran in two ways. In the Moslem view, it is a divine text for which Mohammed was merely a recording device. The word "koran," after all, means recitation. But one can also view Mohammed as a providential man who came at a time when the society he lived in needed to change. The Koran provided solutions to a certain number of problems besetting the Arab social structure of the seventh century. The time was ripe for the foundation of an Arab state propelled by an Arab ideology, and the Koran also provided the ideology, with its program of sacred war against unbelievers.

Southern Arabia was a remote and backward place when Mohammed was born. Outside powers showed no interest in this empty quarter. Beyond the oases of the few urban centers on the trade routes, society was brutal and nomadic, surviving, as it always had, thanks to the camel, the ship of the desert, and the date, the bread of the desert. Political power was fragmented among many tribes. As the pastoral society gave way to a merchant economy centering on the city of Mecca, located on the principal north-south trade route, tribal institutions broke down, and with them, religion and public morality. The message of the Koran was suited to this situation, for it stressed individual salvation rather than group interests. It provided a new moral code, teaching that to be rich and powerful was not enough. The message that Mohammed bore would enable Arab society to resolve its contradictions, unite, and eventually become a world power.

Mohammed was born in Mecca, about the year 570, to the family of the Beni Hashim, a modest branch of the dominant Quraish tribe. His father, Abdallah, probably died a few months before his birth. The baby was apparently turned over to a Bedouin wet nurse and spent the first five or six years of his life in the desert. Later, after his mother's death, his upbringing was taken over by an uncle named abu-Talib, a rich merchant and a good citizen, for he collected the poor tax.

Abu-Talib let the young Mohammed accompany him on caravans to Syria. Through his business connections Mohammed met a wealthy widow named Khadija. He led one of her caravans to Syria, where her goods were sold at a handsome profit. The widow decided that Mohammed had brought her luck, and one day she proposed. Though Mohammed was twenty-five, and Khadija forty, the difference in ages must have been outweighed by other advantages, for he readily agreed to the match. The next fifteen years of the Prophet's life are glossed over in the biographies. One can only imagine that he was happily married, since he took no other wives while she lived. Khadija, despite her age, gave Mohammed three sons, all of whom died in infancy, and four daughters.

But Mohammed must have had other things on his mind, for he took to brooding in a cave on Mount Hira. It was there, when he was forty, on the twenty-seventh day of Ramadan in the year 610, that the angel Gabriel found him. Mohammed became aware of a voice and a figure that remained always in front of him, whichever way he turned. Gabriel, says the Koran, "stood on the uppermost horizon, then drawing near, he came down within two bows' lengths or even closer and revealed to his servant that which he revealed." The angel told him:

> Recite in the name of thy Lord who created,
> Created man from a clot.
> Recite! For thy Lord is most gracious,
> Who taught with the pen,
> Taught man what he knows not.

On subsequent visits the angel told Mohammed that he should devote his life to bringing Allah's word to man, and Mohammed began to preach the revealed word within a small circle of family and friends. One of the first converts was his close friend abu-Bakr, a wealthy merchant. Mohammed met him at the central shrine, called the Kaaba, where Meccans prayed to 360 idols cut from stone in human form, some of them dressed in costumes and perfumed with saffron and other spices. Abu-Bakr saw that Mohammed was not praying and asked: "Why do you not adore the idols, as the rest of us do?" "I cannot adore any object made by man," Mohammed said, "when I know that God created me and gave me sustenance." Mohammed convinced abu-Bakr that his revelations were genuine. Soon there were thirty-nine converts, who prayed at home, keeping the faith secret.

Word got around, however, that Mohammed had founded a new religion, that he claimed to be God's prophet, and, even more surprising, that some fellow Meccans had joined him. At first, most Meccans seem to have regarded him with amused tolerance, but this turned to hostility when Mohammed went to the Kaaba and told the worshipers to abandon their idols and adore the one God or suffer extermination.

Before long, the Meccans realized that Mohammed was not a harmless crank but a dangerous revolutionary. He was calling their religion a fraud, their priests charlatans, their gods false, and their time-honored traditions worthless. They also feared that if his religion took hold, he would want political power.

The Quraish tribe was the most outspoken in its opposition. A Quraishite saw one of Mohammed's followers kneeling in prayer and struck him with a stone. The man kept praying and the Quraishite threw a second stone. The follower of Mohammed picked up a camel bone and split the Quraishite's head open. The first blood had flowed. Meccans began to fear a tribal war. The Quraishites attacked the weakest of Mohammed's followers and tried to force them to renounce their faith. Things got so bad that in 615, two years after the start of his public preaching, some of Mohammed's followers left for Abyssinia.

Mohammed stayed behind because he knew he was safe as long as abu-Talib protected him. But in 619 he suffered a double blow. Abu-Talib died, and so did his loyal wife Khadija. Resistance to the Prophet became more overt. Once, as he was praying, someone threw a ewe's uterus at him. Stones and sand were flung in his path. Yet he stayed on in Mecca for two more years, having found another protector in a powerful member of his tribe named Moutim and having opened secret negotiations to move elsewhere.

Even then, Mecca's great shrine, the Kaaba, with its idols and its famous Black Stone, probably a large chunk from a meteorite, was visited by religious pilgrims. Some of these pilgrims were from Medina, a small center for farmers and artisans about 270 miles northeast of Mecca, with a mixed Arab and Jewish population. When a group of Medina Arab pilgrims heard Mohammed preach, they are reputed to have said: "This Mohammed is the prophet whose name is constantly on the lips of the Jews, the one they are waiting for and believe in. If they hear about him, they will appropriate him. To prevent them, let us bring him among us."

Mohammed's followers started to leave for Medina. The Prophet was the last to go. In September, 622, he turned his back on the city he had unsuccessfully tried to convert. His departure is known as the Hegira, or flight. The Hegira marks the dividing line between the failure and success of Islam. It has been made the starting point of the Mohammedan Era: in the Mohammedan calendar, 622 is the Year One.*

In Medina Mohammed found a friendly base. It was a spacious oasis that depended on dates and cereals rather than commerce for its livelihood. There were eleven principal tribes, of which three were Jewish, scattered in villages throughout the oasis. The Jews, Semitic cousins of the Arabs, had probably settled in southern Arabia in the first and second centuries after Christ, fleeing Roman repression. When Mohammed arrived in Medina, they formed roughly half the population and owned much of the best land.

The Prophet at first made advances to the Medina Jews, enjoining his followers to celebrate Yom Kippur and to face Jerusalem when saying their prayers. But to the Jews, as to the Meccans, he was a false prophet and a political menace. They saw him taking over the power that they shared with the Arabs; as People of the Book, they could not accept the discrepancies in his accounts of Genesis and other parts of the Old Testament. When they denounced him, Mohammed turned against them. He found himself waging a two-pronged battle, against the Jews in Medina and against the Meccans. Mohammed the prophet became Mohammed the general: Islam is the only one of the world's great religions to have been founded on the Sword as well as the Word.

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*It is difficult to convert our calendar into the Mohammedan calendar, which is based on 12 lunar months a year, or 354 days. In a Christian century there are about 103 Mohammedan years.

Mohammed's career shows that the animosity between Jews and Arabs is as old as Islam itself. The quarrel did not begin with the Balfour Declaration or the creation of a Jewish state. It grew out of Mohammed's need to affirm his version of monotheism against the older, better established variant of the Jews, and this doctrinal quarrel turned into a struggle for political and economic domination. Against both the Jews and the Meccans, Mohammed was a ruthless aggressor. He expelled the three Jewish clans by force. The first clan was allowed to depart from Medina with some of its belongings. The second had to leave everything behind.

While laying siege to this second clan, the Nadir, Mohammed chopped down its palm groves, an act as repugnant to Arab morality as defoliation in Vietnam appears to us. He was an early practitioner of total war. The members of the last Jewish clan, the Qurayza, forfeited not only their land and their goods but also their lives. Mohammed ordered that all males past puberty be put to death and that the women and children be sold into slavery. A trench was dug in the Medina market place, and the eight hundred men of the clan were brought to it in batches, beheaded, and thrown in. The execution took the whole day and part of the night. Mohammed included in his share of the spoils a pretty, young widow named Raihana. He spoke always in the name of "Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful," but he was implacable with his enemies. He also provided a precedent for the massacre of Jews by Arabs.

Mohammed began to send raiding parties against Meccan caravans. Booty was his first source of income and allowed him to build up a treasury. His first real battle, at the Badr well, a relay point for caravans from Syria, took place in 624. Mohammed and his men set an ambush there after drying up or poisoning all the other wells. Word reached Mecca that he was at Badr, and a small army was sent to crush him. Mohammed stood fast with his three hundred men and defeated the thousand-man Meccan force. His troops were more highly motivated, we would say today, and he had carefully chosen the terrain. His victory was also proof that Allah was on his side. "It was not you who fired the arrow, it was Allah who fired the arrow," the Koran says. Stories of the Prophet's prowess sprang up, and his fingernail parings and hair were collected.

The year after the battle at Badr, the Meccans marched on Medina with three thousand men, and Mohammed's men rashly left their citadels to confront the enemy at a place called Uhud, about a mile from Medina. This time they were routed, and the Prophet himself received a swordstroke across the face. If Badr was more than a victory, Uhud was more than a defeat, for Allah seemed to have abandoned the Prophet.

Fortunately, a revelation arrived to explain the defeat as a test for believers. The soldiers were told that they had been beaten because they had fought for worldly gain rather than for Allah. In 627 a force of ten thousand men, a coalition of Jews and Meccans, prepared to attack Medina. Mohammed conscripted the entire population to dig a broad ditch around the city. The ditch was finished in a few days. The Meccan army pitched its tents for a siege, but after two weeks the siege was lifted. There had been hardly any fighting. The failure to take Medina confirmed its power as a city-state.

Medina was a sound territorial base, but to make it secure, the Prophet had to conquer Mecca. He now had only four years to live, years in which he must guarantee the survival of his faith by laying the foundations for an Islamic state. Rather than a frontal attack on Mecca, Mohammed concluded a treaty with his old enemies the Quraishites, at the same time subduing the tribes around Mecca, so that when he was ready to take the city, it would be encircled.

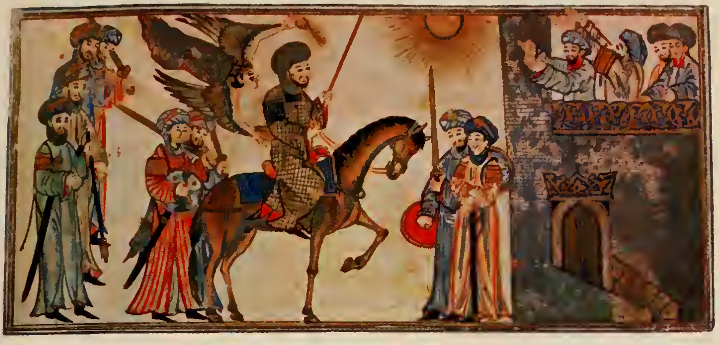
The treaty, negotiated in 628, made important concessions to the Quraishites. Mohammed promised, for instance, to return the Meccans who tried to join him without permission from their own authorities. But he obtained what he most wanted. In negotiating the ten-year nonaggression pact, he forced the Meccans to recognize him as a legitimate political and religious leader. They also granted him the right to proselytize among Bedouin tribes and permission to make pilgrimages to Mecca.

The following year Mohammed visited Mecca. The treaty allowed him to stay three days, in which time he was able to enlist the secret allegiance of several important Meccans. He could sense that they were weary of conflict. Returning to Medina, he waited for a chance to break the truce. It came soon enough, when a Bedouin tribe allied to the Quraishites attacked a tribe under Mohammed's protection. The Prophet raised an army of ten thousand men and marched on Mecca. The Meccans capitulated with almost no resistance, and on January 11, 630, Mohammed entered his birthplace as a conqueror.

He ordered the idols in the Kaaba destroyed, but left the old forms of worship almost unchanged. The Black Stone remained the focal point of pilgrimages, and the ritual of walking around the shrine seven times continued. In his new role as ruler of a growing Arab state that included Mecca and Medina, Mohammed was increasingly given to dictating social as well as religious behavior. He instructed his followers to avoid pork and meat from animals that had died a natural death or had been strangled or beaten or gored. He banned drinking and gambling. Husbands were advised to keep away from their wives during menstrual periods. Adultery was condemned (although the Prophet prudently ruled that four eyewitnesses were necessary to prove it), as was killing a man, except in a just cause. Stealing was to be punished by cutting off the thief's hands.

The overriding social question in the Koran, however, is the treatment of women. In this, as in other reforms, the Prophet seems to have been guided more by the social context of the period than by the need to express eternally valid

BRITISH MUSEUM, DEPARTMENT OF ORIENTAL MANUSCRIPTS, MS. RAS LOAN 4



The conflict between Moslem and Jew could be said to have begun with Mohammed. Here, in a 1306 miniature, the Prophet accepts the surrender of the Qurayza Jewish clan, whose menfolk he then executed.

dogmas. He had to solve the problem of a society in which there were more women than men, and the solution he proposed was polygamy. The relationship of man to woman, as stated in the Koran, is that of lord to vassal: "Men have authority over women because Allah has made the one superior to the other and because they spend their wealth to maintain them. Good women are obedient. They guard their unseen parts because Allah has guarded them. As for those from whom you fear disobedience, admonish them and send them to their beds apart and beat them."

The Prophet asked husbands to treat their wives kindly and without favoritism. But the woman's position is clear. She has been paid a dowry and is therefore regarded as her husband's property. "Women are your fields," the Koran says. "Go then into your fields as you please." Mohammed himself took a total of fifteen wives, although he probably never had more than nine at any one time. Some of his marriages were political, to form alliances with powerful families. His favorite wife was Aisha, whom he married when she was six. The marriage was consummated three years later. At one point, Aisha was suspected of having committed adultery with a camel driver, but a revelation arrived in time to quell the rumors and proclaim her innocence.

Mohammed, two years before his death, had met his immediate goals. The Moslem faith, once practiced by a persecuted minority, was now a state religion. He was strong enough and wealthy enough to pursue a policy of conquest. He had an army. But he needed an ideology. One year after the capture of Mecca, a revelation came to him that all idolaters should be converted, by force of arms if necessary. This meant first those Arabs who opposed Islam, and the halfhearted ones whom Mohammed called hypocrites. But it also meant Christians and Jews: "Fight those who do not believe in Allah and the Last Day . . . The Jews say Ezra is the son of God, while the Christians say Christ is the son of God. That is what they say with their mouths, imitating the speech of those who disbelieved aforetime. May God fight them, how perverse they are."

Mohammed chose to stress the divergences rather than the common ground between Islam and the two other monotheistic creeds, in order to motivate his followers. In fact, there are between Christianity and Islam more reasons for agreeing than quarreling. They agree that one God created the universe, that Christ was miraculously born of a virgin, that he rose into heaven, and that God will grant men eternal life if they obey His divine will. Moslems reject the idea of God the Father, since it implies that God had a wife, and of Christ as the Son of God, which implies physical generation on the part of a pure being. They also reject the Crucifixion. The subtle Arab mind is convinced that someone other than Christ was substituted on the Cross.

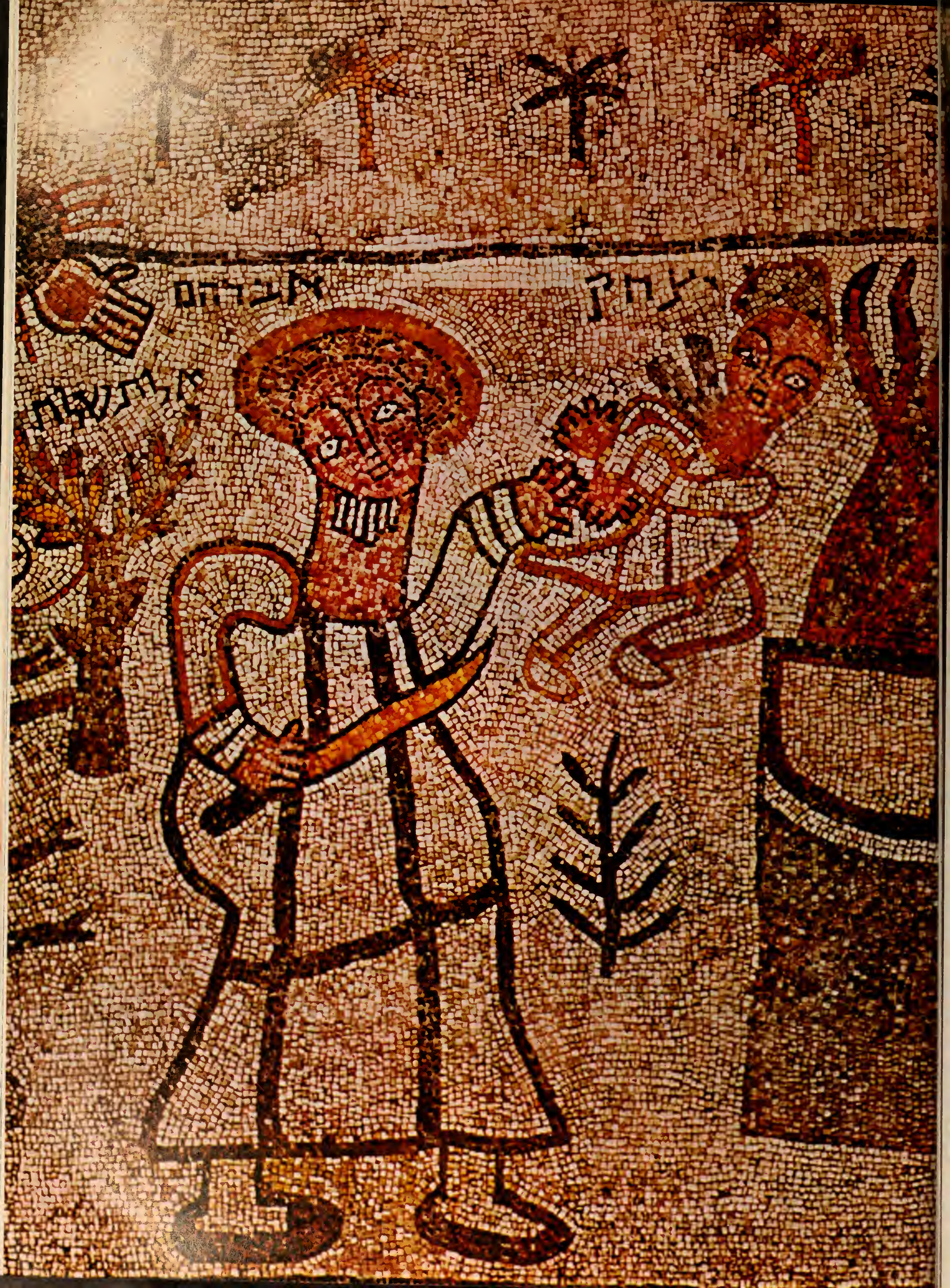
The Prophet's call to arms against the infidels was to propel his followers across North Africa and into Spain and France. Six years after his death, his disciple Omar had captured Jerusalem. In less than a century, Islam had imposed its faith on three continents. Mohammed did not live to see the empire he had founded. He was planning a military expedition to the Syrian border in 632 when he fell ill. He asked to be taken to his favorite wife, Aisha, who put him to bed. He tried to get up to attend prayers in the mosque, but collapsed in her arms, raised his hand, said, "with the most high companion," and died.

There remain the extraordinary fate of a complex man, full of contradictions and weaknesses, and a religion that is followed today by nearly 500 million persons. Thirteen centuries after Mohammed's death, their lives continue to be be shaped by the mental universe of the Prophet. Through the Koran every Moslem believes he is in contact with divine reality.

The results of this belief continue to weigh in the social development of Moslem countries—the pull of tradition against the pull of change. But beneath this eternal tug of war in practical matters, like the treatment of women and the observance of Ramadan, there is a deeper, Koran-controlled consciousness, a readiness to submit to a higher will, a resignation to human imperfection. The Moslem world is not afflicted by angst in the Western sense; there is no deep longing for the unattainable, bred of the disparity between the human condition and a Christian vision of perfectibility. The Moslem heritage teaches the lesson of absorbing one's misfortunes, and of refusing to despair. The heroic tension ending in sacrifice, which through the Crucifixion has become a part of the Western heritage, is absent from the example of the Prophet.

Mohammed, rich in years and achievements, died a natural death. He imposed a great design in adverse conditions. He was able to make credible the unlikely proposition that, alone in the world, a tiny group of Arabs, living in the desert and overlooked by history, knew the Truth. And, most remarkable of all, like myself, and like you, he was no more than a man.

Sanche de Gramont's first novel, Lives to Give *(Putnam), came out last spring; he is now writing a second. His last work of nonfiction,* The French, *was a Book-of-the-Month-Club choice.*


אברהם
יצחק
אל תשלח

What is a Jew?

Some years ago the prime minister of Israel posed a question to the Jews of the world: What is a Jew? No one could agree on an answer. The legal rabbinical reply would be that a Jew is any child of a Jewish mother, regardless of the status of the father, and that anyone else can become a Jew only by ritual conversion. But non-Jews have always taken a wider view, regarding as Jewish anyone of Jewish descent on his father's side. (Hitler went even further: a person was legally Jewish if he had a Jewish grandparent.) Most Jews also tend to take a wider view than the rabbinical one.

The criterion of Jewishness can hardly be racial, for it would be absurd to claim that the Jews are a pure race, descendants exclusively of the ancient inhabitants of Judah. There are clearly many different ethnic types among Jews, even if we ignore the Jews of Cochin, in India, and the Falasha of Abyssinia. The cartoonist's stereotype of a Jewish face is Levantine, or perhaps Mediterranean, and one anthropologist has described the "so-called 'Jewish' nose" as being Hittite in origin. But in Scandinavia, Russia, Britain, and elsewhere it is easy to find Jews who look more like their non-Jewish fellow countrymen than like their fellow Jews in other countries.

This instructor teaching the Hebrew alphabet in Brooklyn keeps alive a religious tradition going back to Abraham —shown opposite, in a sixth-century mosaic from Palestine, preparing to sacrifice his son at God's command.

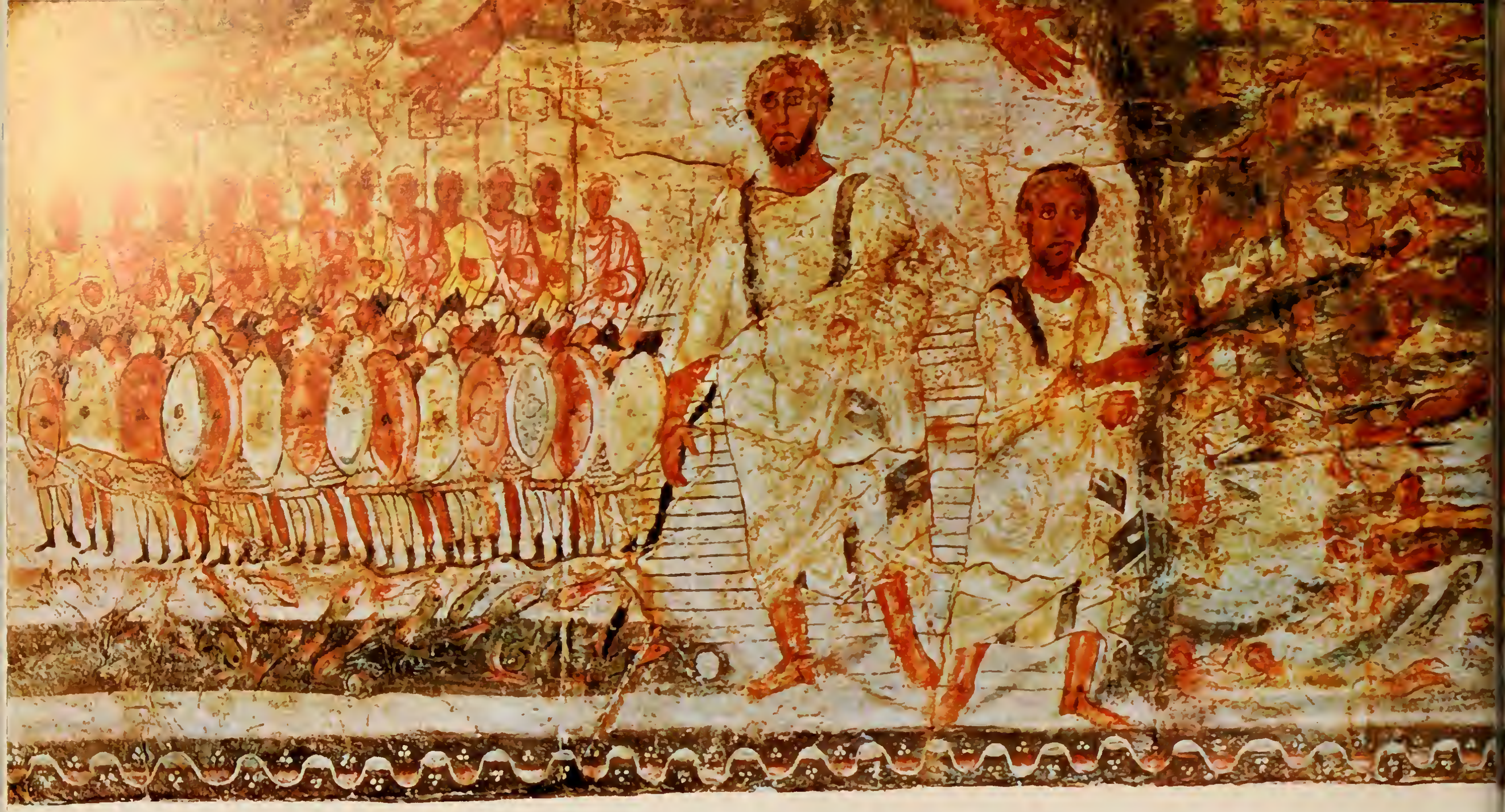
CORNELL CAPA—MAGNUM

If the Jews are, as is sometimes maintained, a "socio-religious group," then neither Freud nor Marx could be considered Jews—nor could Spinoza after his expulsion from the Jewish community. One cannot solve the problem by arguing that Jewish identity is cultural rather than biological: there is a far greater cultural difference between an American Jewish businessman living in Westchester County and a Yemenite Jew than between an American Jew and a non-Jewish American. There is today no cultural unity among the Jews of the world, or even among the Jews of America: The *Lubavitcher Rebbe* and (shall I say?) Leslie Fiedler have no common language. To be Jewish does not necessarily involve membership in a specific race, a specific religion, or a specific culture. Yet a Jew remains a Jew until generations of assimilation have removed the memory of his origins.

Jewish unity is the product of history, and that history is unique. The opening of the twelfth chapter of Genesis begins the story: "The Lord said to Abram, 'Leave your own country, your kinsmen, and your father's house, and go to a country that I will show you. I will make you into a great nation.'" So, something under four thousand years ago Abraham (as he later became) left his home in the Mesopotamian city of Haran to migrate westward to the country later known as Palestine.

There is evidence that such a migration actually took place and that the characters presented in the Bible as the patri-

By DAVID DAICHES



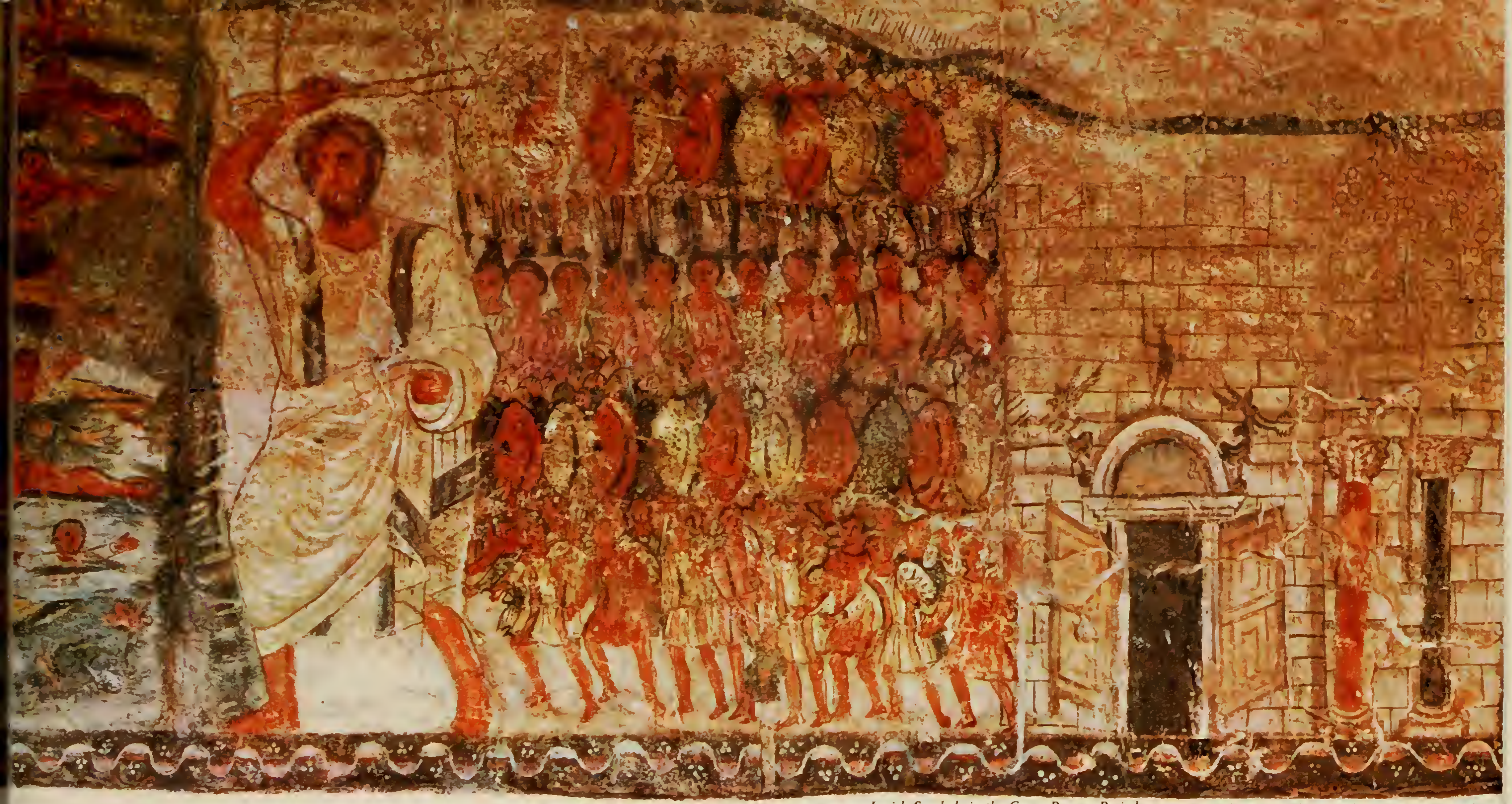
archs did hail from Haran. It is in the patriarchal period of ancient Jewish history that the beginnings of Hebrew religion and of a Hebrew identity are to be found. The movement to Egypt of the patriarchs' descendants, their enslavement there and subsequent liberation by Moses, who led them, as the Children of Israel, toward the land originally promised to Abraham's descendants, is a Biblical story that represents, however encrusted with legend and modified by later redactors, a real historical process.

In the same way, the story of the covenant of Sinai represents something crucial that happened to the religious consciousness of a whole people. When Moses brought God's ethical code down from Mount Sinai, the mission of the people of Israel became henceforth to practice this code in their daily lives and by so doing, set an example to the nations. If they did this faithfully, God would regard Israel as his special people. The belief that their view of God and of the moral law was both different from and better than that of their neighbors now became deeply ingrained. They saw themselves as playing out a divine drama whose first act had been God's promise to Abraham.

The age of David and Solomon, the tenth century B.C., marked the acme of Israelite fortunes in the Promised Land, which the Jews had conquered from the inhabitants of Canaan. David's victories over the Edomites, Moabites, Ammonites, Arameans, and Philistines extended the boundaries of Israel as far as central Syria in the northwest and the Euphrates valley in the northeast. He established a strong monarchy, with an effective bureaucracy working under the crown throughout the country. Solomon built up a system of alliances and trade relationships with neighboring countries, and his partnership with Hiram of Tyre, in particular, enabled him to share in Phoenicia's flourishing commercial activity. But his building of the Temple in Jerusalem served to remind his people that the political and material strength of the country remained rooted in its religious obligations.

On Solomon's death (about 933 B.C.) the Israelite empire broke apart into the northern kingdom of Israel, with its capital eventually located at Samaria, and the southern kingdom of Judah, with its capital at Jerusalem. The rise of the Assyrian empire, in the second half of the eighth century B.C., produced a threat to both Israel and Judah. About 722 B.C. the Assyrians conquered Israel, destroyed Samaria, and carried off the wealthier inhabitants of the country into exile; they never returned, at least not as a recognizable group. Judah survived under Assyrian domination. In an attempt to preserve not only their own cultural identity but the inheritance of the lost state of Israel, they assembled and reinterpreted their principal religious documents, recapitulated the Mosaic Law, and reaffirmed God's covenant with Israel. Little Judah, precariously situated amid the struggles of empires, was conquered by Babylon about 587 B.C. The Babylonians destroyed Jerusalem and Solomon's Temple and deported the population to Babylon. But when Cyrus the Great of Persia conquered Babylon in 539 B.C., he allowed all the Jewish exiles and their descendants who so desired to return to Judah.

That a considerable number did return is testimony to the tenacity of Jewish national and religious feeling. The Babylo-



FROM *Jewish Symbols in the Greco-Roman Period* BY ERWIN R. GOODENOUGH, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRES

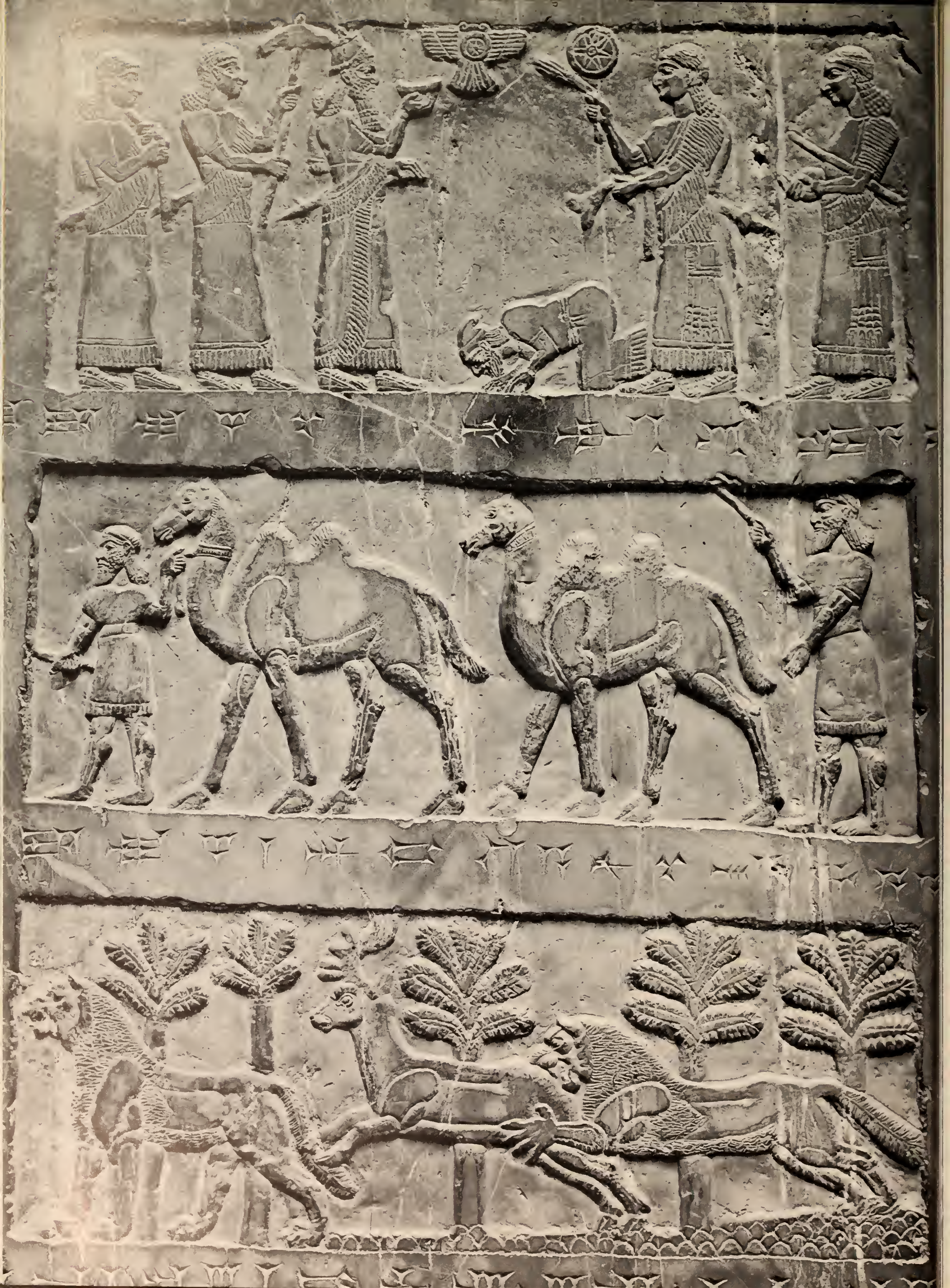
The Exodus of the Jews was depicted in the third century in one of a series of wall paintings adorning the Dura Europos synagogue in Syria. They are unique in Jewish religious art: so thoroughly had the Syrian Jews assimilated Hellenistic culture that they made their Moses a classical Greek in dress and bearing. His white-robed figure appears three times: at right, leading the Children of Israel out through the walls of Egypt; at center, watching his pursuers drown in the Red Sea; and left, leading an armed Jewish host now freed from Egyptian rule.

nian conquest had been traumatic. That extraordinary group of didactic poets, the Hebrew prophets, had predicted it as a divine punishment for backsliding, and Jews accepted it as such; but as readers of the Psalms can testify, they never ceased to yearn for Jerusalem. Much of what we now know as the Hebrew Bible was compiled during the Babylonian exile, and apparently the first attempts were made to formulate a viable religion for a people removed from their traditional home and sanctuaries.

But the returned exiles needed a religious reformation. This was achieved by Ezra and Nehemiah, who reaffirmed and expounded the Torah—the Pentateuch, or first five books of the Bible—and restored the Temple and its ritual. Nehemiah, in the fifth century B.C., organized the rebuilding of Jerusalem and, as the more political figure, probably persuaded the Persians to allow Ezra to undertake religious reforms in Judah. Unfortunately, we know few hard facts about the life of Ezra. Though Jewish tradition has exaggerated his achievement to the point where he is presented as a second Moses, it seems clear that he was responsible for establishing the text of the Torah, with its mass of moral and legal prescriptions, as the absolutely authoritative model for the daily lives of his people. Priestly ritual became less important than observance of the Torah. The Jews as a "peculiar people," with rigid standards of behavior in such matters as diet and observance of the Sabbath, now emerge in history.

Already, in Babylon, far from the Temple and unable to engage in its ritual, Jews had met in private houses on the Sabbath to hear the documents of their religion expounded. This was the germ of what later came to be called the synagogue—literally, a house of assembly. From the time of Ezra on, the reading and interpreting of Scripture at public gatherings became an essential of Jewish—as later of Christian and Moslem—practice. Contemporaneously, the author of the Biblical book we now call Chronicles framed a recapitulation of Jewish history in such a way as to provide the basis for the survival of the Jewish people as a religious community. Thus, paradoxically, the restoration of the exiles to their homeland produced a redefinition of their past that enabled them to sustain a longer and more permanent exile, or *galut,* in the future. The Jews now had a teleological history—i.e., a history seen as moving toward the fulfillment of a divine purpose—with its moral notions derived from ethical monotheism and its historical ideas centered on the Exodus, the revelation at Sinai, and the Promised Land made conditional on good behavior.

The conquest of Alexander the Great in the fourth century B.C., which destroyed the Persian empire, left in its wake a cluster of Hellenistic kingdoms and set Judea (as it was now called) in the midst of Hellenizing influences. Two centuries



Y. YADIN, HEBREW UNIVERSITY, JERUSALEM; LEFT: BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE—GIRAUDON

The crumbling of the Jews' political independence was a drawn-out process. Opposite, Jehu, king of Israel, bows to King Shalmaneser III of Assyria in a detail from the Black Obelisk, carved in 841 B.C. *and unearthed at Nimrud. In the two lower bands, the Bactrian camels, stag, and lions represent tribute from other subject peoples. At right is the fortress of Masada, above the Dead Sea, where a remnant of Jewish rebels fell before a Roman siege in* A.D. *73. This final subjugation of Palestine's Jews was commemorated by a Roman coin, above, with the figure of a legionary and a mourning woman of Judea, and the legend "Judea Capta."*

later the Hellenizing element among the Jews was still strong: when Antiochus the Great of Syria, struggling to keep himself independent of the rising power of Rome, bought off the Romans with treasure plundered from the Temple, he was welcomed at Jerusalem. But the attempt by his son Antiochus IV to destroy the Jewish religion and impose by force his own, rather degenerate, kind of Hellenistic paganism went too far. It produced the successful Maccabean revolt (167–160 B.C.) and did much to reconcile Jewish religious loyalty with Jewish national feeling.

The independent state of Judea won by the Maccabees was confused, unhappy, and rent by inner struggles. Rome inevitably asserted its domination: first Pompey and then Caesar decided who was to rule in Judea: the Idumaean Herod won the title of king of Judea in 40 B.C., to a marked lack of enthusiasm from his Jewish subjects. On Herod's death in 4 B.C., Augustus, over Jewish protests, confirmed Herod's three sons as rulers of Judea, Galilee, and adjoining territory. Archelaus, who got Judea, was such a bloody tyrant that Augustus soon removed him, and Judea, with Samaria and Idumaea, were put, as they had been before, under a Roman procurator. But misgovernment by the procurator and religious clashes between Jew and Roman eventually provoked open rebellion. In September, A.D. 70, Titus defeated the Jews, destroying Jerusalem and the Temple. A remnant held out at the fortress of Masada until April 16, A.D. 73, when several hundred Jews committed mass suicide rather than surrender to the Romans.

By this time there had long been Jewish communities in Babylon, Egypt, Asia Minor, and elsewhere in the Roman Empire. It was not, therefore, the fall of Jerusalem that immediately caused the Jewish dispersion. What it did do, however, was to put the emphasis on ethical practice and personal observance of the Law, once temple worship and animal sacrifices were no longer possible.

At the time of the rebellion against Rome, there were two main ideological groups in Judea, the Sadducees and the Pharisees. The former were conservative and priestly, concerned with temple worship, and the latter were concerned with the interpretation of the Law and its application to daily life.* The Sadducees mostly perished with the destruction of the Temple; in a way this was fortunate for Jewish survival, for it meant that the Pharisaic interpretation of Judaism, which was in any case the more popular, became dominant. More than a mere profession of faith or a pattern of ritual was needed to maintain the identity of the Jewish people. But the Pharisees made the Law adaptable to circumstances widely different from those that had prevailed in earlier periods of Jewish history. It was their insistence on knowledge of the Law and on interpreting it far beyond its literal meaning that enabled Judaism to survive as a way of life in all parts of the world. From now on the rabbi—the scholar and interpreter of the Law—and not the priest, determined the nature of Jewish religious life. Unlike the priests, who formed a hereditary caste with aristocratic pretensions, and who were charged with ritual duties rather than ethical instructions, the rabbis were individuals of varied social background who had an aptitude for Biblical explication and a deep sense of the ethical implications of all human actions. They frequently differed among themselves (their great product, the Talmud, is in considerable measure a record of these differences and of the discussions they produced), and nobody was regarded as infallible. It now became possible for a Jewish community to exist anywhere in the world, linked to other

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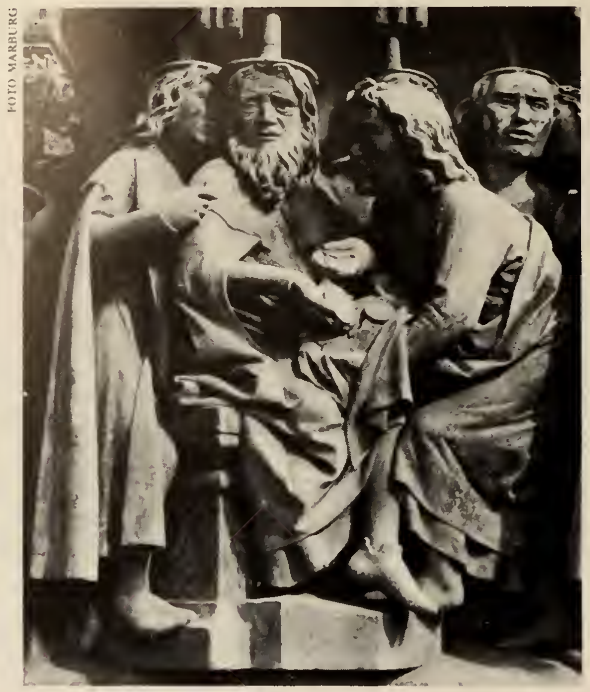
*This is not the place to discuss the proliferation of sects and the ferment of Messianic and apocalyptic ideas out of which Christianity arose, nor the way in which Christianity came to be separated from its parent religion. D.D.



Deemed guilty of Christ's crucifixion, the Jews of medieval Europe were segregated and persecuted. Left, a statue of Judas receiving thirty pieces of silver from fellow Jews was carved by a medieval artisan inside the Naumberg Cathedral in Germany. The figures have the pointed hats that Jews were required to wear in various parts of Europe. Homeless and powerless, they regarded the Bible and their language as their only inalienable possessions. Opposite, the frontispiece of a thirteenth-century Hebrew Bible is decorated with scenes from the Pentateuch, or first five books. In the center are the opening words of Genesis: "In the beginning . . ."

Jewish communities not by political organization but by a common knowledge and practice of the Law as interpreted by the rabbi.

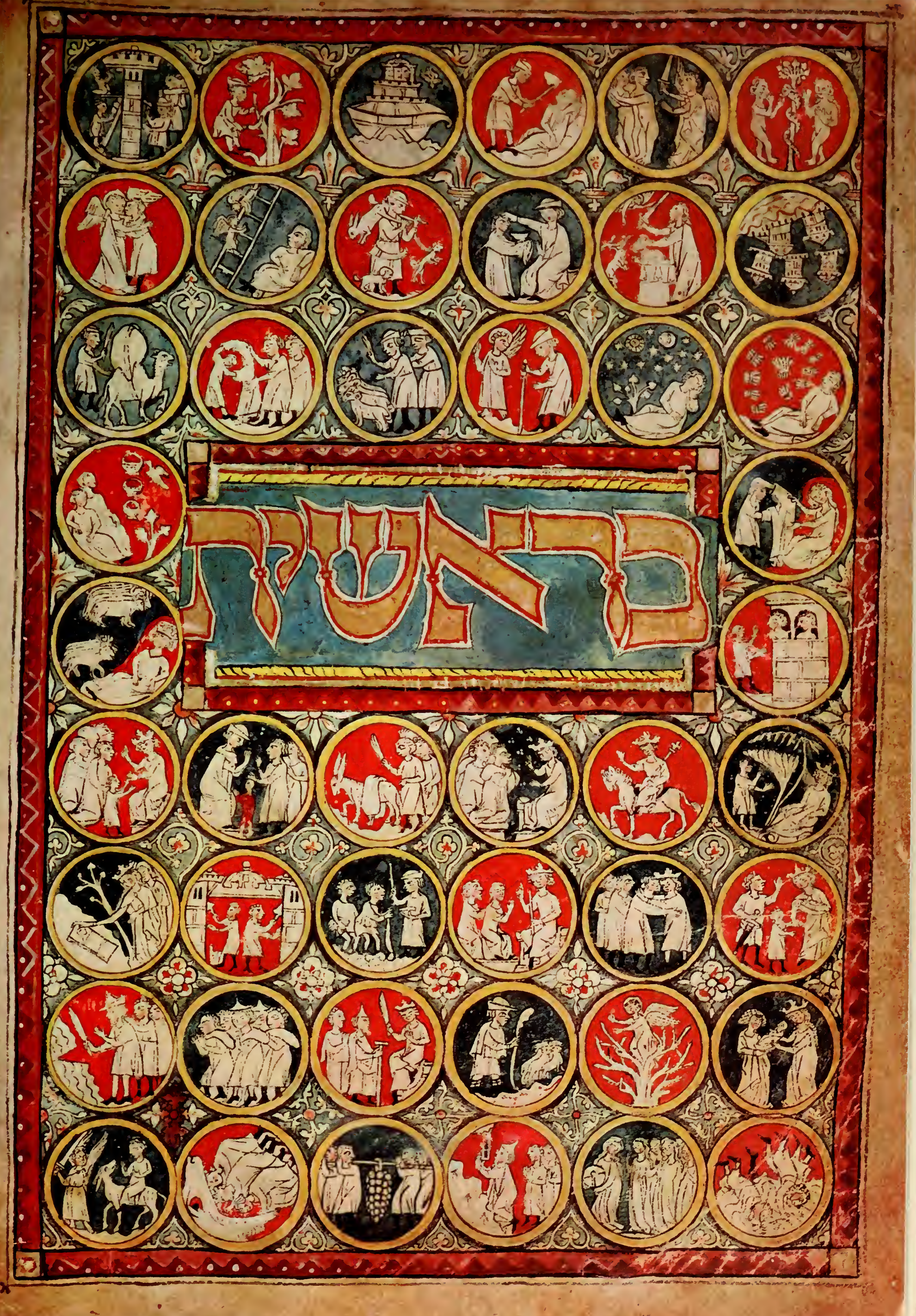
During the siege of Jerusalem the great rabbinical scholar Johanan ben Zakkai had escaped from the city (in a coffin, according to legend) and had established a body of scholars of the Law at Jabneh, on the coast near Jaffa. Rome eventually recognized the president of this body as the representative of the Jewish people. But the scholars willingly lent their prestige and authority to Bar Kochba's revolt against Roman rule in A.D. 132, which saw the taking of Jerusalem and, apparently, an attempt to restore the Temple. The insurgents held out for three years. In the end the Romans put down the revolt, destroying Jerusalem totally this time and building a new city, called Aelia Capitolina, on its site. The emperor Hadrian initiated a wave of savage persecution against the Jews, and most of the population of Judea was either annihilated or enslaved. For the first time Jews became a minority in their ancestral land, and for the first time, forbidden to proselytize under pain of death, they ceased their missionary activities and developed an inward-looking religion. But it did not lose its Messianic hopes for mankind or its belief in the great day when the whole world would worship one God.

The school of Jabneh, or what survived of it, moved to Galilee, where eventually it flourished anew, especially under Judah the Prince (fl. 170–217), who first codified the Mishnah, the earlier and more purely legal part of the Talmud. The head of the school was known as the patriarch, and though he had titular authority over all the Jews in the Roman Empire, in practice his authority was essentially moral. The patriarchate survived until 425. The adoption of Christianity by Rome had produced a rapid worsening of the position of the Jews throughout the empire, and the abolition of the patriarchate was part of a subsequent pattern of anti-Jewish legislation. The center of Jewish learning now moved to Babylon.

The Babylonian Jewish community had probably existed from the time of the Babylonian captivity: not everybody had returned when Cyrus allowed them to. The Babylonian Jews had continued to flourish as Jewish life in Judea declined. They had always subscribed to the Temple at Jerusalem, and regarded themselves as observing Jewish law. They were led by the *Resh Galuta* (the "Head of the Captivity," or exilarch), but the establishment of two rabbinical schools at Sura and Pumpeditha had a far greater influence on their lives. For eight centuries these two schools, which a distinguished Jewish historian has called "the Oxford and Cambridge of Mesopotamian Jewry," set the intellectual tone of Judaism. They produced the Babylonian Talmud, more substantial and much more popular throughout Jewry than the earlier Palestinian Talmud.

The Talmud consists of the Mishnah (teaching), the codification of centuries of law based on the interpretation of Biblical precepts, and the Gemara (completion), which records generations of commentary on the Mishnah. But the Talmud is much more than a legal code with commentary. It includes history, anecdote, folklore, biography, and medical lore. It is an encyclopedia of hundreds of years of Jewish thought, feeling, and folk memory. This extraordinary work contains the most brilliant ethical insights side by side with the most farfetched working out of the ultimate implications of a particular Biblical text, and moving glimpses of history and biography together with the relics of gross superstition; it provided the main nourishment for Jewish scholars right through the Middle Ages. The logical devices developed in Talmudic argument seem to have produced a habit of thought that could be recognized wherever Jewish communities existed

SCHOCKEN LIBRARY, JERUSALEM — DAVID HARRIS



By circumstance and choice, the walls of the ghetto became the horizon of the European Jew. Left, Jews congregate at an open-air market in their shabby quarter of a Russian town around 1900. Under the czars they were forbidden to live outside an area of western Russia known as "The Pale of Settlement." In the Polish town of Pinczow, right, black-coated Jews of the late nineteenth century stroll near their synagogue, which was built with slit windows to serve as a retreat during pogroms. At far right, a row of ramshackle huts form the quarters of a poor east European community at the turn of the century.

and that is recognizable today among Jews who have no knowledge of the Talmudic tradition—in Jewish jokes based on question and answer, for example, with the answer being another question.

Persecution, first by Romans and then by Christians, accelerated the Diaspora, or dispersion, of the Jews in the early centuries of the Christian Era. Jews spread throughout Europe. They followed the arteries of the Roman Empire, first as individual travelers and settlers, and later, after the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70 and the defeat of Bar Kochba's revolt, they found their way as captives or fugitives to all parts of the empire. Jews served in the Roman army and traveled with it. There were Jews settled in the Rhineland and in the south of France in Roman times. Charlemagne encouraged Jewish merchant settlers in the early ninth century. They came to England in the wake of the Norman Conquest of 1066. (England expelled its Jews in 1290, and they only started to return in the seventeenth century.)

From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century Jews moved from Germany to Poland, helping to reconstruct the economy of that country after the Tartar invasions; in 1264 they received from Boleslav the Pious a charter of liberties and protection, which stimulated further Jewish immigration. And they moved on to other parts of eastern Europe, taking with them their Middle High German language as they had spoken it in the Rhineland; this language, later known as Yiddish, has survived as the vernacular of Jewish communities in eastern Europe until our own time.

But persecution seemed to follow the Jews wherever they went. To medieval Christendom they were accursed of God, doomed to perpetual wandering for their guilt in the crucifixion of Christ and their willful obstinacy, as it was regarded, in refusing to recognize Christ's divinity. (Medieval Christians often confusedly believed at the same time that the Jews knew that Christ was God and deliberately tortured him out of diabolical malevolence. The Jews were thus accused of stabbing the Host—which for them, of course, was nothing more than a piece of bread.) Official acts of discrimination and persecution were accompanied by popular hatred based on such deliberately propagated libels as that which accused Jews of murdering Christian children in order to drink their blood on Passover. The Crusades were accompanied by massive anti-Jewish activity wherever the Crusaders went. The feast of Easter was often the occasion for anti-Jewish sermons and anti-Jewish outbreaks.

The Jew in medieval Christian communities had no rights. He was not part of the feudal system; he was not allowed to own land or engage in agriculture. He was useful in international commerce because of his links with coreligionists abroad. He went into moneylending partly because the Christians needed moneylenders and encouraged Jews to go into this field, and partly because, with the threat of expulsion always hanging over him, he had to travel light. But he had his money sucked out of him by fines or simple exaction any time the authorities felt like it.

Under such circumstances the Jew, if he did not succumb to Christian pressure and seek conversion, felt both superior and inferior. He hugged his own traditions and pondered, elaborated, and refined them in constant study and meditation. If to the outside world the Jews were a cursed race of traders and moneylenders, to themselves they were the People of the Book, justly sent into exile because of their sins but still beloved of God and bound to be restored to their ancient homeland in God's good time.

The coming of the Messiah and the accompanying return to the homeland were a central part of Jewish belief and found expression in virtually every Jewish prayer, morning,

JEWISH THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY — FRANK J. DARMSTAEDTER; OPPOSITE: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

YIVO INSTITUTE FOR JEWISH RESEARCH

noon, and night, even in the grace after meals. Although the development of Judaism between the time of Ezra and the completion of the Talmud had made possible a way of life independent of the Temple and of the Promised Land, the precariousness of the Jews' existence in Christian communities emphasized their sense of loss in having been exiled from their own land and increased their yearning to return to it. The theme is as central to Spanish Jewish poetry as it is to the liturgical poems produced by Rhineland Jews; it was absolutely central in Jewish folklore, and it sporadically encouraged the rise of Messianic claimants.

The separation of the Jews in ghettos (the word originated in Italy) resulted partly from their own different way of life and partly from the deliberate policy of Christian religious and political authorities. Segregation was imposed in specific quarters of specific towns, which could not grow and therefore became increasingly overcrowded. The east European *shtetl* (little town), which survived until it was destroyed by Hitler's armies, was only one type of Jewish ghetto, though many of its features are common to all of them. Such writers as Isaac Bashevis Singer and Sholem Aleichem have made it familiar to the West, and it is best known today as the scene of *Fiddler on the Roof.* The walled-off community, with its own strictly observed food habits, its regular observation of feasts and fasts, its limited and carefully regulated relationships with non-Jews, its enormous respect for rabbinical scholarship, its social life revolving around the synagogue, and above all, its ability to throw off the weariness and the suffering and the anxiety of the backbreaking weekday routine in the joyous, candlelit welcome to the "Princess" Sabbath every Friday night—all of this is well documented in Yiddish literature.

In many respects such communities were ingrown and stagnant, but for all their poverty—and it must be emphasized that the majority of ghetto Jews were very poor, eking out a marginal living amid continuous hardship—and for all the precariousness of their lives, they maintained a capacity for hope and for joy. They could light a candle in the gloom and sing and celebrate, even though they knew the candle might go out and the gloom take over at any moment.

In medieval Christendom the Jews remained the major dissident community in a conforming world, the eternal Protestants standing outside the monolithic Christian church, witnesses to *another* truth and testimony to the variousness of human conceptions of the true and the good. The Jews alone kept a knowledge of the Hebrew language alive throughout the Middle Ages, using it as their language of prayer and of international scholarly discussion at a time when Christians thought of the Bible as a purely Latin book and had lost virtually all knowledge of the languages in which it was originally written.

The revival of the study of those languages among Christians during the Renaissance, the breakup of Christianity into opposing sects during the Reformation, and the development of ideas that were to coalesce in the eighteenth century as the Enlightenment, radically changed the status of the Jew in much of Europe. In the eighteenth century he could break out of the narrowness of his own Talmudic learning and of the social life of the ghetto to join Christians who had in turn broken out of the narrowness of their traditional creeds and ways of life; together they could celebrate reason and humanity. The result was often assimilation, as in the case of Mendelssohn, whose grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn, emerged from the ghetto and from a rabbinical background to become a friend of Lessing and Wieland and Herder, to translate parts of the Bible into German, and to develop a view of Judaism that would be congenial to liberal-minded Chris-

CENTRE DE DOCUMENTATION JUIVE CONTEMPORAINE, PARIS

For Jews, the present century has been a time of mingled horror (Nazism) and hope (the establishment of the state of Israel). Nazi troops, left, round up the surviving population of the burning Warsaw ghetto for transportation to concentration camps. Opposite, before the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, a youth in ritual shawl takes part in the ancient bar mitzvah ceremony initiating him into manhood. All that remains of the Second Temple, which was destroyed by the Romans, the wall was taken by the Israeli army during the 1967 war with the Arabs: after 1,900 years, it belongs to the Jews once again.

IAN BERRY MAGNUM

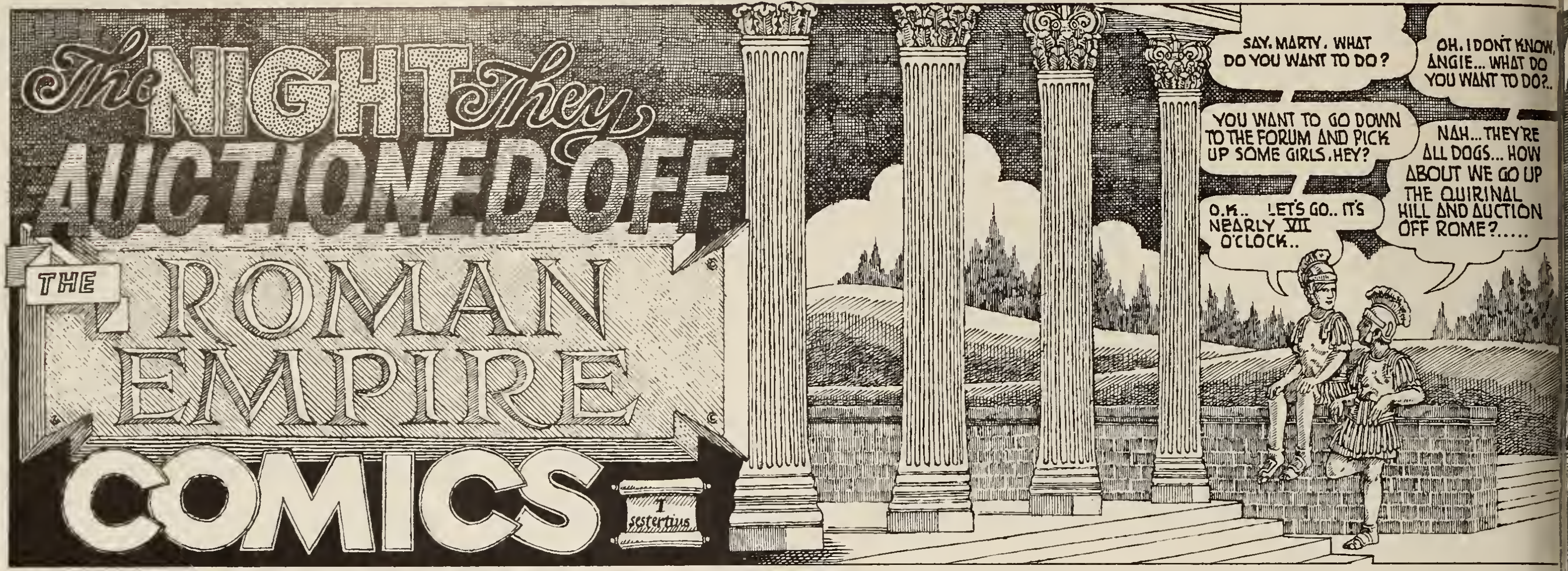
tians. But the grandson was brought up as a Christian. When the walls of the ghetto fell, and it became possible for Jews and Christians to mingle socially and intellectually in a common culture, the disappearance of the Jews as a separate community seemed inevitable.

But it has not happened. This is partly because anti-Semitism has proved much more tenacious than the emancipators of the Enlightenment had imagined: it revived with terrible force in late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Russia and in twentieth-century Germany, and has never, in fact, disappeared. And anti-Semitism provokes Jewish pride even among those Jews who do not practice the Jewish religion or who have no dealings with the organized Jewish community. The grafting of traditional Jewish Messianic hopes for a return to Zion onto the nineteenth-century concept of the nation-state, which produced political Zionism, was a response to anti-Semitism by Jews who had little or no interest in the Jewish religion. Today, many Jews, both agnostic and assimilated, maintain that with the coming of the state of Israel, there is no longer any reason for the keeping of a separate Jewish identity of the Diaspora. The existence of the Jewish people has been insured; a center from which a Jewish culture can be reborn has been provided. Others believe that, Israel or no, total assimilation is both inevitable and desirable. Others again hold that Judaism is just a religion and has nothing to do with larger matters of culture and community, even less with questions of nationality. And still others return deliberately to the habits of the ghetto.

Yet there is another point to consider. Zionism was the invention of cultivated European Jews who wanted to create in Palestine a modern Jewish national state. But the native-born Israeli is less and less likely to regard himself as a European and more and more likely to see himself as a Middle Easterner. Further, since the foundation of modern Israel, its population has been swollen by Jewish immigrants not from the West, or from eastern Europe, but from Arab countries of the Middle East and the Mediterranean littoral where there has been little or no contact with Western culture or the intellectual traditions of European Jewry. These are in some ways a more primitive, more fundamentalist, people—much more like the original Jews than the kind of westernized Jewish intellectuals who play so important a part in running Israel today. If this element does become dominant in Israel, the links between Western Jews and Israel will be weakened. If this happens, perhaps Jews outside Israel will finally assimilate and a kind of Jew will rise in Israel that will develop Jewish culture in quite unexpected ways. But then, Jewish history has never conformed to reasonable expectation.

And yet, with the diversity, geographical and ideological, that characterizes Judaism, an indefinable sense of unity remains. This unity is certainly not the product of common racial characteristics, nor is it the product of a common culture, however widely culture may be defined. It has something to do with persecution and something to do with pride. It has everything to do with history, with the ability of Judaism to adapt to adversity in the Diaspora, and with the consequent survival of Jewish communities under conditions of discrimination, persecution, and temptation to convert to the majority faith. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning," exclaimed the psalmist, recalling how in Babylon he had wept for his lost homeland. Jewish unity is a matter of memory, conscious or unconscious. When the memory goes, the unity will go.

David Daiches is Professor of English at Sussex University, England. In addition to his many works on English and Scottish literature, he has written extensively on Jewish history and culture.


The NIGHT They AUCTIONED OFF
THE ROMAN EMPIRE
COMICS
I sestertius
SAY, MARTY. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?
OH, I DON'T KNOW, ANGIE... WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?..
YOU WANT TO GO DOWN TO THE FORUM AND PICK UP SOME GIRLS, HEY?
NAH... THEY'RE ALL DOGS... HOW ABOUT WE GO UP THE QUIRINAL HILL AND AUCTION OFF ROME?.....
O.K.. LET'S GO.. IT'S NEARLY VII O'CLOCK..

It was not merely an empire, it was the world.

In the second century A.D. Rome stretched across a million and a half square miles, from Scotland to the Sahara, from the Atlantic to the Euphrates. It owned the Pyramids, the Parthenon, and every olive tree between Araby and Aragon. It included London and Paris, cities not yet what they would be, as well as Athens and Alexandria, cities no longer what they had been. And, of course, Rome itself. The Eternal City was at the height of its ancient glory. All in all, it was a vastly impressive piece of real estate.

And yet, one evening it was offered up for sale to the highest bidder. All of it. Everything mentioned above and other splendors too numerous to list. Yes, the complete Roman Empire was once set on the auction block. The date was March 28, 193. The story is tragical-comical. And historical.

What is more, the man who would be emperor by midnight began dinner on March 28 without the slightest notion that he would eat his dessert from imperial dishes. Great things happen, of course, when you least expect them. The name of the man was Didius Julianus. Not famous, you say? Be reminded that he only bought a little fame. Which is fair, since he only paid a little for it. How much is too crass to ask at this point. The question to consider first is, simply, how? And for this, we must glance quickly at the beginnings of the Roman Empire.

When Augustus Caesar was building upon the wreckage of the Roman Republic what he euphemistically called a "principate," he established his own military bodyguard to protect the palace and serve as orderlies. This was the *cohortes praetorianae,* the Praetorian Guard, and they were some five thousand strong. They were strong not merely because they were an elite corps but because they were the only soldiers nearby. Augustus billeted them here and there, in and around Rome. But his successor, Tiberius, decided that special soldiers deserved special quarters, and so he established a Praetorian camp just outside the city walls, near the Quirinal hill. Now the guardsmen could all live together and be more efficient. In a very special way.

Consider: The Praetorians were the only troops in or near the city. The city controlled the world. Ergo, whoever controlled the Praetorians . . . Indeed, from the earliest days, their commander, the Praetorian prefect, had a strong voice in affairs of state. And oftentimes more than just a voice.

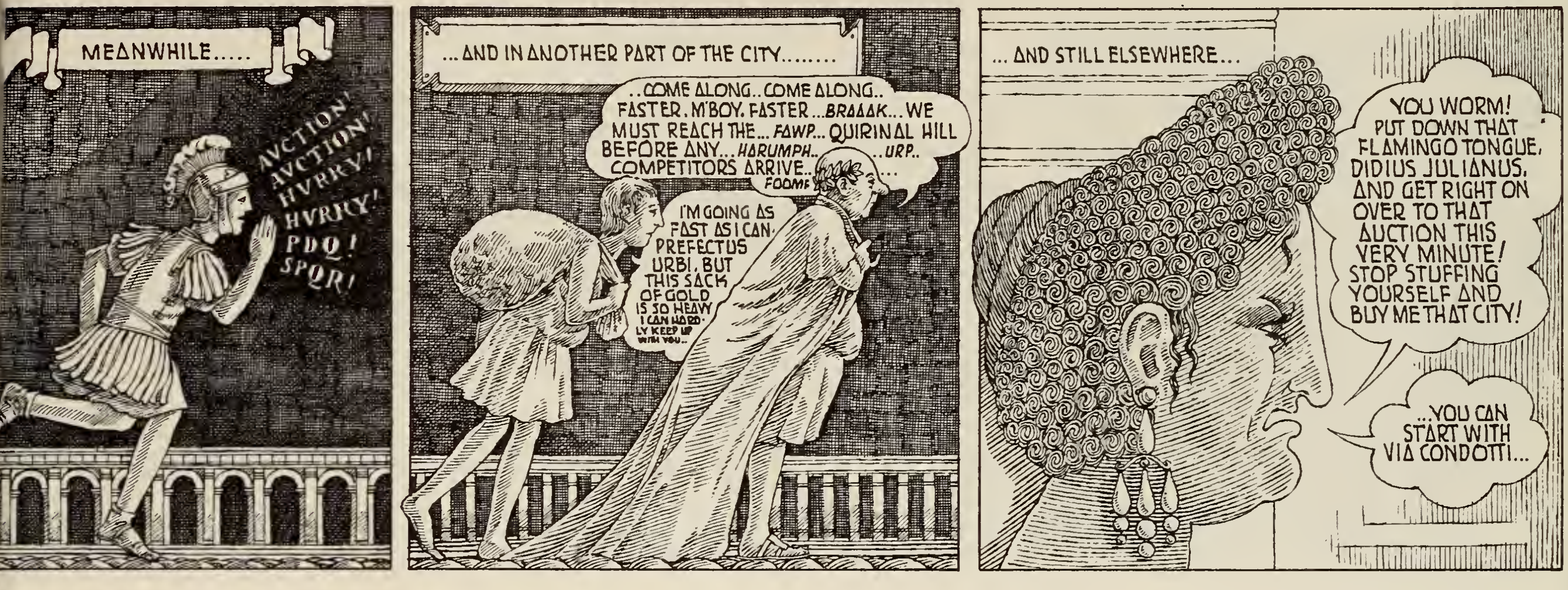
There was Sejanus, for example. This Praetorian prefect convinced Tiberius to retire to Capri, while he himself ran things in Rome. Sejanus was too ambitious, however. He met a bad end because he would not settle for the power without the glory.

Then there was Macro, Sejanus's successor. Macro decided that Tiberius had lived long enough. It was time for Caligula. Macro had Tiberius murdered and then sold the Praetorians on Caligula. The guardsmen easily sold the senate. *Vivat Caligula!*

In a few years, however, the guard grew unhappy with Macro's candidate. Caligula was not a well-balanced man. One needs no further proof of this than the fact that he did not treat the Praetorians with respect. They killed him one afternoon in A.D. 41.

That same afternoon, as they were looting the imperial palace, the soldiers discovered old uncle Claudius hiding, Polonius-like, behind an arras. With a sudden burst of Julio-Claudian affection the guardsmen saluted him as emperor and bore him to the senate to be approved. He, Claudius, was too frightened to dampen the soldiers' enthusiasm. (Or so says Suetonius.)

By ERICH SEGAL


MEANWHILE.....
AVCTION! AVCTION! HVRRY! HVRRY! PDQ! SPQR!
... AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY........
..COME ALONG..COME ALONG.. FASTER. M'BOY. FASTER ...BRAAAK... WE MUST REACH THE... FAWP... QUIRINAL HILL BEFORE ANY... HARUMPH.. ..URP.. COMPETITORS ARRIVE.. ...
FOOMF
I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN. PREFECTUS URBI. BUT THIS SACK OF GOLD IS SO HEAVY I CAN HARD-LY KEEP UP WITH YOU..
... AND STILL ELSEWHERE...
YOU WORM! PUT DOWN THAT FLAMINGO TONGUE, DIDIUS JULIANUS, AND GET RIGHT ON OVER TO THAT AUCTION THIS VERY MINUTE! STOP STUFFING YOURSELF AND BUY ME THAT CITY!
...YOU CAN START WITH VIA CONDOTTI...

Incidents like these made the Praetorians realize the full extent of their power. They could, quite literally, make or break emperors. Crafty Agrippina knew this. She succeeded in convincing the soldiers that her own son by a previous marriage was the logical man to follow Claudius. And if one is a senator confronted by a candidate of the Praetorian Guard, one does not ask embarrassing questions like "where is the rightful heir?" Especially if one prefers to live. It was just such a preference that induced the senators to bestow the imperial honor upon Agrippina's son, Nero.

But let us not disparage the Praetorian Guard merely because they foisted a few psychotic emperors onto the Roman people. They were, at least at the start, superb soldiers. They had discipline. And they behaved well under sovereigns they respected. They were fine under Vespasian (A.D. 70–79), likewise under Titus and Domitian (79–96).

They were exemplary during the reigns of the so-called Good Emperors: Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian (who drilled the troops himself), Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius. In fact, these years (96–180) were a high point for the Roman Empire in every way. Gibbon goes so far as to proclaim that this was "the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous." What happened?

Marcus Aurelius made a mistake.

Yes, this great and good man, this wise and humane philosopher-emperor, made a single tragic error. Instead of emulating his four predecessors and choosing the best-qualified man to succeed him to the throne, he chose his own son. It was the beginning of the end of the Roman Empire.

The son's name was Commodus. It is scarcely believable that he was the progeny of the noblest Roman of them all. His father was Hyperion; he was a satyr.

It is not my purpose to chronicle the scandals of Commodus's reign, to speculate on what he did with his three hundred concubines or his three hundred "ripe young men" *(puberes exoleti)*. Nor will I detail Commodus's career in the arena, where he killed sundry gladiators, criminals, beasts, and—when the whim struck him—spectators. Let the description of an ancient biographer suffice: he was "base, evil, libidinous, foulmouthed, and depraved" *(turpis, improbus, libidinosus, ore quoque pollutus et constupratus)*. Or more succinctly, *impurior Nerone*, "more corrupt than Nero."

But he ruled for twelve years.

And he might have lasted even longer, had he not carried his insouciance a tiny bit too far.

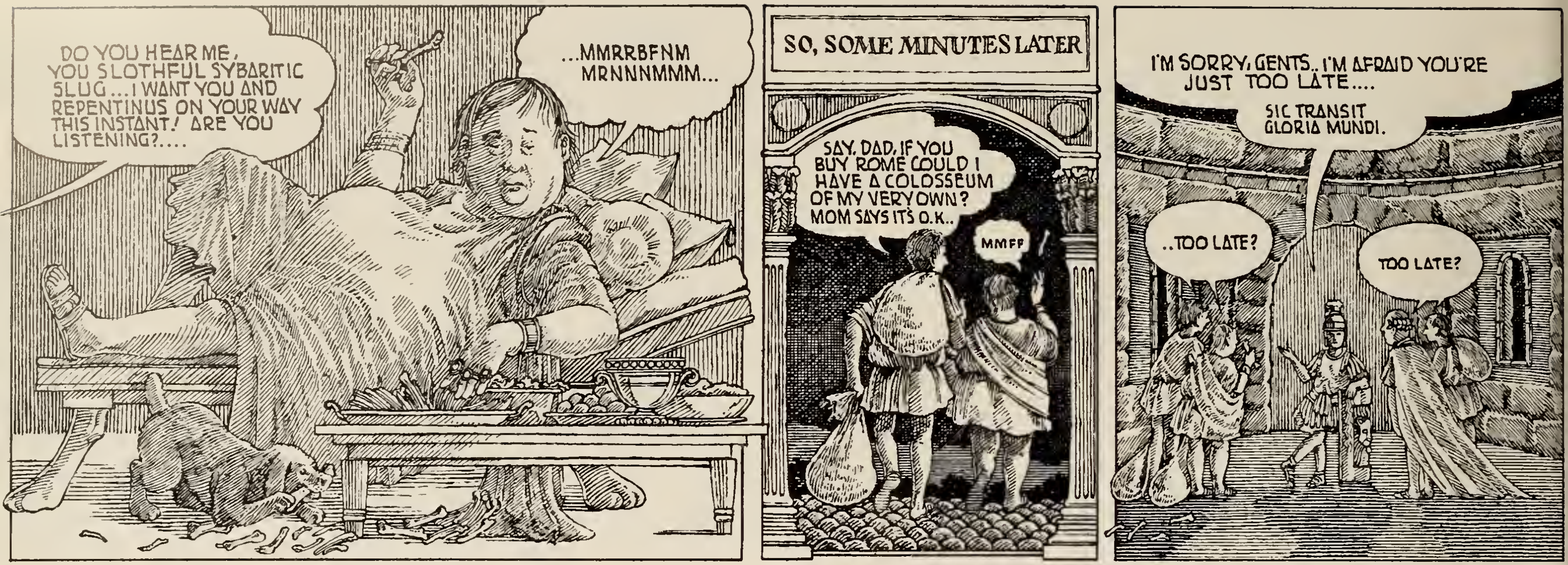
He offended the Praetorian Guard.

No one really cared when he built a thousand-pound gold statue of himself, renamed the months after his various hermaphroditic titles, or persuaded the senate to rebaptize Rome as *Colonia Commodiana*. After all, Rome had suffered madmen before.

But once, in front of a full assembly of the guard, Commodus pushed the prefect into the imperial swimming pool. Then he made him dance—unclothed—before his concubines. Then he killed him.

The new prefect, named Laetus, instinctively understood his first order of business: Commodus had to go. He found co-conspirators in Marcia, the emperor's mistress, and Eclectus, his chamberlain. On New Year's Eve of 192 they poisoned the self-styled "Young Hercules." The potion seemed to be working too slowly, so while the emperor was soaking in one of his eight daily baths, they sent in a pro-

Drawings by Chas B Slackman


DO YOU HEAR ME, YOU SLOTHFUL SYBARITIC SLUG...I WANT YOU AND REPENTINUS ON YOUR WAY THIS INSTANT! ARE YOU LISTENING?....
...MMRRBFNM MRNNNMMM...
SO, SOME MINUTES LATER
SAY, DAD, IF YOU BUY ROME COULD I HAVE A COLOSSEUM OF MY VERY OWN? MOM SAYS IT'S O.K..
MMFF
I'M SORRY, GENTS.. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE JUST TOO LATE....
SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.
..TOO LATE?
TOO LATE?

fessional wrestler to break his neck.

The new year began in a truly new way. As successor to Commodus, Laetus had chosen an excellent man, a venerable and virtuous senator named Pertinax. The troops approved their prefect's candidate, but immediately began to grumble when Pertinax told them that their motto would thereafter be, "Act like soldiers."

Act like soldiers? After twelve years of *laissez faire*? Surely he was joking.

But he wasn't. Pertinax was earnest and honest and too good for that world. He wanted a return to discipline and austerity, those most ancient of Roman virtues. He undertook all kinds of idealistic reforms, even cutting palace expenses in half. Pertinax auctioned off Commodus's luxurious furniture (as well as the ambisexual harem). Imperial meals became extremely ascetic: salad and vegetables and a miniscule portion of meat. He was a truly noble man.

Which is why everyone hated him.

From the earliest moments the palace servants urged the Praetorian guardsmen to kill the disciplinarian who had come to interrupt their anarchy.

And so, eighty-seven days after he took office, Pertinax was confronted by Laetus and a band of his troops, who, as one historian expressed it, "were outraged by his righteousness" *(quos Pertinacis sanctimonia offenderat).* They killed him and carried his head back to camp. It was March 28, 193, and there was one slight problem.

They had no idea who would be emperor on March 29. They had not considered a replacement.

One would think that with the future of the entire world at stake they might have done some advance planning, but they hadn't. They didn't. Now, in a way, it was too late.

It was early evening. The sun had set just after the assassination. Rome was at dinner. In the imperial courtyard lay a body without a head. The head of the emperor was a few hundred yards outside the city walls—in the hands of the Praetorian Guard. Dramatic. Symbolic. And true.

It was a wild moment. Frightening. The emotional pitch of the soldiers was so high that Laetus was afraid to speak—to propose himself or anyone else as emperor.

What next occurred was called by the senator-historian Dio Cassius "the most disgraceful thing that ever happened to Rome."*

It is not known who thought up the idea, but soldiers were soon racing through the streets of Rome shouting that the imperial office was up for sale to the highest bidder. *Rome was for sale!*†

Who could react to such an offer? Clearly none of the noble senators, who understandably stayed indoors and would not venture near the Quirinal hill lest they suffer the fate of Pertinax. This was not the time for a good man, it was a situation tailor-made for an unscrupulous opportunist.

The first "candidate" to arrive was Sulpicianus, the mayor *(praefectus urbi)* of Rome. He evidently made a good impression on the soldiers, because the gates were closed to all others.

Until word reached Didius Julianus.

Who was Didius Julianus?

He was a fat, moneygrubbing gourmand whose morals were so low that he had once been exiled by none other than Commodus.

Didius Julianus was also the richest man in Rome.

He was in the midst of dinner when informed of the soldiers' offer. He was not really anxious to leave the table, but his wife and daughter insisted. History has been spared the precise

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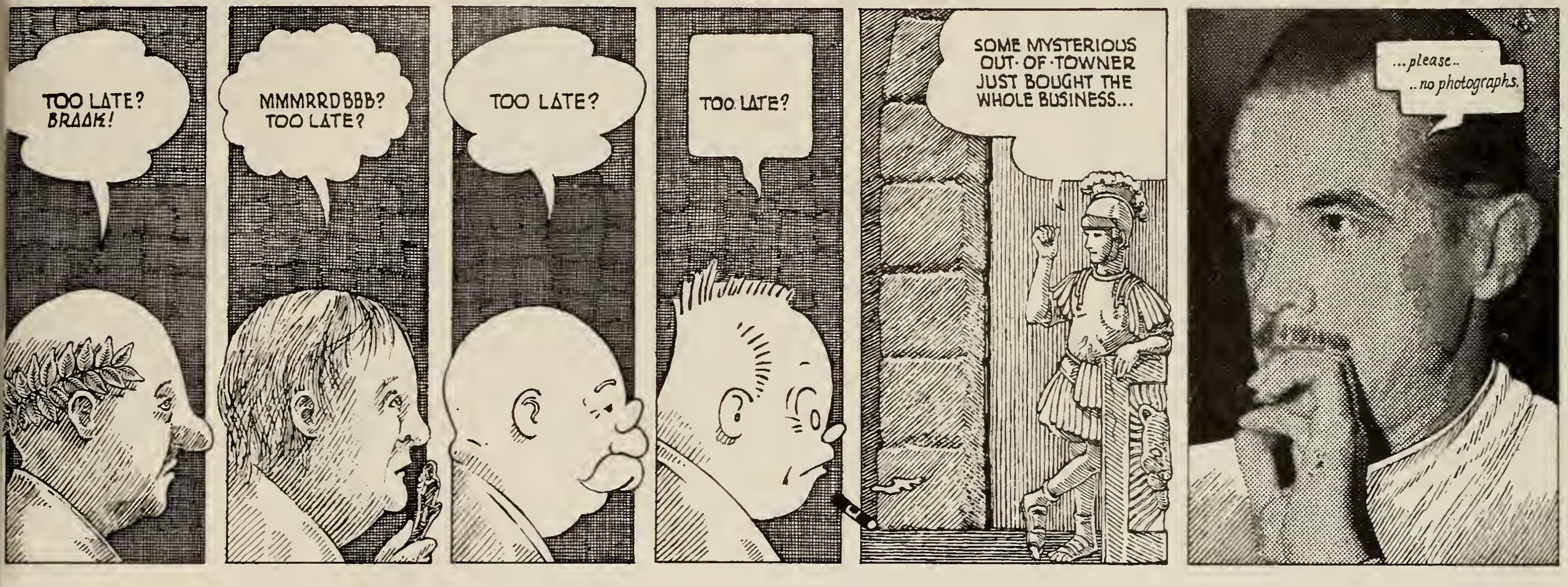
*Three ancient historians recount this incredible tale, but I have given most credence to Dio Cassius (circa 150–235), a senator who was there when it all happened and who "personally participated in everything heard, seen and spoken." *(Cass. Dio Epitome 73.3)*

†Montesquieu, in his famous essay on the decline of Rome, notes that the empire might have been bought before, but that it had never been *haggled over.*


TOO LATE? BRAAK!
MMMRRDBBB? TOO LATE?
TOO LATE?
TOO LATE?
SOME MYSTERIOUS OUT-OF-TOWNER JUST BOUGHT THE WHOLE BUSINESS...
...please.. ..no photographs.

details, but his family finally persuaded him to go out and buy.

In a few minutes Didius Julianus was bustling through the streets of Rome, accompanied by his son-in-law, Repentinus. As they neared the city walls they could hear the raucous shouting of the soldiers. Sulpicianus had the guardsmen to himself and evidently for himself. Julianus would see about this.

But the soldiers on the walls would not let him pass. The empire was being sold and Didius Julianus couldn't even get close enough to get a piece of the auction. Sulpicianus was going to be emperor.

Julianus shouted to the soldiers who he was, but to no avail. He was now more determined than ever. And he hit upon an ingenious plan: he had placards hoisted onto the walls to convey his message to the troops. He advertised that he intended to "restore the memory of Commodus." It was a stroke of genius. Instantly, a ladder was lowered so that the corpulent millionaire could climb onto the wall.

Now the contest began.

Didius Julianus against Mayor Sulpicianus.

The soldiers loved every minute of it.

As each man raised his offer, the world swayed back and forth. Finally, with the bids locked at twenty-three thousand sesterces, Julianus took a bold step. Instead of increasing the stakes by a hundred or two, he shouted out, "Twenty-*five* thousand!"

That did it. Didius Julianus would be emperor!

It came to roughly twelve hundred dollars a man, but for the moment the tidal wave of enthusiasm washed over even considerations of money (such things would come later). Didius Julianus was carried in triumph through the streets of Rome.

The Praetorian Guard knew the next step: senate ratification. They swiftly arranged an evening session so that Julianus might deliver what was at once a campaign speech and an inaugural address. The essence of his message was that in submission to the will of his countrymen he would accept the responsibilities of government. "I come to you alone," he said. He made no mention of his well-armed Praetorian supporters surrounding the senate house. He didn't have to.

After thanking one and all, the newly ratified emperor led his entourage to the imperial palace, where he came upon the headless corpse of Pertinax. It made him laugh. His laughter increased when he saw the frugal meal that Pertinax had left uneaten. Vegetables?!! He ordered the meal thrown to the dogs and commanded a feast of feasts. Julianus had not forgotten that his own dinner had been interrupted for this . . . business.

In fact, the short reign of this dark-horse emperor might well be epitomized as one very long banquet. Desperate for respect and for status ("I *am* the emperor, I *am* the emperor!"), Julianus threw constant dinner parties for the senators.

But nothing could sweeten the taste of Julianus. The senate hated him and the people hated him. He reigned for sixty-six days. On July 1, 193, the army of Septimius Severus entered Rome and deposed the man who had purchased the empire between entrée and dessert.

Septimius Severus was a pretty good emperor. Certainly he was a pretty wise one. His first act was to disband the Praetorian Guard. So much for the organization that had effected the most astonishing auction of all times.

Erich Segal was last seen correcting bluebooks on the jet to Hollywood. The author of Love Story *teaches at Yale.*

You Can't See the Foyer for the Trees

Utopian monstrosities and technocratic fantasies are not the answer for the city, say Kevin Roche and John Dinkeloo. Rather, they design buildings to enhance their surroundings—and cheer the people within

Kevin Roche (above right) and John Dinkeloo pose with models of their current projects. Opposite is the lush and airy garden interior of the Ford Foundation headquarters in Manhattan.

E. Kevin Roche and his partner, John G. Dinkeloo, are emerging as the country's most important architects. They are leading architecture out of its stylistic and futuristic preoccupations to the far more urgent, more immediate, task of making the city of our time more livable and attractive.

There could be no better example of Roche and Dinkeloo's approach than their first commission, the museum at Oakland. When Eero Saarinen died suddenly, at the age of fifty-one, on September 1, 1961, Roche and Dinkeloo inherited his architectural office. Roche, Saarinen's former design associate, conceives the projects of the successor firm; Dinkeloo, who was in charge of technical development in Saarinen's office, makes sure the buildings will stand up.

Roche told me that at first he was scared to go after the Oakland job; no fewer than thirty-seven architects had been invited to bid on it. But Dinkeloo insisted. When the two confronted the building committee, they announced that they had studied aerial photographs of the site and that what these four inner-city blocks needed was not a monumental museum complex but a park.

Oakland now has that park—a lovely, terraced garden with tree-lined walkways, a plaza, a reflecting pool, a pergola, sculpture, and outdoor exhibits. The museum—or rather, three museums (for art, natural history, and cultural history), complete with ample gallery space, an auditorium, lecture hall, offices, and parking—is tucked beneath the terraces.

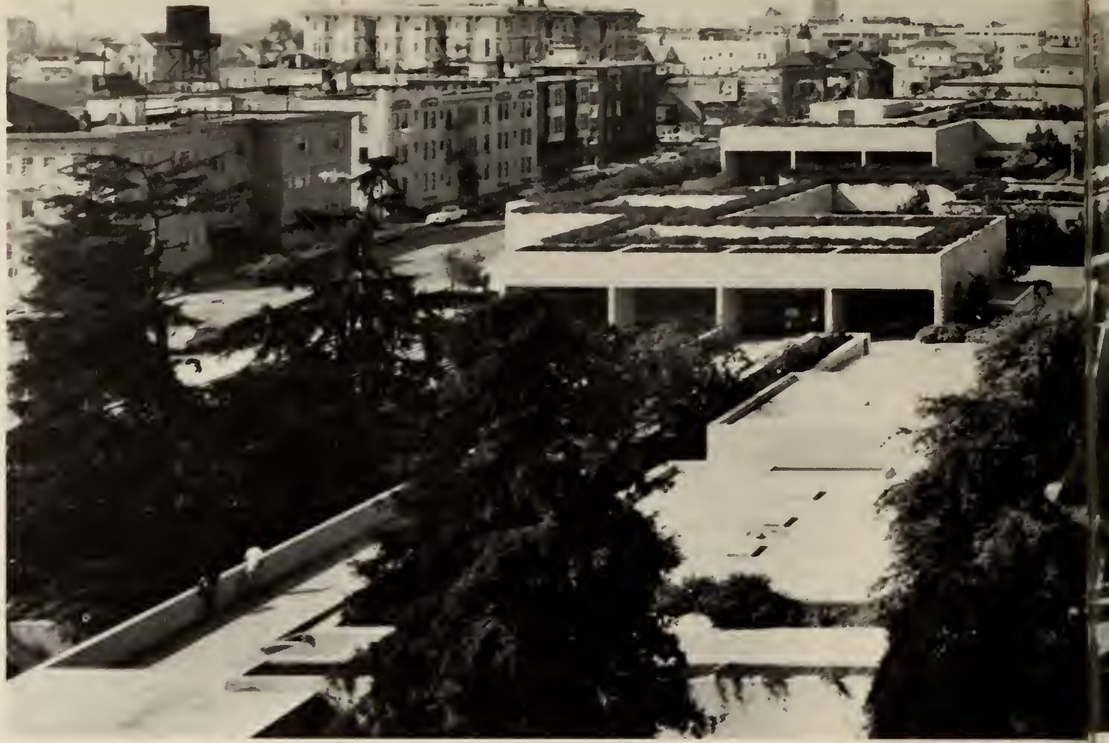
The Ford Foundation headquarters, too, Roche felt, needed a green oasis amid the noise, bustle, and carbon monoxide of New York's Forty-second Street. But the plaza of a conventional set-back building would not only have been submerged in traffic and turmoil, it would also have disrupted the linear integrity of the street. So Roche put the greenery inside, in what is really a huge winter garden.

Roche was recently asked to design a skyscraper for a site in lower Manhattan that presents some unusually challenging problems. There are, of course, quite enough skyscrapers in the financial district already; the sun rarely penetrates its narrow streets, choked with traffic and humanity. Again, Roche feels not only that the conventional plaza would provide little relief but that, plaza or no, *any* tall building on the site would obscure the small, historic buildings in the vicinity.

Roche's solution is typically ingenious. The skyscraper will perch above its potential problems on four enormous stilts. They will be 160 feet high,

By WOLF VON ECKARDT

BOTH: CHALMER ALEXANDER



The Oakland Museum (seen at right in an overview and above, from the inside) is a series of low concrete structures that cover a four-block area and combine green terraces with exhibition halls. There are three levels, the terrace of each forming the roof of the one below (an idea that Moshe Safdie used to good purpose in his Habitat 67). Altogether, it is a welcome addition to the urban setting, but distracting perhaps for the man who loves art more than he does flowers and greenery.

lifting the building just above the cornice of one venerable neighbor and to the level of such giants as the Chase Manhattan Bank. Yet unless pedestrians crane their necks, they will hardly notice it. Instead, Roche will create a dramatic open space, the kind of grand urban plaza that would have been a festive setting for a Renaissance palace, as it will be for the hard-pressed people of the Wall Street area. There will even be room for a small forest.

Is this solution really a matter of reasoned and diagrammed deductions? Or has Roche always harbored visions of lifting a structure far above anything ever dreamed of by Le Corbusier, who introduced the idea of a building on stilts? Roche laughs and admits to some rationalization after the inspiration. "I never like to miss an opportunity for a little spectacle," he says.

The spectacles he has devised are always surprisingly different, one from the next. There is no Kevin Roche Style. You cannot readily recognize his buildings, as you can those of other renowned architects. Nor is Roche engaged in any search for universal validity, or for some magic formula that would, as the avant-garde of twentieth-century architecture once proclaimed, reshape "the total man-made environment in a new synthesis of art and technology."

Roche takes both the art and the building methods and materials of our time for granted. He accepts the new idiom developed by the great modern masters—Frank Lloyd Wright, Mies van der Rohe, and Le Corbusier—and sees no need to contort it, as many of his contemporaries do, for the sake of a dubious originality. The same might have been said of Eero Saarinen, who was probably the most promising member of the second generation of modern architects.

Both Roche and Dinkeloo joined Saarinen's firm early in 1951. Both helped him establish his fame, and both are his true disciples. Saarinen, like Roche, fitted the style of his architecture to the problem at hand. As modern architecture itself still does, he vacillated between Mies's highly intellectual classicism and Le Corbusier's highly emotional expressionism. One of his most inspired works, the General Motors Technical Center, a campuslike complex of twenty-five buildings in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, is entirely Miesian in its classical austerity. Another, the TWA terminal at Kennedy Airport, is an architectural sculpture of Corbusian exuberance.

In the end, Saarinen espoused Le Corbusier's kind of sculptural monumentality. "I align myself humbly with Le Corbusier and against Mies van der Rohe, although I admire his achievements immensely," he told German colleagues in 1958. In Kevin Roche's designs the pendulum seems to have swung part way back toward Mies.

Like Saarinen, Roche has been criticized for stylistic inconsistency. Like Saarinen, he replies that architecture ought not fall into the rigid mold of applying the same formula over and over again: "We must explore and expand the horizons of our architecture," is the way Saarinen put it. "I feel, therefore, a certain responsibility to examine problems with the specific enthusiasm of bringing out of the particular problem the particular solution." Like Saarinen, Roche sees architecture "not as the building alone, but the building in relation to its surroundings, whether nature or man-made surroundings." But unlike most other architects today, Roche has no fundamental quarrel with the city as he finds it, which is, after all, a product of the long evolution of human civilization. He deplores pollution, ugliness, and inefficiency as vehemently as anyone. But he would not further destroy the

city to escape into some utopia, as some do with their 100-story monstrosities and their technocratic fantasies.

Instead, where given the opportunity, Roche seeks to improve city life not by making revolutionary declarations of his buildings but by using them to enhance, or at least blend with their surroundings. "The challenge for architects today," Saarinen maintained, "is to find a larger discipline so that we can make of our cities homogeneous things . . ." To Roche, that seems more important than stylistic consistency.

Mies van der Rohe used to say that it was better to be good than to be original. Today's prevalent architectural credo is the opposite. Breaking with stylistic restraints, our most fashionable buildings now sport an expressionistic complexity of cantilevers, overhangs, bulges, tapers, turrets, and parapets. (Paul Rudolph's State Center in Boston is one example.) The new technology can make even the wildest scheme possible and profitable. Dark spaces can be lighted, exposed spaces heated and air-conditioned, capricious structures braced against the wind, and irrational designs rationalized with systems-analysis flow charts.

But this has never been Kevin Roche's way. He is not an architectural sculptor seeking self-expression or the creation of a new style, nor does he wish to offer comprehensive environmental services as a member of a huge team or brain trust. He remains one of the few major architects exclusively but not narrowly concerned with the design of buildings, a concern that has traditionally included the total environment.

Roche was born in Dublin forty-nine years ago. He received his architecture degree at the National University of Ireland and then worked in various Irish and English architectural offices. In 1948, when he was twenty-six, he decided to tour the world for ten years and to spend a year each working with a different architect. He started in the United States with Mies, enrolling in a graduate course at the Illinois Institute of Technology, where Mies taught at the time. A year later, Roche ran out of money, bummed around much of the United States, and ended up in New York in the architectural office of the United Nations. At Christmas, 1950, he was laid off. "It was the time of a minor depression, particularly for architects," he recalls. "I even went through the Yellow Pages and called every architect in town. No job."

Roche knew a girl, however, who was a friend of Eero Saarinen's and who managed to introduce them. Roche was invited to join the Saarinen firm at Bloomfield Hills, which Dinkeloo joined within the same three weeks. The two soon became friends, and both became Saarinen's closest associates.

Dinkeloo, a cordial, outgoing, but unassuming man, is an engineer as well as an architect, and a brilliant one. He was born and educated in Michigan and once served with the Seabees. Before he joined Saarinen, he worked for the Chicago office of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, where at the age of twenty-eight he was made chief of production in charge of working drawings.

Dinkeloo is credited with a number of technical innovations—among them, the development of structural neoprene gaskets for curtain walls, the use of laminated metalized glass to keep buildings cooler, and the use of weather-exposed steel. His papers and lectures on highly specialized aspects of building technology have gained him a considerable reputation in professional circles.

In 1961 Saarinen decided to move his office to the East Coast. He had established himself in Michigan because it was his family home and because he had started to practice architecture there in partnership with his father. But as his fame grew, Eero Saarinen's commissions began to come from everywhere—the auditorium and chapel at M.I.T., the Ingalls Skating Rink and Morse and Stiles colleges at Yale, the U.S. embassies in Oslo and London, the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial in St. Louis, the Vivian Beaumont Repertory Theater at Lincoln Center and the CBS building in New York City, the Dulles International Airport Terminal Building outside Washington, D.C.—and he wanted to move closer to the Eastern megalopolis. After a long search, he found a Victorian mansion in Hamden, Connecticut, near New Haven. Saarinen, stricken by a cerebral hemorrhage, died on the very day he and his firm were going to move.

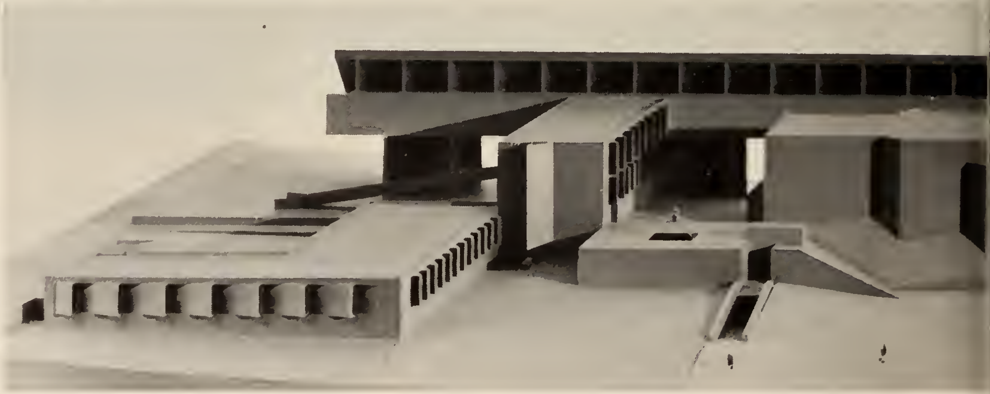
The Hamden mansion, with its long driveway and beautifully kept grounds atop a hill overlooking Lake Whitney, still has the appearance of a posh private residence. Inside, there is an atmosphere of detached calm. Roche's small office could hardly be more simple: a built-in drafting table, a couple of straight chairs, and a beautiful view of the lake.

Kevin Roche John Dinkeloo and Associates (they let not even a comma come between them), with some seventy-five staff members and perhaps $200,000,000 worth of construction work on the drawing boards, have no public-relations officer or consultant. The only press release this office ever issued announced that as of September 1, 1966, the Saarinen firm had changed its name, as Saarinen had specified in his will. It had taken most of the five years following Saarinen's death to complete work that he had started. Some of it—notably the CBS building and the Dulles airport terminal—is among the most inspired of contemporary architecture.

Roche took me through the drafting room, which is in an annex to the mansion, and behind it, to what seems to be the nursery of a giant, untidy child who plays with building blocks, to show me some of his current work,

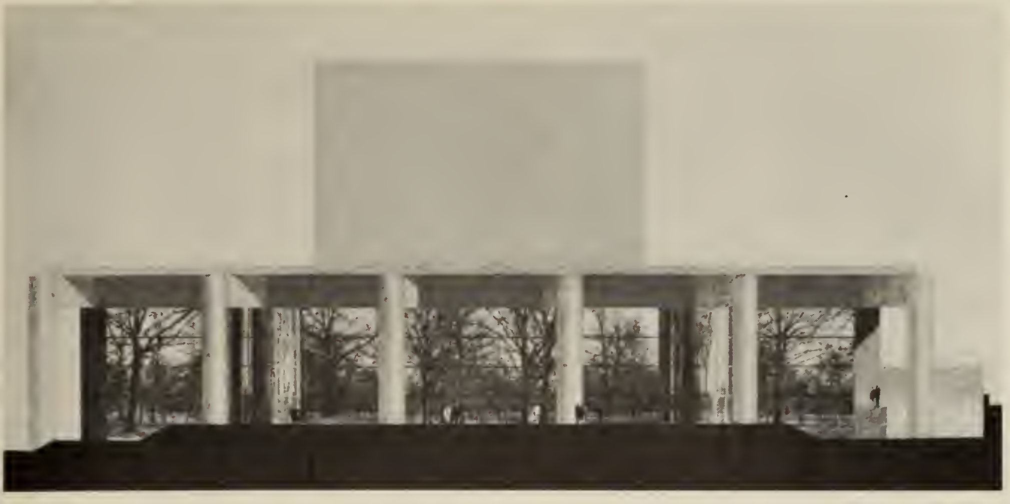
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N.Y.; ALL OTHERS: CHALMER ALEXANDER

Roche's plan for expanding the Metropolitan Museum by using a glass-walled extension, above, is drawing more controversy than plaudits.

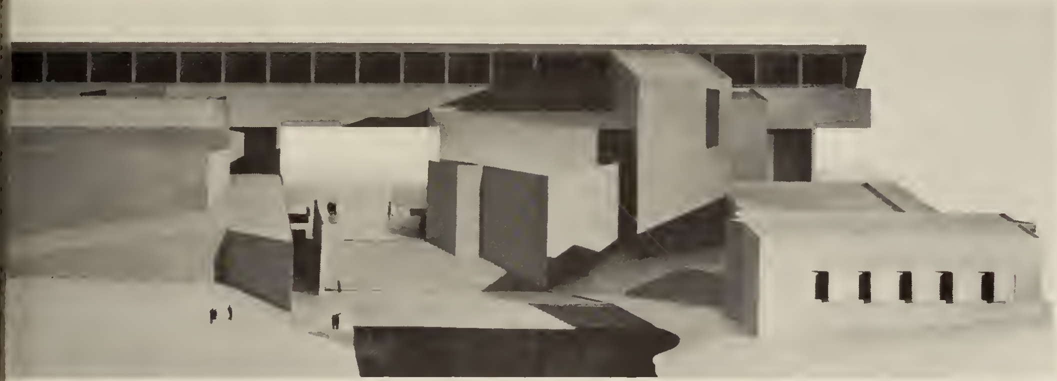


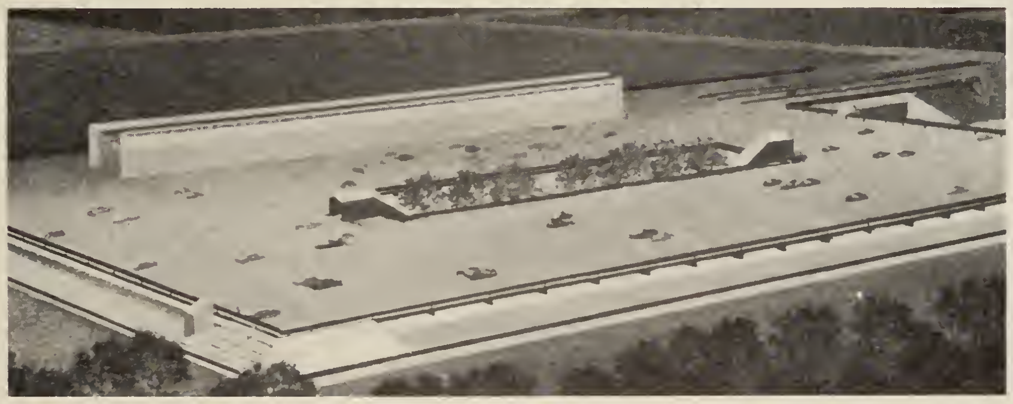
An omnibuilding fine arts center at the University of Massachusetts houses a concert hall, an experimental theatre, a repertory theatre, a recital hall, studios, a gallery, a library, and the music school.

In a two-block area opposite the United Nations, Roche proposes to connect three buildings with a forty-two-story glassed-in arcade.

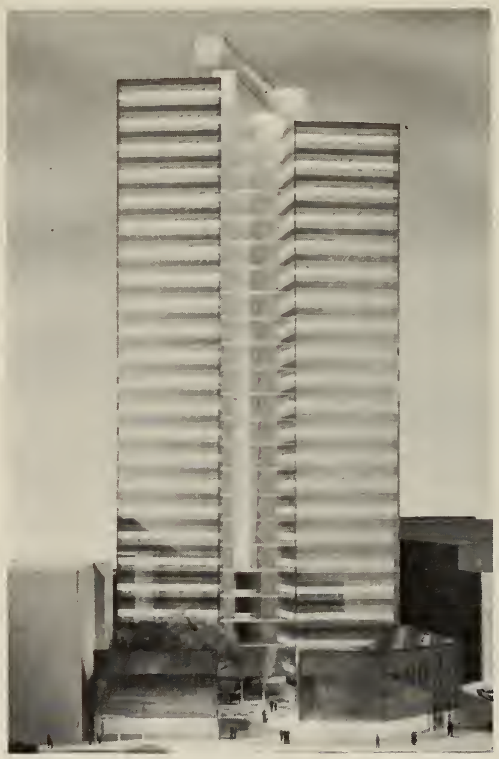


A repertory theatre at the University of Michigan will occupy the last bit of green campus, but will hide a neighboring powerhouse.

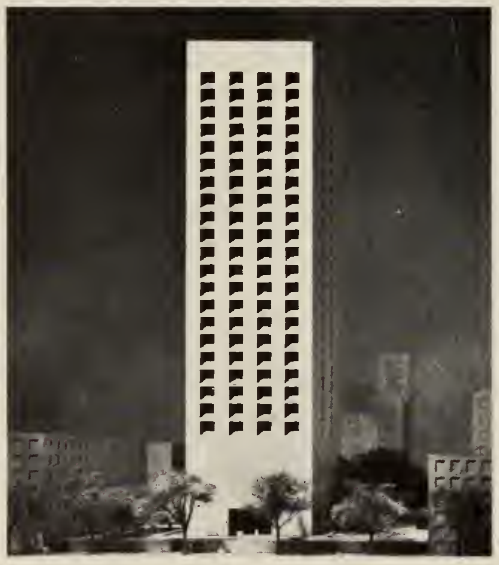




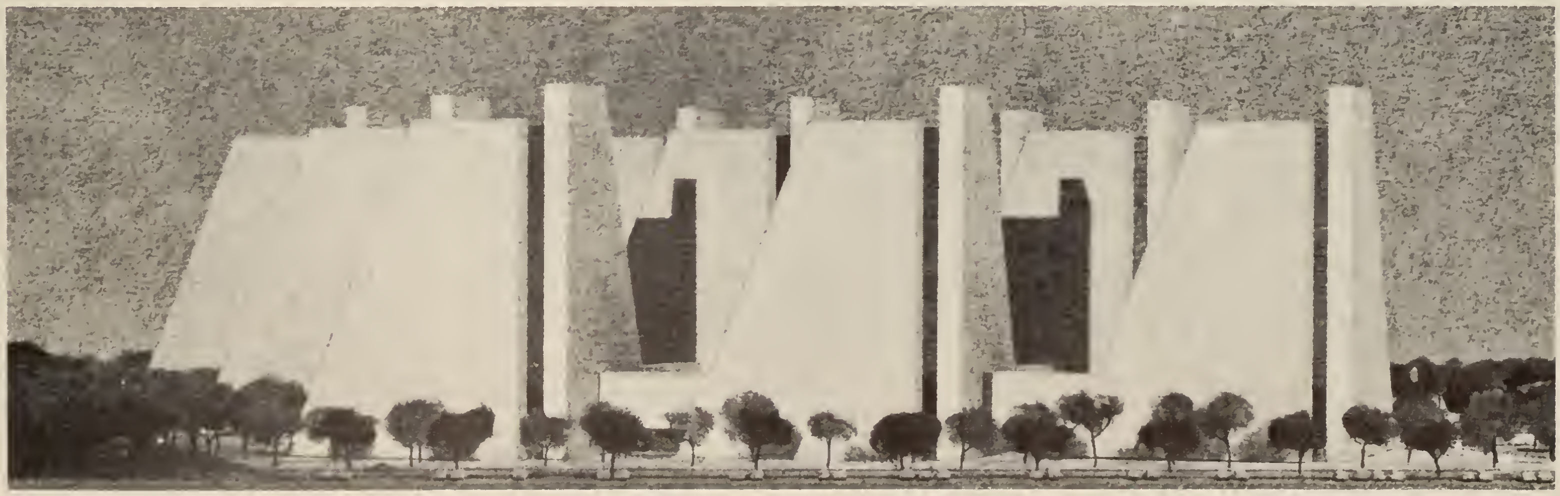
A semisunken building for the Cummins Engine plant in Columbus, Indiana, will occupy a 322-acre site, 200 acres of it densely wooded.



In Worcester, Massachusetts, a wedge-shaped site prompted a wedge-shaped design for a bank.



A university research lab will have outer columns enclosing the extensive service facilities.



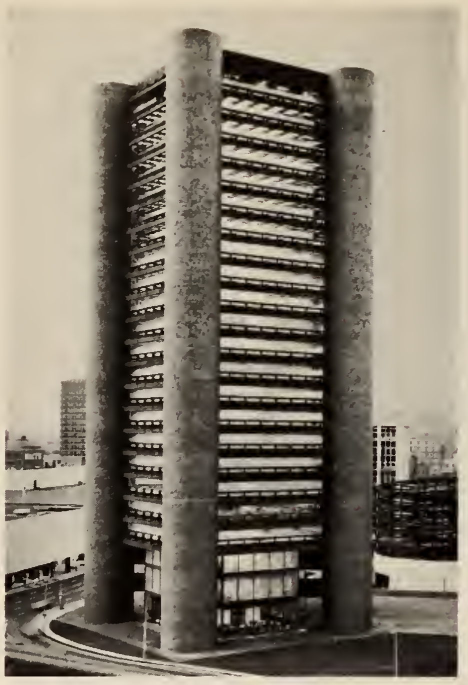
A temple-like complex in Indianapolis will house an insurance company; more buildings can be added as they are needed. Each structure will be eleven stories high, with mirrored glass sheathing the tapered office space and a concrete, L-shaped service core.

particularly the model for the Fine Arts Center at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. The building will look somewhat like a covered bridge astride the mall that leads through the central campus. The mall and several other walkways will flow under the structure, and so will people, light, and air.

Roche has made the arts center equally accessible to the students in the science buildings on one side and the humanities buildings on the other. The two façades, however, are different. Seen from one side, the structure appears as a bold and simple gateway. When it is seen from the other side, the monolith seems broken up into a complex of smaller forms in scale with the smaller humanities buildings. The center is at once exuberantly sculptural and utterly simple, as though Le Corbusier had first sketched it and Mies had then come along to discipline its shape.

Even more spectacular is the United Nations Expansion Support Space, a two-square-block, forty-two-story colossus that is designed to rise opposite the UN in New York. The expansion support would consist of offices for foreign missions, a hotel, apartments, a visitors' center, auditoriums, shops, exhibition space, public gardens and plazas, and a large parking garage. All this would be housed in three identical buildings, so arranged as to create a 540-foot-high, glass-dome-covered court that would open toward the UN and the East River—a supersized winter garden resembling the one in the Ford Foundation headquarters nearby.

Though I found the model more convincing than a rendering of the design that I had previously seen, I am still worried by the bland brutality of the building. But I had had reservations, too, about Roche's Knights of Columbus building in New Haven, which is a twenty-six-story glass box squeezed by bulky ceramic-covered columns at the corners. I thought it a simplistic tour de force. Then Roche took me to see the building, and I was quickly converted. Except for the elevator shaft in the center, the office floors are completely unobstructed, wide open to a splendid view all around. Though given to acrophobia, I felt sheltered. The reason, I discovered, is that the glass wall is set back five feet within the floor structure. The resulting overhang provides a sense of security, as well as shade from the heat and glare of the sun. Roche's perfectionist attention to every detail can be seen throughout: there is not a doorknob or vent that does not somehow enhance the harmony of his elegant spaces. "We feel it is our responsibility," said Roche, "to create a pleasant and human place to work."



Four silo-like towers provide structural support and contain stairwells and other facilities for the Knights of Columbus building in New Haven, Connecticut, leaving office space unobstructed. The close-up view opposite shows the massiveness of the poured-concrete columns, which dwarf the passer-by.

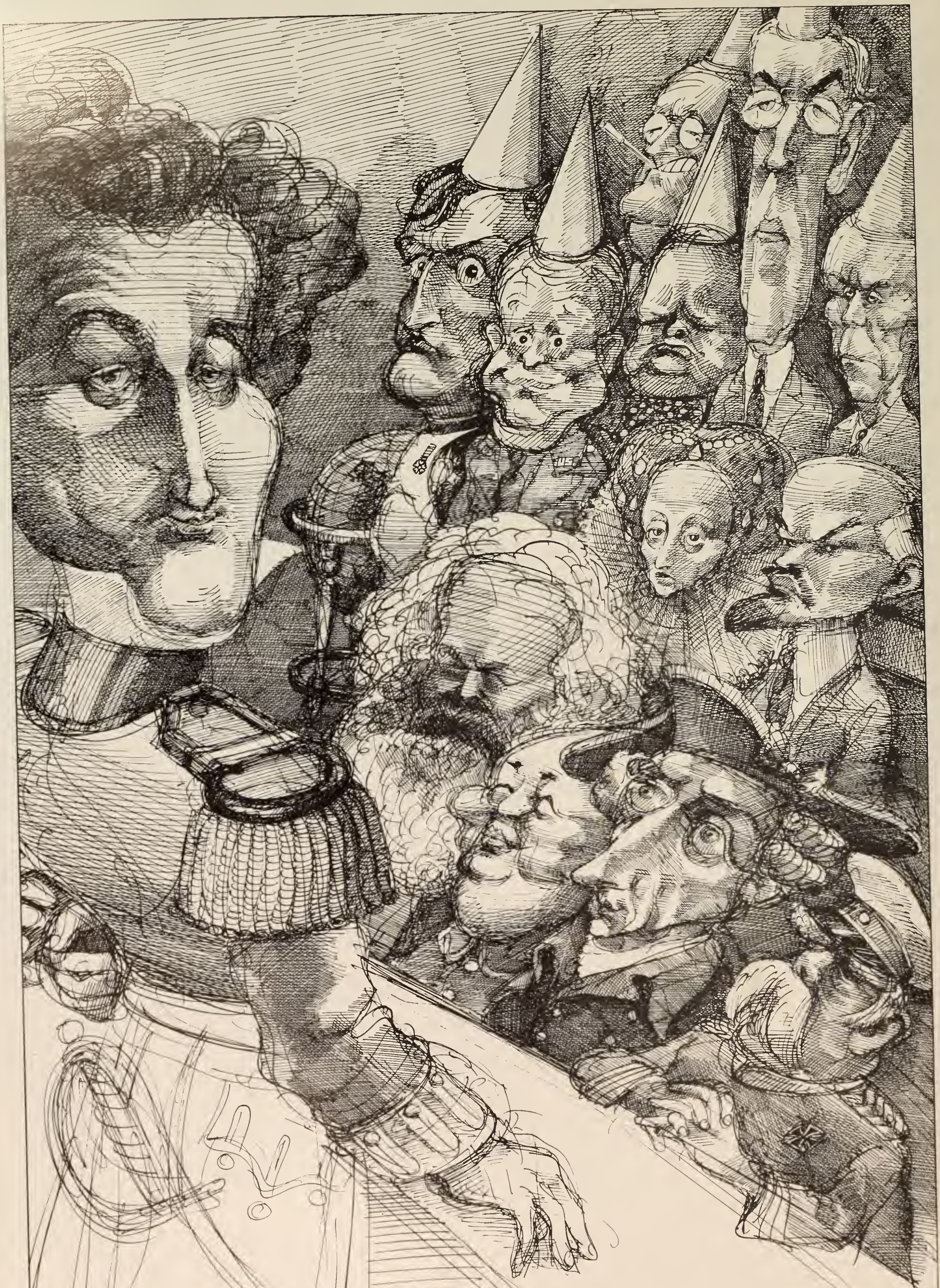
BOTH: CHALMER ALEXANDER

Roche also feels a genuine sense of responsibility for the integrity of New York's Central Park, which he and Thomas Hoving have been accused of raping with their proposed expansion of the Metropolitan Museum. Roche's plan for the expansion begins with an analysis of the museum's encyclopedic collection that proves that only one-third again more space than is now available will be needed. Roche had carefully considered previous architectural ambitions for the Metropolitan, ranging from Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux's original view that the museum ought not be put in the park at all, to McKim, Mead and White's grandiose expansion scheme, which, if realized, would have taken considerably more space from the park than Roche is proposing to take now.

Roche's design would house the museum's three new acquisitions (the Egyptian temple of Dendur, the Rockefeller collection of primitive art, and the Lehman collection of European art) in a variety of glass structures that would tend to dissolve into pleasing park pavilions behind the big building. The design would undoubtedly enhance people's enjoyment of that portion of the park, offsetting the loss of open space. I do feel, however, that Roche's proposal to replace the grand interior staircase with escalators is barbaric.

Roche is not a social reformer. He has not yet built a single public-housing project or advanced any ideas for mass-produced houses for the poor. He is, in fact, averse to the messianism espoused by many architects these days, and he feels that building whole new towns is a somewhat presumptuous notion that is bound to end up in regimented tedium. He simply does not believe in generalized solutions. His idea of architecture, he has said, is "responsible design, technical maturity, and a basic interest in really understanding and solving problems." It is not, to be sure, a very eloquent philosophy, but in the hands of Roche and Dinkeloo the practice of this basic notion has produced eloquent buildings that seem to cheer the people in and around them. This will hardly bring about the cataclysmic reform of "the total man-made environment" that many architects promise us. But it does, in large measure, improve the much-talked-about "quality of life" in our cities.

Wolf Von Eckardt is the architectural critic for the Washington Post. *His* A Place to Live, *an appraisal of contemporary architecture and city planning, was published in paperback by Dell in 1969.*



Edward Sorel

How Not to Win a War

A good beginning would be to ignore Karl Maria von Clausewitz —as we apparently have been doing for the last three decades

Since 1945, under the stimulus of the Cold War, an immense apparatus has been created in the United States to apply academic minds to the problems of war in international relations. Learned volumes and monographs, stuffed with impressive calculations and formulas, have poured forth. A new jargon has been invented to enhance the mystique of the authors and obscure their meaning. Mathematicians, lawyers, economists, sociologists —all have enthusiastically joined the Pentagon Irregulars.

However, the climax of more than twenty-five years of intense and nationwide intellectual study of war has unfortunately proved to be the American defeat in Vietnam. How much the academic think-merchants share in the responsibility for the mess cannot yet be known. Judging from the published literature, perhaps the United States government would have found a better guide to action in the works of Karl von Clausewitz, a Prussian major general who died in 1831.

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Who would have won the honors if Clausewitz had taught a seminar on war? In Edward Sorel's reunion portrait, opposite, the bright students sit up front below their master (1 in the key above). They are: Bismarck (2), Frederick the Great (3), Mao (4), Marx (5), Lenin (6), and Elizabeth I (7). The dunces in the rear include such notables as Eisenhower (8), Napoleon (9), F. D. Roosevelt (10), Churchill (11), Wilson (12), and Marshall (13).

General Karl Maria von Clausewitz was the first man to make conceptual sense of war as a social and political activity and to deduce its governing principles. Clausewitz is the starting point of all later theorizing about war, and often the finishing point as well. He significantly influenced the German and French general staffs before 1914; he is the fountainhead of present-day Communist thinking about war; and he ought to be a part of every Western young man's education. His great work, *On War (Vom Kriege)*, casts more light than any other single book on all the facets of collective human rivalry.

Clausewitz was an early example of that German phenomenon, the intellectual soldier: a man whose professional worth lay not in powers of leadership but in powers of mind. Born in Magdeburg in 1780 (and therefore not Prussian by birth), he joined the Prussian army in 1792, at the outset of the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. When thirteen and fourteen he served with the Prussian army in the campaigns on the Rhine. While he was studying at the Berlin Military Academy, between 1801 and 1803, he was noticed by the head of the school, Scharnhorst, who was later to carry out the sweeping reforms in the military system that followed the Prussian defeat at the hands of Napoleon in 1806. In that dismal campaign, in which the army bequeathed by Frederick the Great was smashed like an old clockwork toy, Clausewitz acted as aide-de-camp to Prince August of Prussia. He was wounded and taken prisoner.

On his return, after the peace, he served on Scharnhorst's staff during the reorganization of the army. It was a mark of his intellectual reputation that he was also appointed military tutor to the crown prince of Prussia.

In 1812, when Prussia remained neutral under Napoleon's pressure, Clausewitz, with other Prussian officers, joined the Russian army and served through the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, first as an A.D.C. and then as chief of staff to an army, a post he filled with distinction. He took part in the negotiations that led to the Convention of Tauroggen in 1812, by which the Prus-

By CORRELLI BARNETT

Critics have attacked Clausewitz for his emphasis on the decisiveness of numbers. Yet it was numbers (and industrial superiority) that determined the outcome of the two world wars.

sian army deserted Napoleon. During the Waterloo campaign Clausewitz was chief of staff to a Prussian corps and was present with Grouchy at the battle of Wavre on the same day as Waterloo. In 1818 he became director of the Military Academy in Berlin, an administrative, not teaching, post.

Clausewitz had thus seen varied service in the first great conflict of modern times, in which the limited, formalized warfare of the eighteenth century was swept away by Napoleon, himself the embodiment of will power in violent action and backed by the mobilized moral and material resources of the largest nation in Europe. As a staff officer Clausewitz had had the opportunity to observe and reflect on war as well as to organize its conduct. He also knew by firsthand experience at Tauroggen the no man's land between strategy and policy. His experience helped him gain insight into both the nature of war and human behavior under the stress of conflict.

On War appeared in 1832, a year after Clausewitz's death as a result of cholera contracted while serving with an army of observation in Poland. He had nowhere near finished it. Of the eight books into which the massive work of more than a thousand pages is divided, only Book 1 was regarded by Clausewitz as being in its final form. Much takes the form of disconnected notes on particular topics, occasionally opaque and confused in language, and as a whole, the work is rambling and repetitious and even, at times, contradictory. As he himself admitted, the manuscript "can only be called a mass of conceptions not brought into form [and] open to endless misconceptions."

Clausewitz covers almost every aspect of war, from its philosophical nature and its role in human affairs to minor tactics, and throughout he offers illuminating insights, brilliant generalizations, and excellent common sense. It would be impossible to summarize the richness and complexity of his thought.

In treating warfare itself, strategy, and the conduct of war, Clausewitz was at pains to demolish the school of late eighteenth-century theoreticians who had reduced war to geometric formulas in which victory went automatically and bloodlessly to the commander with the correct angles between his base, his army, and the enemy, or to the one who occupied certain geographic points. Clausewitz has warnings for all armchair strategists:

> War is the province of uncertainty: three-fourths of those things upon which action in War must be calculated, are hidden more or less . . . Here, then, above all a fine and penetrating mind is called for, to search out the truth . . .
>
> War is the province of chance. . . .
>
> . . . to get safely through this perpetual conflict with the unexpected, two qualities are indispensable: in the first place an intellect which, even in the midst of this intense obscurity, is not without some traces of the inner light . . . [that is, capability of] the rapid discovery of a truth to which the ordinary mind is either not visible at all or only becomes so after long reflection; and then the courage to follow this faint light. . . . *resolution.*

In a vivid metaphor Clausewitz explains the difference between flawless paper-planning and real war:

> Activity in War is movement in a resistant medium. Just as a man immersed in water is unable to perform with ease and regularity the most natural and simplest movement, that of walking, so in War, with ordinary powers, one cannot keep even the line of mediocrity.

To such factors as exertion, uncertainty, error, and danger in real war, Clausewitz gives the general term "friction." It is one of his most illuminating concepts, explaining why even brilliant victories never go quite as hoped, why offensives lose their force, why "decisive" weapons or expedients (such as tanks, gas, or submarines in the First World War, or bombers in the Second) so rarely lead to decisive results, why wars always go on longer than most people believe they will. In Clausewitz's view, only two things serve to overcome friction: the will of the commander and the inurement of his army to war.

For Clausewitz the central points about war are that it is violent and that it is a contest of wills. Therefore, the basis of all strategy must be combat. The battle, even if it is for some reason unfought, remains the yardstick of war. In a simile that particularly tickled Engels (who passed it on to Marx), Clausewitz says that fighting is to war what cash payment is to trade: however rarely it actually occurs, everything must be directed toward it. After all, a battle avoided is often simply a battle that one side knows it will lose.

Clausewitz reckoned that in his own age the professional performance of armies was about equal, and that consequently, *"superiority in numbers becomes every day more decisive."* In Clausewitz's opinion, therefore, the essense of strategy lay in the calculations of space and time that enabled a general to give battle at the crucial point with all his available forces concentrated. Dispersion and diversion were enticing traps to be avoided. Later critics, especially the modern proponents of small, elite mobile forces, have attacked Clausewitz for his emphasis on the decisiveness of numbers. Yet it was numbers (and industrial superiority) that determined the outcome of the two twentieth-century world wars.

Clausewitz believed that the critical point in strategy is the enemy's "center of gravity." This is usually his principal field army, which, once defeated, deprives the enemy of the means and will to resist. However, in the case of a politically shaky opponent, the center of gravity might well be the enemy's capital city. The center of gravity of a coalition is the strongest member of it, the ally without whom the others can not sustain the war. (This almost self-evident point was lost on those during the First World War who looked on Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria as the "props" of Germany, which, if knocked away, would lead to a cheap victory.)

About the nature of battle itself Clausewitz says much that is penetrating. Far from being the dramatic clash of romance, it is a gradual wearing away of physical and moral resources. The slowly tilting balance of defeat and victory is a moral one, manifested by loss of ground and/or by the faster consumption of reserves and effort on the part of the loser.

The insight of the general should tell him the moment when a battle is lost, and instead of committing more reserves to be consumed in vain, he should husband fresh forces for another battle, which may redress the balance. Casualties are usually about the same on both sides in the battle itself; it is *after* the battle, in confusion and retreat, that the defeated army suffers disproportionate losses. Even then, it is the moral effect, rather than the casualties, that most upsets the equilibrium of the campaign. Clausewitz points out, however, that the equilibrium tends to right itself in time; the effects of victory are rarely long-lasting.

In distinguishing between the defensive and the offensive, Clausewitz maintained that while the defensive is the stronger form of war because it can be maintained with fewer forces, the offensive alone has the positive object, and therefore the potentially decisive role. That the defensive is inherently stronger is abundantly borne out by history: Napoleon's and Hitler's invasions of Russia, for example. Clausewitz also says that it is the defender, not the aggressor, who actually unleashes war. In a passage curiously applicable to the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, he writes:

> . . . it is not until there is resistance that there is War. A conqueror is always a lover of peace (as Buonaparte always asserted of himself); he would like to make his entry into our State unopposed; in order to prevent this, we must choose war.

What gives these and many other Clausewitzian principles of war and generalship a timeless validity is that their starting point is human nature. Clausewitz's power lies in his insight into how human beings really behave in danger, uncertainty, and conflict and under the crushing weight of responsibility. His other great strength lies in an awareness that no element of war and policy, no problem, exists in isolation, but only as a part of a whole situation. This, together with his awareness of the relationship between ends and means and of the importance of the right choice among alternatives, would do credit to an economist.

It is not, however, Clausewitz's detailed discussions of warfare itself that have exerted the most influence on later generations. The major themes of *On War* lie, first, in his conception of the role of war in human affairs, and second, in his philosophizing about the inner nature of war. But Clausewitz's philosophy of war has been garbled into dogma, with regrettable results.

War for Clausewitz was no meaningless episode of violence, nor was it absolutely distinct and separate from peace. War, on the contrary,

> belongs . . . to the province of social life. It is a conflict of great interests which is settled by bloodshed, and only in that is it different from others. It would be better . . . to liken it to business competition, which is also a conflict of human interests and activities; and it is still more like State policy, which again . . . may be looked upon as a kind of business competition on a great scale.

This simple proposition is Clausewitz's greatest and most illuminating insight. In the words of his most quoted aphorism, "War is only a continuation of policy by other means." Clausewitz returns again and again to this theme of the continuity of international relations, from peace via war to peace again, speaking of a diplomacy that (in war) employs battles instead of notes. It follows that the conduct of war ought to be constantly governed by political considerations.

It is absurd to try to "win" wars by military means alone. No major plan of war can be made without political understanding and insight.

In Clausewitz's view, it is absurd to try to "win" wars by military means alone, because, as he says, no major plan of war can be made without political understanding and insight. The political setting not only determines the aims and decisions of war strategy but also colors the whole character of the war. The greater the issue at stake and the more ferocious the hostile emotions, the more ambitious will be the military objective (such as "unconditional surrender" in the Second World War) and the more violent the methods and immense the war effort (e.g., strategic bombing, nuclear weapons, total national mobilization). When political aims reach their ultimate, then war attains to what Clausewitz called "its absolute form." He himself was thinking of the Napoleonic wars. The two world wars of the twentieth century, however, were far nearer to the absolute.

At the other end of the scale, the belligerents may only be quarreling over some small issue that neither feels to be vital or worth much effort and sacrifice. Such a war may be hardly more than a confrontation. Thus the scale and intensity of any war is determined by the importance of the issue at stake. Therefore, it is a mistake to speak of war itself as being "limited" or "unlimited"; rather, it is the policy behind the war that is limited or unlimited. It was not the nature of nineteenth-century warfare that made the American Civil War so long and bloody but the irreconcilable political and social issues of secession and union, slavery and emancipation. And it is political, not military, considerations that have prevented the United States from using nuclear weapons in Vietnam—on the contrary, nothing would so economically and efficiently block the Vietcong supply routes.

Unfortunately, the complete integration of war and policy requires Clausewitz's ideal of generals who are half statesmen and statesmen who are half generals—an ideal of which Cromwell and Frederick the Great are notably successful examples, and of which Napoleon was a crashingly unsuccessful one. As a rule, however, reality falls far short of this ideal—especially, perhaps, in the Western democracies, where we tend to find soldiers who think only in military terms, and especially of "military" victory, and statesmen who know little of strategy and believe that peace is something you fix up once the war is "won."

The classic example of this dichotomy is provided by the United States in 1944-45. Eisenhower and Marshall thought solely of completing the military victory over Nazi Germany; they were not concerned with the political aspects of the Allied Expeditionary Forces' deployment at the moment of cease-fire. Roosevelt, on the other hand, was thinking in terms of deals with Russia over the future of Europe, but it never seems to have occurred to him that the strength and location of Allied and Russian forces at the end of the war might have some bearing on such deals. Thus both American soldiers *and* American statesmen, although from different standpoints, saw the 1944–45 campaigns in Europe as merely the wrapping up of the war against Germany, instead of as the acquisition of positions of power for postwar international relations.

Even more disastrous is to reverse Clausewitz's principle and allow military considerations to dominate national policy. This "absurdity" (in Clausewitz's view) has been perpetrated more often by Clausewitz's own countrymen than by anyone else. In 1914 the Schlieffen Plan called for an immediate German attack on Belgium and France in the event of war between Russia and Austria. Once Russia had announced general mobilization, therefore, German diplomacy was completely shackled by military timetables. This not only made war inevitable but added Great Britain to Germany's enemies. And the Schlieffen Plan, with its awful political implications, had never been discussed or formally approved by any German government!

After 1916, when Ludendorff became virtual dictator of Germany, he made two momentous decisions that brought Germany down in catastrophic defeat. At the beginning of 1917 he persuaded the Kaiser to sanction unrestricted submarine warfare in the hope that it would "win" the war. The ruthlessness of such warfare made it certain that no kind of compromise peace—Germany's only real hope—would be acceptable to Allied public opinion, and it also brought the United States into the war. And at the beginning of 1918, the submarines having failed, Ludendorff launched a series of gigantic offensives on the western front. There was no attempt to put these in the context of reasonable peace offers; they therefore served no political purpose, and yet it was now beyond Germany's strength to "win" the war by military action. In the autumn, as Germany began to collapse, Ludendorff demanded instant peace to save his army, instead of backing peace negotiations by continued military resistance, and this final absurdity completed the German catastrophe.

It is not, however, Clausewitz's fundamental concept of the conduct of war that has made the most historical impact. This is partly Clausewitz's own fault, for instead of treating it in a set piece at the beginning of the work, he scatters references to it throughout, mainly dealing with it in the last book. His opening set piece is, in fact, a philosophical analysis of the nature of war. And apparently—although only apparently—it contradicts all he goes on to say about how, in real life, war is moderated by political considerations.

"War therefore," he writes, "is an act of violence intended to compel our opponent to fulfil our will." Violence leads to reciprocal violence, so that war tends ever to extremes—a concept now dressed up in fashionable jargon as "escalation." Therefore, it is absurd to introduce any principle of moderation into the philosophy of war.

Liberals have been so appalled by Clausewitz's apparent immorality and brutality that they have rarely bothered to read him through.

It is this opening analysis, abounding as it does in memorably pungent phrases, that has come to epitomize Clausewitz for generations of careless or selective readers and to serve as the basis of all later demands for "total war," for outright victory, and for unconditional surrender. But, in fact, as Clausewitz tried to make clear, he was referring not to *real* war but to war in its ideal philosophical nature.

Even his statement that war is a continuation of policy has been twisted into meaning that war is the most effective of political instruments, or that war *is* policy. No wonder "liberals" have been so appalled by Clausewitz's apparent immorality and brutality that they have rarely bothered to read him through. The garbling of Clausewitz's thought by fire-eating military disciples has been compounded by similarly selective reading of his discussions of strategy and the conduct of war. His balancing qualifications and fundamental belief in the relationship of military means to political ends have been ignored.

In Germany the swift victories over Austria and France in 1866 and 1870 seemed to prove that the general staff's reading of Clausewitz was correct. However, those wars had been carefully prepared for by Bismarck's diplomacy, and Moltke subordinated military strategy to the Iron Chancellor's policies. It was Moltke's successors as chief of the general staff, Waldersee and Schlieffen, and military writers, like Bernhardi and Von der Goltz, who catastrophically misinterpreted Clausewitz and preached offensive war by a mobilized nation as the solution of all Germany's foreign problems.

Clausewitz exercised a hardly less disastrous influence on the French army. He was discovered by the French in the 1880's, in the guise of the theorist who had deduced an infallible doctrine from the great Napoleon's victories. Congenial extracts from Clausewitz married well with hero worship of the emperor and shaped French military thinking before 1914. The French, like the Germans, were mesmerized by the decisive victory, won with all forces united. Like other admirers of Napoleon, they failed to note that not one of the emperor's victories had been decisive, in the sense of leading to lasting peace on French terms, but instead had led ineluctably to the one decisive battle of the Napoleonic wars—Waterloo. Late nineteenth-century French military thinkers, in evolving their own Clausewitzian caricature, garbled another of Clausewitz's insights, that of the importance of moral forces in war:

> Moral forces . . . form the spirit which permeates the whole being of War. . . . And therefore most of the subjects . . . in this book are composed half of physical, half of moral causes and effects, and we might say the physical forces are almost no more than the wooden handle, whilst the moral are the noble metal, the real bright-polished weapon.

A succession of idealistic and rhetorical French soldiers, from Ardant du Picque to Foch, evolved from this the lunatic doctrine that an attack, if pressed bravely enough, could prevail over machine guns and quick-firing artillery by its sheer moral effect. In 1914 the French army attempted to win a decisive victory in Lorraine in obedience to such doctrines. The result was total failure, with such appalling losses that the French army—especially the officer corps—was weakened for the rest of the war. Foch admitted later, "At the beginning of the last war, we believed that morale alone counted, which is an infantile notion."

If Clausewitz's influence has been so often catastrophic, there nevertheless *have* been those who have studied him with discernment and profit—the Communists. Engels, himself deeply versed in military history, carefully studied *On War*, and he and Marx corresponded about it. Lenin, too, was a devoted student. Of Clausewitz's concept that war is a continuation of state policy, Lenin wrote: "The Marxists have always considered this axiom as the theoretical foundation for the meaning of every war." Indeed, Lenin extended this concept, arguing that military forces, institutions, and methods of fighting are an extension of society—a brilliant illumination of social, political, and military history.

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The most successful results of Communist study of Clausewitz have been in Asia. Mao Tse-tung read *On War* in translation as early as 1928, thus absorbing its ideas directly as well as through works by Engels, Marx, and Lenin. Revolutionary war as practiced by Mao and Vo Nguyen Giap presents the perfect manifestation of the Clausewitzian unity of war and policy, and a people's army is its perfect military-political instrument. Clausewitz's assertion of the continuity of policy through war and peace is superbly vindicated by the Communist method of "fighting while negotiating," that is, of winning a peace conference by a well-timed victory, as Dien Bien Phu decided the issue at Geneva in 1954. The Tet Offensive of 1968 in Vietnam, written off by the American command with incredible stupidity as a costly failure, achieved its political aim of shaking confidence in both the South Vietnamese regime and American military protection.

Mao's and Giap's whole theory of revolutionary war echoes Clausewitz. Thus Clausewitz lists the prerequisites for what he calls "people's war":

> 1. That the War is carried on in the heart of the country.
> 2. That it cannot be decided by a single catastrophe.
> 3. That the Theatre of War embraces a considerable extent of country.
> 4. That the national character is favourable . . .
> 5. That the country is of a broken and difficult nature . . .

Clausewitz's dictum that time works for the defender is the essence of Mao's "protracted war." Clausewitz describes what Mao called the first stage of protracted war, the strategic defensive, in Mao-like language:

> If the enemy follows us into the interior of the country . . . we have more time; we can wait until the enemy's weakness is extreme . . . The enemy is now, perhaps, in possession of the whole territory which was the object of his aggression, but it is only lent to him; the tension continues and the decision is yet pending . . . at the end of the aggressive career the enemy's forces by their own exertions, are half destroyed, by which our arms acquire a totally different value . . .

The very tactics of revolutionary war are laid down in *On War*, in metaphors that are once again reminiscent of Mao:

> . . . a people's War . . . should, like a kind of nebulous vapoury essence, never condense into a solid body; otherwise the enemy sends an adequate force against this core, crushes it . . . and the arms fall from the hands of the people. Still, however, on the other hand, it is necessary that this mist should collect at some points into denser masses, and form threatening clouds from which now and again a formidable flash of lightning may burst forth. These points are chiefly on the flanks of the enemy's theatre of War . . . They serve to create a feeling of uneasiness and dread . . .

Stripped of its tactical detail, which was relevant only to the weapons of the early nineteenth century, Clausewitz's work still serves as a remarkable guide to the understanding of war and policy. Modern military technology, even the strategic nuclear weapon, does not invalidate Clausewitz's fundamental theses. And his emphasis on the study of history constitutes a needed corrective to the laboratory approach of some modern strategic thinkers and students of military institutions, with their dependence on sociological or mathematical "models" and their quest for tidy, finite, and verifiable certainties.

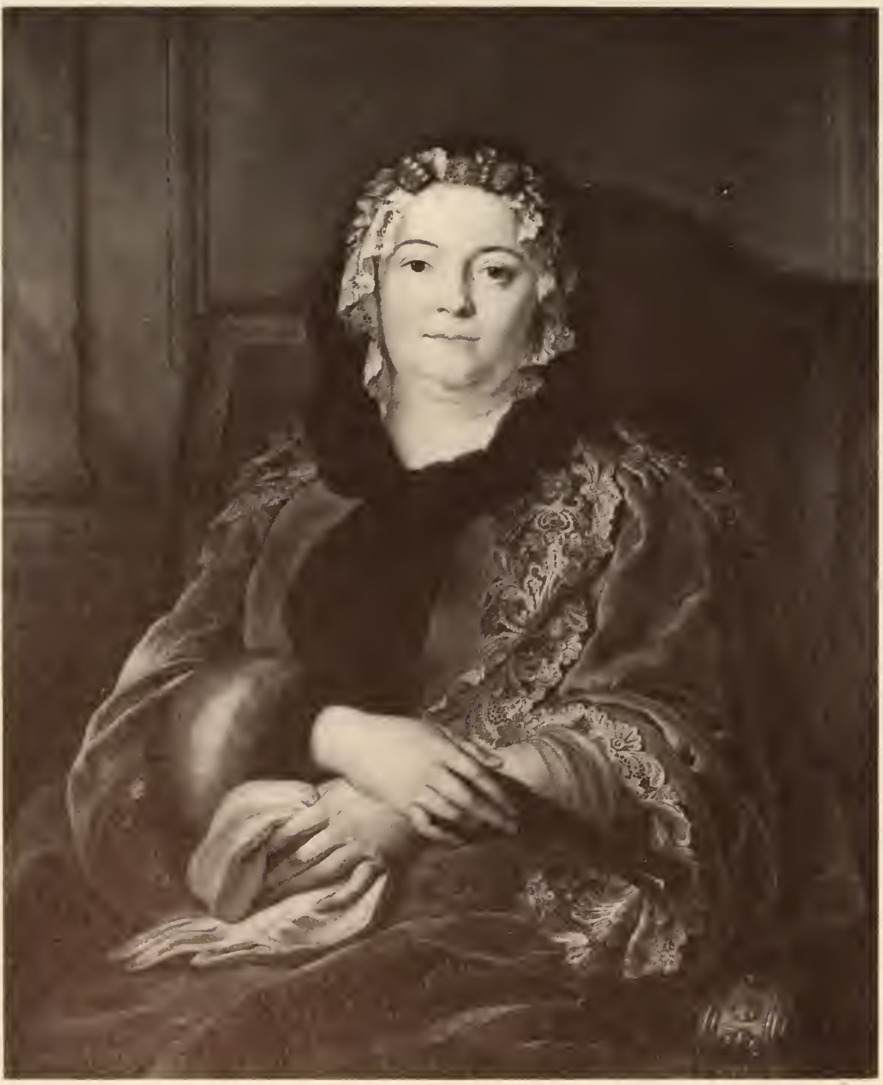
A distinguished military historian and a member of Britain's Institute for Strategic Studies, Correlli Barnett writes often for HORIZON. *An account of* Mao's Long March *was in the Winter, 1971, issue.*

The Liberation of Mme de Tencin

From convent to court, and from bank to boudoir, she was always prone to argue

By MORRIS BISHOP

MUSEE DES BEAUX-ARTS, VALENCIENNES; ARCHIVES PHOTOGRAPHIQUES



Her struggles over, Mme de Tencin radiated in middle age a victor's serenity.

In France during the *ancien régime* the Tencin family of Grenoble rose by industry and avarice from nothingness to wealth, provincial distinction, and a tiny nobility. At the end of the seventeenth century Antoine de Tencin, president of the Savoy senate, proposed to leave his office and most of his property to his eldest son, to dower his eldest daughter, and to put his remaining children in religion, where God would care for them, free of charge.

Thus the gentry of the *ancien régime* nipped their surplus buds, and limited the overproduction of offspring with demands on property and social consideration. It was not a bad system for all; many a shrinking maiden would prefer conventual comfort with a Heavenly Bridegroom who promised post-mortem bliss to such modern alternatives as librarianship, stenography, or schoolmistressing, with perhaps some gross husband by the way. But Alexandrine, youngest of the Tencins, was no shrinking maiden.

She was born in 1682, and at the age of eight was installed as a boarder in the Dominican convent of Montfleury. There, the daughters of the gentry were trained to fear God and respect the rules of etiquette. Music masters and dancing masters guided them; little fetes were given at which they displayed their accomplishments to families and friends. But Alexandrine was unhappy and naughty. Deprived of family life and joys and of hope for a future in the world, she conceived a hatred for her earthly father.

At fifteen she was bidden to enter the novitiate and don the Dominican habit, with a black triangle, symbol of widowhood, at the brow. To proclaim herself a husbandless widow at fifteen! With all her heart she rebelled against the command. A family friend called upon her, and they stood together beside a low wall above an Alpine cliff. "Throw me down from this terrace!" she cried. "When one sees a friend at the edge of a precipice it is better to throw him down than to let him languish! That will be a happier fate for me than to enter a convent where I shall suffer all my life!" The friend made an appeal to her family, but succeeded only in getting himself barred from the convent.

Alexandrine felt that the world was leagued against her, but she submitted, and at the ceremony made the proper responses. She received the novice's white veil from the superior; her crown of flowers was removed and a crown of thorns substituted. Said the superior: "My daughter, you will forget not only all that pertains to the world, but even your own name."

At sixteen she was summoned to take the ultimate vows. On the eve of her profession her father visited her. She fell to the floor, clasped his knees, and in tears begged him not to force her to the irrevocable step. Her father replied roughly that she must do her duty, that he would provide no other way of life, that if she didn't make up her mind to it, he would thrust her into a refuge for fallen women or marry her off to some rustic oaf.

Again she yielded, at least outwardly. At her profession she promised to finish her days in the observance of the Augustinian rule and the Dominican constitution. Her hair was cut to the skull; the reverend mother prior replaced her white veil with a black one. She prostrated herself while four nuns covered her with a mortuary cloth. The *De profundis* was sung, the mortuary cloth removed, and the priest proclaimed: "My daughter, you are dead to the world and to yourself. Henceforth you live in God alone!"

But the priest was much mistaken. The very next day a notary from a nearby village appeared at the convent, demanded and obtained access to the new sister, and took down her deposition that she had been forced to her profession by threats and ill-treatment and that she appealed to the pope to declare her vows null and void. Obviously this intervention of civil authority had been arranged beforehand; how and by whom we do not know. Not that it mattered, for the pope made no reply.

For seven years Alexandrine's youth slipped away. She made herself a contumacious nun, dodging the offices, omitting private prayers, showing a face between a scowl and a sneer. She was allowed certain freedoms on the score of ill health, and was permitted even to visit her mother. She succeeded in sending a new formal request for the annulment of her vows to the Roman Curia, where it sank soundlessly.

Her father died in 1705, to her delight. The nuns at Montfleury, glad to be quit of her vexatious presence, granted her long absences to take the waters at Aix-les-Bains. During this period—according to Paris gossipmongers of a later date—Alexandrine discovered the satisfactions of fleshly lust. She is said even to have produced a pair of twins in the convent. This is unlikely, but it is more than likely that she found occasions for sin in the relative freedom of the watering place. She was very pretty, a sensuous, unrequited woman approaching thirty; and she had a score to pay off against her father.

In 1711 she persuaded an abbess to chaperon her on a trip to Paris. There she found her older sister, the beautiful Mme de Ferriol, established with a rich, elderly husband, a rich, elderly lover, and a salon frequented by such eminences as the military engineer Vauban, the philosophical statesman Lord Bolingbroke, and the poet Matthew Prior. Powerful advocates brought Alexandrine's pleas to the ear of the pope, and in November, 1712, her vows were formally annulled.

At last she was free. But she had no means of existence other than her sister's bounty and no status in a society that regarded her past as scandalous. Her first business, no doubt, was to make up the arrears of pleasure that she thought to be her due. In these last years of the aged Louis XIV and in the Regency that followed in 1715, a heyday of cynical license, she found no lack of companions. Perhaps she briefly shared the so-called favors of the regent, Philippe d'Orléans; he is said to have dismissed her with the remark that he didn't like tarts who tried to talk business in bed. She was certainly the mistress of the all-powerful Abbé Dubois, first minister of state, who was willing to talk business anywhere. To his bed Alexandrine brought secrets learned in those of Bolingbroke and others. For these reports she was properly recompensed.

She had at the same time an *amant de coeur,* the Chevalier Destouches, lieutenant general of artillery, a man of wit and ability. To her great annoyance, he got her with child. On November 17, 1717, during an absence of her lover on a foreign mission, she was brought to bed of a son. Only hours later, by night, she sent forth a manservant to dispose of the inconvenient baby. He made his way to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, laid his burden on the chilly steps of an adjoining baptismal chapel called Saint-Jean-le-Rond, and withdrew to watch. A woman appeared and found the wailing child; after some hesitation, she carried him to the Enfants-Trouvés, a foundling hospital.

Six weeks later, Destouches returned from abroad. He sought and readily identified his child, who had been named Jean Le Rond. The baby was nearly dead of malnutrition. Destouches took him in his carriage and set off on a hunt for a wet nurse. He discovered one Mme Rousseau, the honest wife of an honest glazier. In her household the boy grew up, soon showing marks of rare brilliance. Destouches watched over him with affectionate pride. Once, and once only, he persuaded Mme de Tencin to visit their offspring. "Admit, Madame," he said, "that it would have been too bad if this charming child had been abandoned." The mother rose haughtily, saying: "Let us go. I see that this is no place for me."

For fifty years Jean Le Rond lived in the house of his beloved foster mother. French culture has reason to be grateful to Mme Rousseau, for Jean Le Rond, under the adopted name d'Alembert, was a great scientist, mathematician, philosopher, and editor of the momentous *Encyclopédie.*

The unnatural mother had now her fill of love, at least a kind of love. She set out to pursue another goal—money. In this pursuit she was aided by a happy chance, the vogue of the financial magician, the Scot John Law. Law had come bustling to Paris at the death of Louis XIV and had persuaded the regent to back his scheme for a managed, or mismanaged, economy, with a central bank issuing paper money and controlling the national colonies and industries. All France went mad with speculative fever. Alexandrine and her brother the Abbé de Tencin inveigled their way into intimacy with M. Law, and the genial Abbé persuaded him to renounce Presbyterianism in the interests of the bank and of the Abbé. Mme de Tencin then formed a company of her friends, relatives, and lovers and opened a stockjobbing office. Thanks to inside information, the company cashed in just before the bubble burst, and Mme de Tencin was assured thenceforth of a comfortable income.

Her cupidity appeased, Mme de Tencin could now devote herself to the pursuit of power. This, through the disability of her sex, she could attain only by promoting her brother the Abbé. He was a handsome man, of much charm and grace; he had made a brilliant record as a theologian, was a doctor of the Sorbonne, and was prior of that institution. The malevolent could find no sexual lapse, and were reduced to accusing him, surely falsely, of a more than normal fondness for his sister. But his outward sufficiency masked a torturing self-doubt. In letters to his sister he castigated himself repeatedly. "It's no use," he wrote. "You can't make me believe that I amount to much. I have no memory; I am absent-minded, over-serious; I usually seem to myself very tiresome. When I try to do something really well it costs me very dear; and the good I would do is merely mediocre."

Alexandrine made it her mission to waken his sluggard ambition and to charge his spirit with her own. Circumstances favored her. Abbé Dubois had conceived a desire for promotion. He pulled strings, and took all the grades of the hierarchy from priest to archbishop in a single day. But he still lacked a cardinal's hat. To conduct the delicate negotiations for his elevation, he sent to Rome, in 1721, the Abbé de Tencin. Tencin triumphantly fulfilled his mission, at the cost of some eight million francs in bribes, and was rewarded with the archbishopric of Embrun, a small town in the French Alps.

Now a very annoying thing happened. Mme de Tencin had a favorite, almost official, lover, La Fresnais, tall and handsome, a mighty man with the ladies, and a fool. He was associated with his mistress in financial deals beyond his comprehension and ours, but the outcome was that she seemed to have all the money and he had none. He became convinced that she meant to murder him. He made a will accusing her of every misdemeanor, sat down on a sofa in her boudoir, and in a burst of ungallantry, shot himself in the heart. A servant ran in to find La Fresnais dead and his clothing ablaze. The sofa was ruined.

Mme de Tencin was grilled by the police and lodged in the Bastille. By chance Voltaire occupied an adjoining cell. ("Only a wall separated us," he wrote, "but we did not, like Pyramus and Thisbe, kiss through a gap in the wall.") Mme de Tencin was soon released, cleared of all imputations against her behavior and character.

This was in 1726. She was now forty-four, in poor health, getting very fat. She was bored with love, but her ambition remained as lively as ever. She intrigued tirelessly to promote her brother's advancement. He became successively cardinal, French chargé d'affaires at Rome, archbishop of Lyon, and minister of state. One could hardly rise higher on this earth, except to be monarch or pope. But what he chiefly desired was to be let alone.

Meanwhile, Alexandrine was busy with her salon. Established in her comfortable apartment near the Louvre, it was known as "the Kingdom of the rue St.-Honoré." There, every Tuesday, the wisest and wittiest of Paris gathered; the favored intimates remained for dinner. Among these were many great names: aged Fontenelle, sparkling Marivaux, learned Montesquieu, brilliant Helvétius, Abbé Prévost, creator of Manon Lescaut, and—for this was the first truly cosmopolitan French salon—distinguished foreign visitors, such as Lord Chesterfield. "My menagerie," Alexandrine called her salon; her guests were "*mes bêtes.*" Her Tuesdays she filled with good talk, high spirits, and low comedy involving chamber pots and such. Her leisure she filled with literature, the recourse of the bored. Her four sentimental novels she filled with the wordy woes of lovers parted by misunderstandings, mistaken identities, and the cruelties of society. What a pity she did not record the novel of her own life!

She died on December 4, 1749, at the age of sixty-seven.

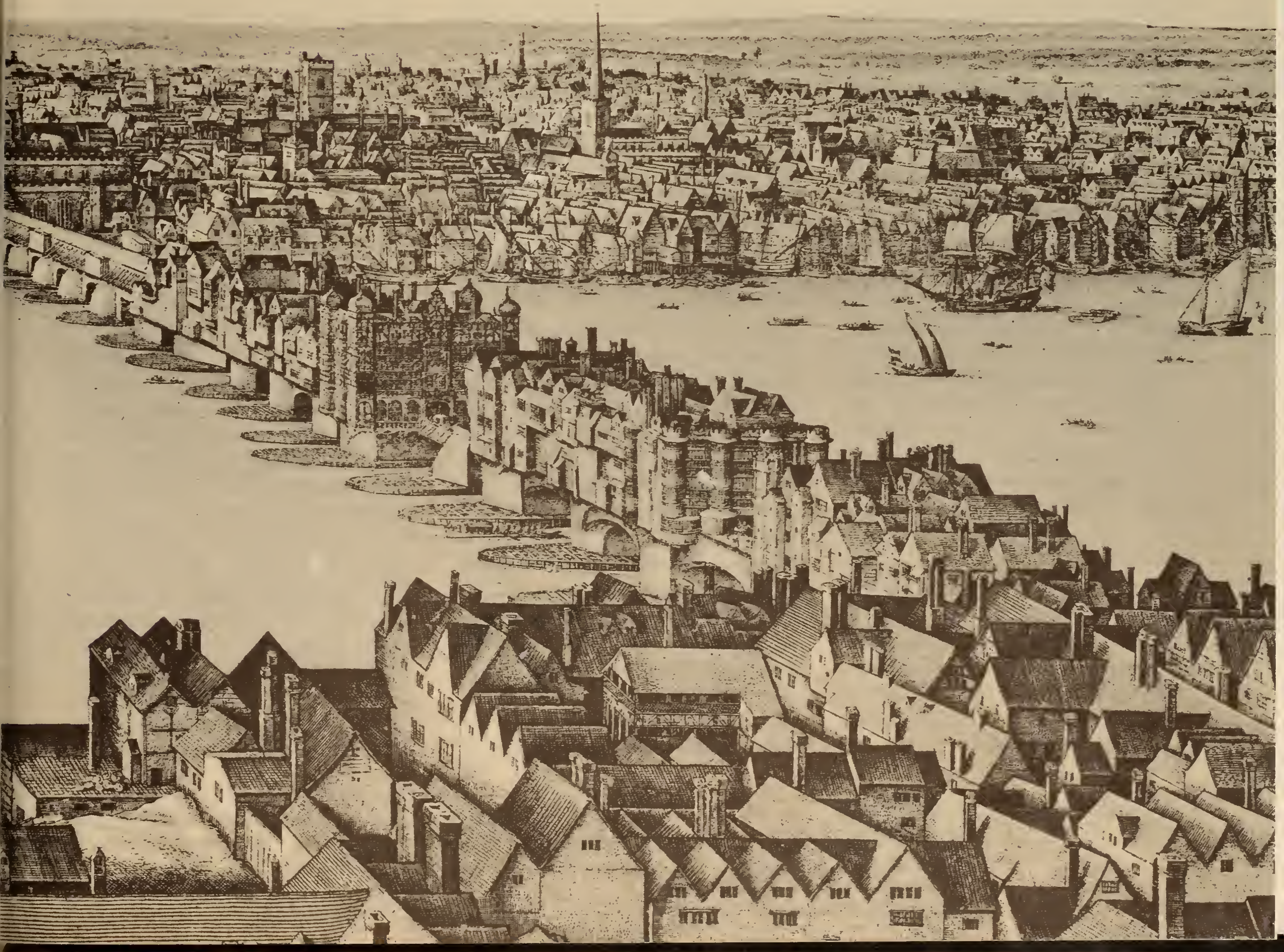
Old Fontenelle heard the news. "Oh dear, such a good woman!" he cried. "But where shall I dine Tuesdays? Well, I'll go to Mme Geoffrin's."

Her brother immediately dropped his official duties and the greatness that his sister had forced upon him. He retired happily to his archiepiscopal seat at Lyon and served his flock faithfully until his death in 1758. "May God receive his soul!" remarked Voltaire. "He was a terrible unbeliever." (But Voltaire was a terrible calumniator.)

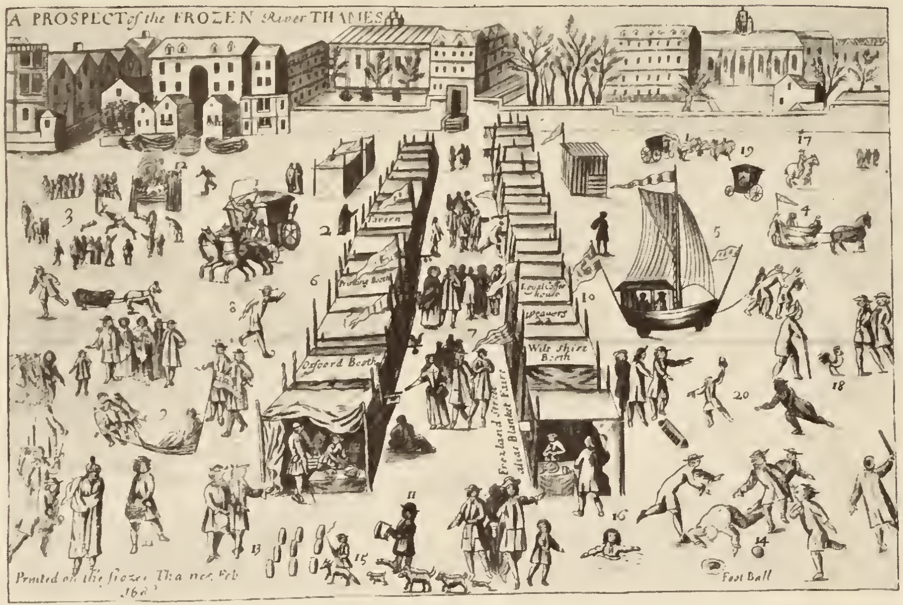
Alexandrine was a bad girl, certainly. Yet there is something splendid in her rebellion and in her achievement. Her life was a long series of battles: to gain freedom, her due of pleasure, or love, financial security, consideration, and respect, and eminence for her brother. She shows us what a poor lone helpless girl can do, how by using her natural gifts she may attain success and esteem in defiance of society's rules. She is an early heroine of Women's Lib. Hers is really a very moral story.

THE WORLD OF SAMUEL PEPYS ESQ^{RE}

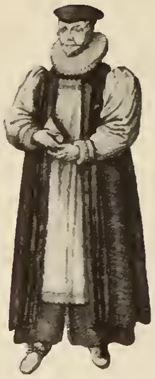
There is nothing quite like his account of Restoration England. Sex, Sundays, and scandals; fires, plagues, and office politics; naval disasters and marital discords—his diary told all and spared no one, including himself



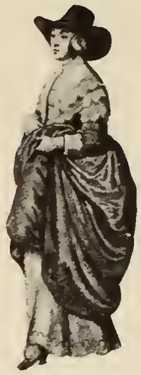
LONDON OBSERVED


A PROSPECT of the FROZEN River THAMES
Oxford Booth
Foot Ball

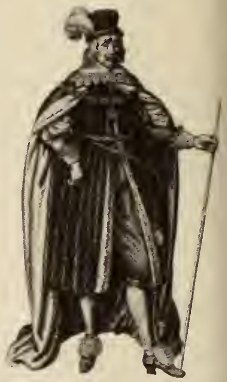
1. Ice Fair on the Thames, December, 1683



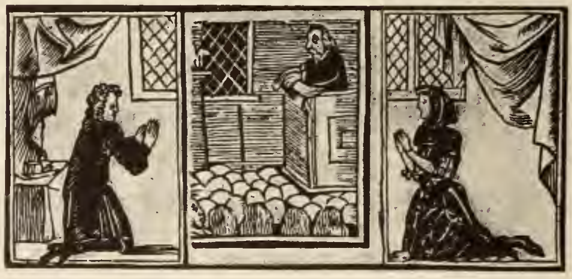
3. Bishop



4. Merchant's wife



5. Knight of the Garter



2. Popular piety

The Restoration of Charles II in 1660 brought in the Age of Reason, the Age of Science, and the Age of Skepticism. Appropriately, it also brought in the Age of Bureaucracy. In the War Office, Treasury, and Foreign Office there emerged a new breed of undersecretary who, in functions, powers, and authority, was comparable with the permanent secretaries of the modern British civil service.

One of the greatest of these undersecretaries was Samuel Pepys, a poor relation of Admiral Edward Montagu, later Earl of Sandwich, who in 1660 secured him the post of Clerk of the Acts to the King's Ships. Accepting the office as a sinecure, he made it his life, and when he resigned in 1689 as secretary of the Admiralty Commission, he had established a method and a routine that were to survive into the days of Nelson.

But this great civil servant would be no better remembered than his colleague at the War Office, William Blathwayt, or the Secretary to the Treasury, Henry Guy, if it were not for his personal diary, which he kept in shorthand from 1660 to 1669.

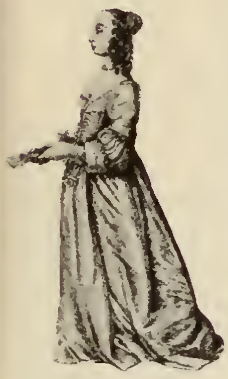
This diary, bound in six stout volumes, was bequeathed with his other books and papers to his alma mater, Magdalene College, Cambridge. In 1825 Lord Braybrooke, brother to the then master of Magdalene, published a volume of extracts amounting to about a quarter of the diary. The instant success of this venture led to a further edition in 1849. Since Braybrooke had been far from explicit about his omissions, the public was led to conclude that this was all, but in the 1870's the Reverend Mynors Bright, a fellow of Magdalene, made a new transcription, which was re-edited by the Victorian antiquary Henry Wheatley and published in eight volumes between 1893 and 1896.

Henceforth Wheatley's was the standard edition and was reprinted many times. But it had serious faults. Though it included the greater part of the diary at last, it was carelessly edited from a careless transcript, and Wheatley deliberately omitted several passages dealing with Pepys's sexual adventures, which he assured his readers could never possibly be printed. *Autres temps, autres moeurs,* and shortly after World War II the English historian Robert Latham was commissioned to publish a new edition of the diary in its entirety, from a completely new transcript made by William Matthews of the University of California. The first three volumes, covering the years from 1660 to 1663, have now appeared, and they are a triumph of the editor's art.

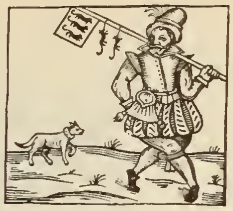
There is nothing in English literature quite like this diary. It is crammed with information of all kinds on seventeenth-century life: on sanitation, naval architecture, food, reading habits, book prices, the theatre, hospitality, master–servant and husband–wife relations, and so on. It has been surprisingly neglected by historians and cultural anthropologists. Although the disciples of English literature have dredged it to the depths for material on the contemporary theatre, for which Pepys had a pronounced weakness, no one has yet used it, except in an occasional and unsystematic way, to illustrate attitudes toward such things as religion and the state.

To the casual reader the charm of the diary lies not in the information it contains but in its total unself-con-

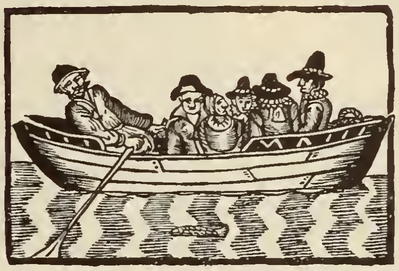
By JOHN KENYON



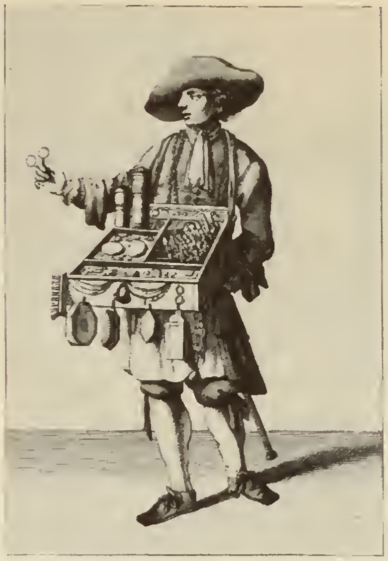
6. GENTLEWOMAN



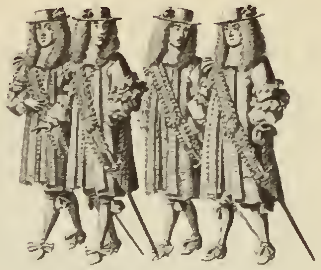
9. RATCATCHER



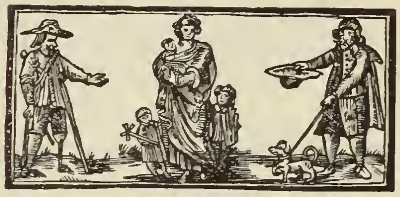
8. FERRYMAN



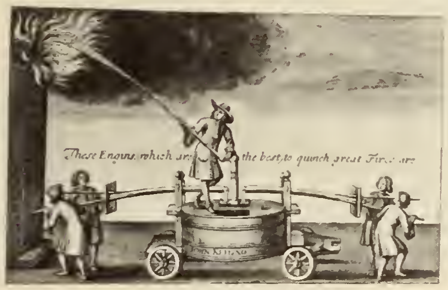
11. STREET VENDOR



13. PEERS OF THE REALM

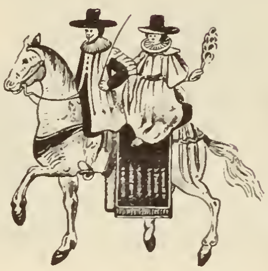


14. BEGGARS

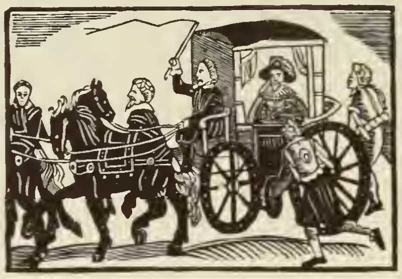


These Engins which are
the best to quench great Fires are

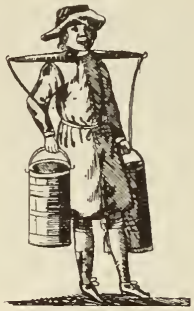
7. FIRE FIGHTERS



10. TRAVELING IN TANDEM



12. HACKNEY COACH



15. WATER-BEARER

sciousness and its absolute frankness. This, for instance, is Pepys the jaded lover, visiting an old mistress in new lodgings:

> Pitiful poor things, yet she thinks them pretty, and so they are for her condition I believe good enough. Here I did *ce que je voudrais avec* her most freely, and it having cost 2s. in wine and cake upon her I away, sick of her impudence.

Small, pushy, and inclined to stoutness, with protruding eyes and pudgy hands, he had no obvious attractions for the opposite sex, but his sexual life was distinguished by variety and enterprise. His wife suspected much but could prove nothing—which did not save him from some awkward confrontations. One day, to still her complaints, he took the afternoon off and escorted her across the river to the Halfway House, a fashionable pub at Rotherhithe. But:

> Without any the least cause she had the cunning to cry a great while, and talk, and blubber, which made me mighty angry in mind, but said nothing to provoke her because [his friend John] Creed was there.

The row continued all the way home, and like many husbands in similar circumstances, Pepys could only grit his teeth and apply his mind to business problems ("the knavery and neglect of Captain Fudge and Taylor, who were to have had their ship for Tangier ready by Thursday last").

But a pen that did not spare its holder did not spare his colleagues or his superiors either, and Pepys's diary offers a unique picture of the court of Charles II in its great days, by a man who never belonged to it but whose work took him there almost daily.

At first the young Clerk of the Acts was taken for what he was, a comparatively humble protégé of the Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Sandwich. But his zeal and efficiency soon gave him an independent reputation. In August, 1662, Sir William Coventry, one of the most influential of the navy commissioners, told Sandwich in Pepys's presence:

> That I was indeed the life of this office, and much more to my commendation beyond measure. And that whereas before he did bear me respect for his [Sandwich's] sake, he do do it now much more for my own.

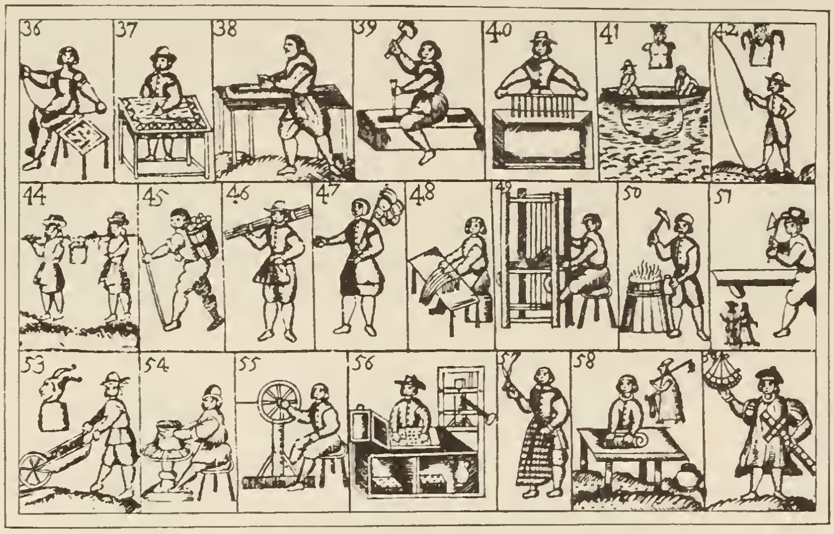
Just as Coventry had noticed him, so did Coventry's chief, the King's brother James, Duke of York and Lord High Admiral. On March 4, 1664, as Pepys sauntered in the gallery at Whitehall, he was startled to be accosted by the Duke, who chatted with him "a pretty while" about a new ship then on the stocks at Woolwich. Delighted, Pepys confided to his diary, "I never had so much discourse with the Duke before, and till now did ever fear to meet him." He continued to find James heavy going, but the fact that they were almost exactly the same age (thirty-one) may have helped; in September he went to the Duke's private apartments for the first time, and "saw him with great pleasure play with his little girle, like an ordinary private father of a child."

The general informality of government in this age had further unexpected results. On November 9, 1664, Pepys went to Whitehall looking for Sir George Carteret, the navy treasurer, and found he was at a meeting of the Privy Council. Waiting outside, he was suddenly called in "and demanded by the King himself many questions, to which I did give him full answers." He preened himself on his performance, but he was still startled when the King

AN EIGHT-PAGE VIEW OF LONDON IN THE TIME OF PEPYS IS INSERTED INSIDE THE FRONT COVER OF THIS ISSUE OF HORIZON.

1, 4, 6, 11: GUILDHALL LIBRARY; 2, 8-10, 12, 14: *Life in Stuart England* BY MAURICE ASHLEY; 3, 5, 7: BRITISH MUSEUM; 13: ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, OXFORD; 15: *How They Lived* BY MOLLY HARRISON AND O. M. ROYSTON, VOL. II

LONDON AT WORK



1. Contemporary vocations

2. Artist

3. Silversmiths

4. Men of trade

approached him six months later:

> Seeing me, [he] did come to me, and calling me by name did discourse with me about the ships in the river; and this is the first time that I ever knew the King did know me personally; so that hereafter I must not go thither [to Whitehall] but with expectation to be questioned, and to be ready to give good answers.

But the more Pepys saw of the royal family, the more ambivalent his attitude became. This owed something to his upbringing and something to historical events. The assumptions of centuries had been shattered by the Great Rebellion, which culminated in the execution of Charles I, and young Pepys had been one of those standing outside the Banqueting House at Whitehall on that January day in 1649 when the King's head had come off; he had even quoted the text, "The memory of the wicked shall rot." Later he joined the famous Rota Club, which included notorious republicans, and he was a great admirer of Hobbes. As late as 1669 he was tactless enough to submit a paper to the Duke of York in which he mentioned "the rupture between the late King and the Parliament." (James crossed out the phrase and substituted "the beginning of the late Rebellion.")

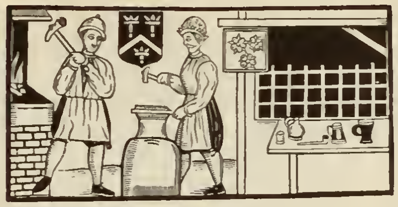
Moreover, King Charles was emphatically not his kind of man. True, they were both sensualists and lechers, but Pepys had been raised a strict Puritan, which Charles most certainly had not. In his diary Pepys continually invoked the name of God in a manner that cannot be dismissed as conventional. Like any good Puritan, he never forgot to give the Lord proper credit for material or pecuniary advancement; and his personal and public life was regulated by solemn vows, which he often broke, but as often prayerfully renewed. He had a deep prejudice against gambling, swearing, and smut. When Lord Craven told a dirty joke at a government committee, he was profoundly shocked. "They made mirth," he wrote, "but I and others were ashamed of it."

Pepys could listen avidly enough to accounts of the dissipated life at court —of the amorous alarms and excursions, the untimely pregnancies, the timely abortions, the horrifying inroads of the pox. At the same time, he was dismayed that his natural superiors could not comport themselves better in the face of God and the public. As for Charles's own demeanor and conversation, these were the reverse of edifying. Pepys retails without comment a dialogue full of double entendres between the King and a pretty young Quaker girl who had brought him a petition:

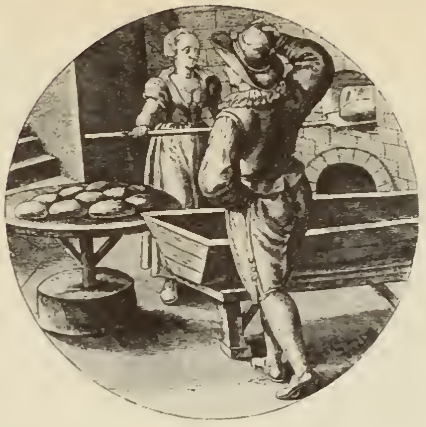
> The King showed her Sir J. Minnes, as a man the fittest for her quaking religion, saying that his beard was the stiffest thing about him, and again merrily said, looking upon the length of her paper, that if all she desired was of that length she might lose her desires.

Where he could, Pepys blamed the young courtiers, "a company of sad, idle people," who always rubbed his Puritanism the wrong way. But there were times when the King could not be excused—like that awful occasion when Sir William Petty, whom Pepys greatly admired, waited on Charles with a new design for a ship's hull evolved by himself and other members of the Royal Society. His royal patron just laughed:

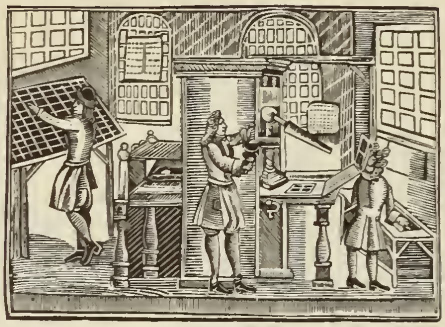
> At which poor Petty was, I perceive, at some loss, but did argue discreetly, and bear the unreasonable follies of the King's objections and other bystanders' with great discretion, and offered to take oddes against the King's best boates; but the King would not lay [odds], but cried him down with words only. Gresham Col-



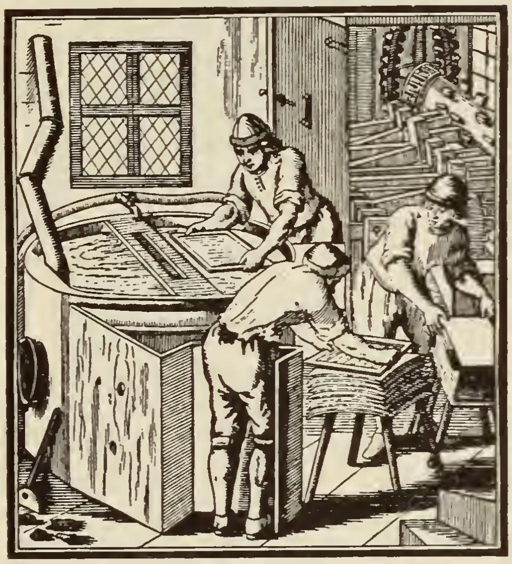
5. Blacksmiths



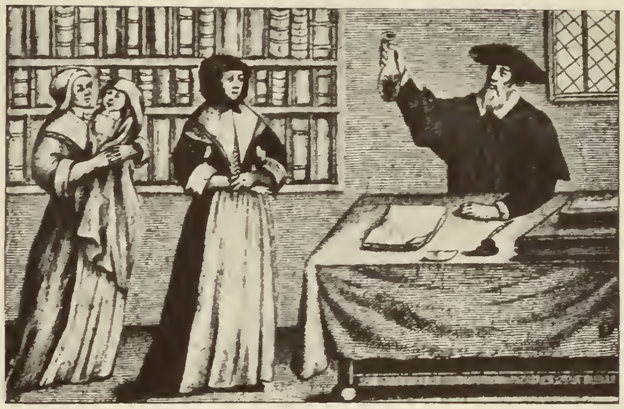
7. Bakers



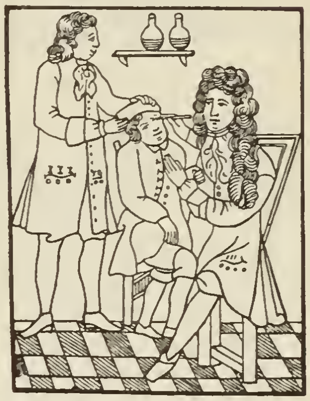
9. Printers



6. Papermakers



8. Apothecary



10. Oculist

> lege [the Royal Society] he mightily laughed at for spending time only in weighing of ayre, and doing nothing else since they sat.

Unfortunately, this levity and indifference extended to affairs of state, and Pepys was increasingly worried at the slovenly way in which the navy was managed, especially since a new war with Holland was imminent. His colleagues on the Navy Board were a constant trial; and when he complained to Coventry, the latter agreed, comparing Sir John Minnes, the controller, to a lapwing, "that all he did was to keepe a flutter, to keepe others from the nest that they would find." But an office was still a freehold, and unless a man was suspected of treason, it would be as difficult to remove him from his job as it would be to deprive him of his house or his estate. Coventry told him that "all the King's matters are done after the same rate . . . and even the Duke's household matters, too, generally with corruption, but most indeed with neglect and indifferency."

The trouble was not so much that men without experience were being appointed to executive posts but that there was no permanent civil service to sustain and advise them. Even William Coventry was not secretary to the Lord High Admiral, but private secretary to the Duke of York. The system was beginning to change, partly because of the emergence of men like Pepys, and it was a minor turning point when he took the Treasurership of Tangier from the incompetent dilettante Thomas Povey in 1665. Yet the Tangier Committee itself, appointed to manage this outpost, was Pepys's despair, and he wrote after one meeting:

> It was a sad consideration to see things of so great weight managed in so confused a manner as it is, so as I would not have the buying of an acre of land, the Duke of York and Mr Coventry, for ought I see, being the only two that do anything like men. Prince Rupert do nothing but swear and laugh a little, with an oath or two, and that's all he do.

The Duke of York, despite a partiality for Scotsmen and Irishmen, remained his great hope; and his remark that James "do give himself up to business" is one of the highest compliments in his vocabulary. At the Tangier Committee on August 12, 1664, in an unusual outburst of rage, the Duke voiced Pepys's own feelings exactly. "All the world rides us," James shouted, "and I think we shall never ride anybody." When he went to sea in the winter of 1664–65, on the outbreak of war with Holland, the effects of his absence were felt at once. Even Privy Council committees were like the Mad Hatter's Tea Party:

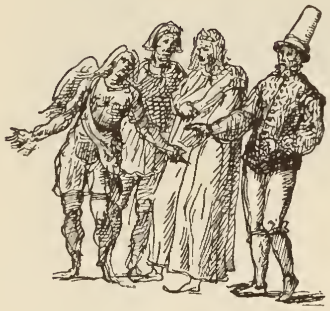
> Lord! how they meet; never sit down: one comes; now another goes, then comes another; one complaining that nothing is done, another swearing that he hath been there these two hours and nobody come. At last it come to this, my Lord Annesley [Earl of Anglesey], says he, "I think we must be forced to get the King to come to every committee, for I do not see that we do anything at any time but when he is here."

It was the same in the spring, when Pepys and other members of the board warned the Treasury there was no money to pay the fleet. The Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, lapsed into senile despair; but the young and ordinarily vigorous Lord Ashley, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was no better:

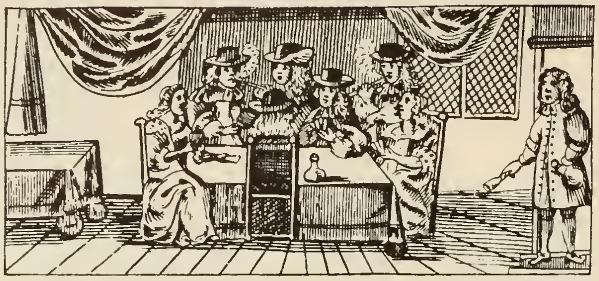
> Strange to see [wrote Pepys], how they held up their hands, crying, "What shall we do?" Says my Lord Treasurer, "Why, what means all this, Mr Pepys? This is true, you say, but what would you have me do? I have given all I can for my life. Why will not people lend their money? Why

1: *Social England* BY H. D. TRAILL, VOL. IV; 2, 3, 5, 9, 10: *Life in Stuart England* BY MAURICE ASHLEY; 4: BRITISH MUSEUM; 6: *How They Lived* BY MOLLY HARRISON AND O. M. ROYSTON, VOL. II; 7: MANSELL COLLECTION; 8: *English Home-Life* BY CHRISTINA HOLE

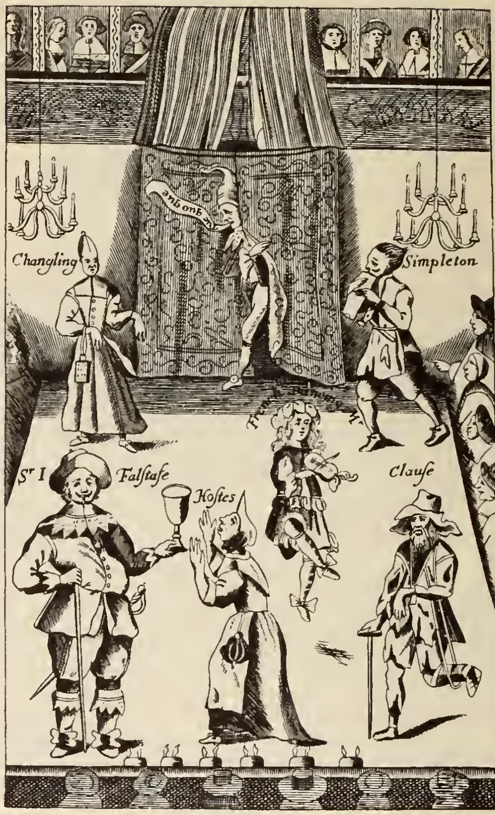
Evening Standards



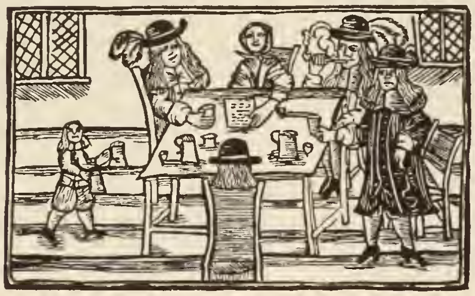
1. Court masque



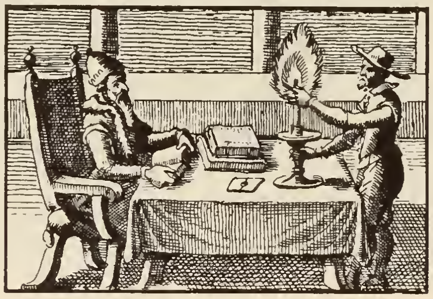
2. Card party



5. Performing a farce



3. Tavern revelers



4. Evening prayers

> will they not trust the King as well as [they did] Oliver [Cromwell]?. . ." And this was all we could get, and went away without other answer, which is one of the saddest things, that at such a time as this, with the greatest action on foot that ever was in England, nothing should be minded, but let things go on of themselves [and] do as well as they can. So home, vexed.

It was the same at the Navy Board; the strain of war was undermining tempers, and Pepys was horrified when Sir George Carteret called Sir William Batten "a shitten fool." (He was thankful the clerks had withdrawn.)

His only solace was the praise of those whose opinions he valued, men like William Coventry, or the Lord General, the old Duke of Albemarle. He was "the right hand of the Navy here," Albemarle told him. "At which I was (from him) not a little proud," Pepys admitted. He had even mellowed a little toward the King, though he retained a certain republican reserve. Charles went down to Woolwich in July, 1665, to inspect the docks with James. Gliding back up the river that evening in the royal barge, Pepys sat in the gloom by the steps to the upper deck, watching them talking.

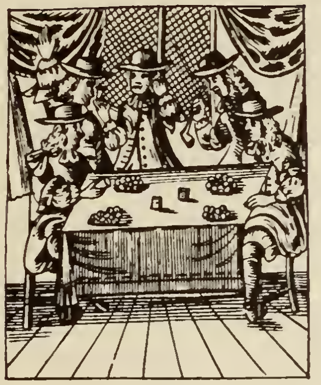
> God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though (blessed be God!) they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits.

By now the plague was raging in London. It was an endemic disease appearing in London most summers, with varying severity. The seriousness of this particular outbreak was not appreciated until it had nearly reached its height, and even then, in the absence of any known treatment, it had to be borne as philosophically as possible. Pepys's belief in predestination helped sustain him; returning home late one evening, he met the death carts on the way, and he lay awake that night wondering "how to put my things and estate in order in case it should please God to call me away, which God dispose of to his glory!" Less spiritual consolations also sustained him. Another night he dreamed "that I had my Lady Castlemaine [the King's mistress] in my armes and was admitted to all the dalliance I desired with her." Pondering this the next day, he was comforted:

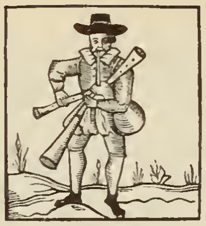
> Since it was a dream, and that I took so much real pleasure in it, what a happy thing it would be if when we are in our graves (as Shakespeere resembles it) we could dream, and dream but such dreams as this; that then we should not need to be so fearful of death as we are this plague time.

But, in fact, the plague summer of 1665 had its more solid compensations. All his superiors had fled London, leaving the Duke of Albemarle in sole charge; the resulting monopoly of profitable side lines raised Pepys's capital from £1,450 to £4,400 in a matter of six months. ("The great God of Heaven and Earth be praised," he noted.) Apart from one clerk, the Navy Office had been evacuated to Woolwich, and so had Pepys's wife. He had a new mistress, the barmaid of the Harp and Ball at Westminster, and he was in a kaleidoscopic whirl of activity from morning until night. On July 10, for instance, he returned very late from Hampton Court, where he had gone to see the Lord Treasurer, and fell into bed after two o'clock. At six he was:

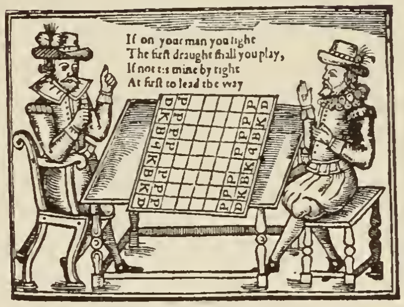
> Up and to Westminster . . . it being too soon to go to the Duke of Albemarle, I to the Harp and Ball, and there made a bargain with Mary to go forth with me in the afternoon, which she with much ado consented to. So I to the Duke of Albemarle's, and there with much ado did get his consent in part to my having the money



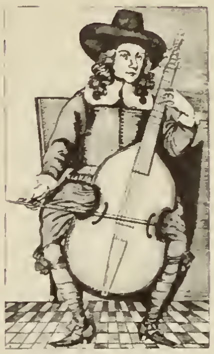
6. Gamblers



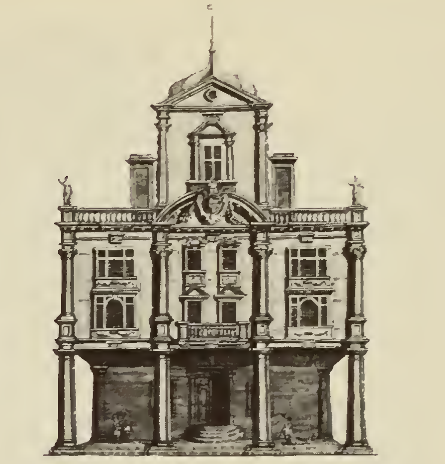
8. Bagpiper


If on your man you light
The firſt draught ſhall you play,
If not t:s mine by right
At firſt to lead the way

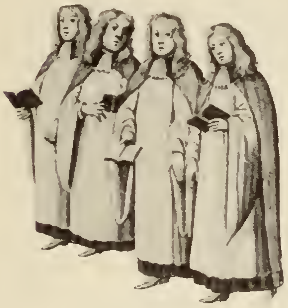
9. Chess players



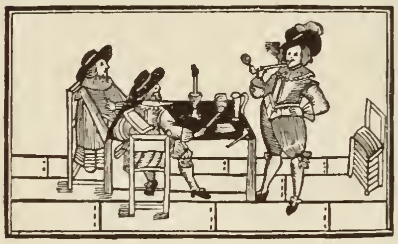
11. Violist



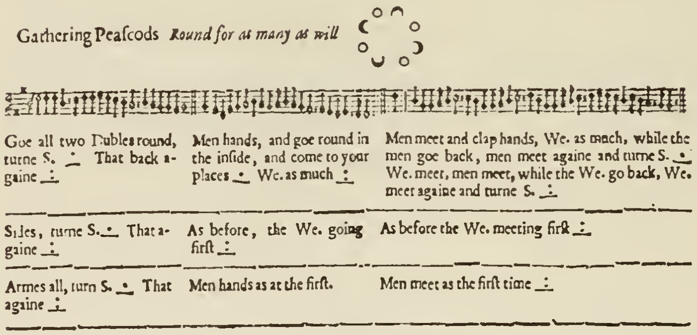
12. The Duke's Theatre, Dorset Gardens



7. Choristers



10. Idlers



Gathering Peaſcods *Round for as many as will*

Goe all two Dubles round, turne S. . That back againe :	Men hands, and goe round in the inſide, and come to your places . We. as much :	Men meet and clap hands, We. as much, while the men goe back, men meet againe and turne S. . We. meet, men meet, while the We. go back, We. meet againe and turne S. :
Sides, turne S. . That againe :	As before, the We. going firſt :	As before the We. meeting firſt :
Armes all, turn S. . That againe :	Men hands as at the firſt.	Men meet as the firſt time :

13. Dance instructions

promised for Tangier, and [to] the other part [he] did not concur. So, being displeased with this, I back to the office and there sat alone a while doing business, and then by a solemn invitation to the Trinity House, where a great dinner and company . . . But I broke up before the dinner half over, and by water to the Harp and Ball, and thence had Mary meet me at the New Exchange, and there took coach, and I with great pleasure took the ayre to Highgate, and thence to Hampstead, much pleased with her company, pretty and innocent, and had what pleasure almost I would with her, and so at night, weary and sweaty, it being very hot beyond bearing, we back again, and I set her down in St Martin's Lane, and so I to the evening 'Change [the Royal Exchange], and there hear all the towne [is] full that Ostend is delivered to us . . . But the truth of it I do not know . . . So to the office, where I did what I could as to letters, and so away to bed, shifting myself [changing his shirt], and taking some Venice treakle, feeling myself out of order.

Meanwhile, the navy had won a resounding victory over the Dutch on June 3 off Lowestoft, but the government was still crippled by lack of money and could not drive the advantage home. Pepys also found much to worry him in the administration of the navy, and it was perhaps fortunate that Charles did not venture back to London until January, 1666. When he did, he was still full of Pepys's services during the plague summer, and on his first appearance at Whitehall:

> The King came to me of himself. and told me, "Mr Pepys," says he, "I do give you thanks for your good service all this year, and I assure you I am very sensible of it."

The final blow to English morale was the Great Fire of London, which razed most of the old city between September 2 and 6, 1666. It has been likened to the fires started by German raids in 1940, but, in fact, the greater combustibility of seventeenth-century houses, and a high wind, make it more akin to the terrible fire storms started by the British at Hamburg and Dresden. On the first night Pepys crossed to the south bank of the river and found a vantage point (in an alehouse) at the present position of Southwark Bridge:

> And there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker [it] appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. . . . We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side [of] the bridge [London Bridge], and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart.

The financial cost of the Great Fire can never be assessed, but in an age before banks and fire insurance it must have been terrible. Equally terrible was the shock to those who lived through it. Three weeks later, even the hardy Pepys woke in terror after "a very furious blowing night all the night; and my mind still mightily perplexed with dreams, and burning the rest of the town."

The fire came at a time when the nation was profoundly war-weary, though there had been no land fighting except in the colonies. During the winter peace negotiations got under way at Breda, and the English fleet was kept in the harbor at Chatham, on the Medway, preparatory to being laid up. But on June 8 the Dutch fleet appeared off the mouth of the Thames, and the following day it entered the river unopposed. Pepys and John Evelyn were later to sneer at the King because he and his courtiers could find nothing better to

1 3, 6, 8 10: *Life in Stuart England* BY MAURICE ASHLEY; 4: MANSELL COLLECTION; 5: FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY; 7: BRITISH MUSEUM; 11, 13: *How They Lived* BY MOLLY HARRISON AND O. M. ROYSTON, VOL. II; 12: GUILDHALL LIBRARY

do that evening than chase moths in the gallery at Whitehall, but Pepys himself was not very active.

Next day, Sunday, he went from church to church in the morning, looking for a good preacher (or a pretty woman), and in the evening he went on a solitary boat trip to Barn Elms, reading "a merry satyre" called *The Visions of Quevedo,* translated from the Spanish. On Monday the Dutch took and burned Sheerness, and Commissioner Pett at Chatham, "in a very fearful stink for fear of the Dutch," as Pepys noted, demanded help "for God and the King and Kingdom's sake."

Not until then did any member of the Navy Board think of going downriver. On Wednesday, June 12, the balloon went up; Pepys dared not take his wife in the same coach as himself, "being afraid at this busy time to be seen with a woman in a coach, as if I were idle." But it was too late. On the next day the Dutch broke the chain across the Medway, burned the English fleet, and towed away the flagship, the *Royal Charles.*

The search for scapegoats began at once. Commissioner Pett went straight to the Tower, and when Pepys was summoned to Whitehall to give evidence before the Privy Council:

> It was pretty to see how people gazed upon me, that I thought myself obliged to . . . smile, lest they should think I was a prisoner, too.

Indeed, he thought he might well be, and before going to Whitehall, he gave his confidential clerk the closet key and directions on how to handle his personal finances.

He was safe enough, but public anger and resentment were certainly extreme. The Peace of Breda, which gave England many advantages, went almost unnoticed in the melee. Parliamentary inquiries went on into 1668 and 1669, but the chief minister, Clarendon, was dismissed as early as October, 1667, and sent into exile. The Duke of York, his son-in-law, tried to defend him, and found his interest crumbling, too. The revered Coventry resigned, and as death or dismissal overtook Pepys's other colleagues on the Navy Board, they were unfailingly replaced by nominees hostile to James, and therefore to Pepys.

But Pepys himself was inviolate; before Coventry left, he told the new Lord Keeper that "it would cost the King £10,000 before he hath made another as fit to serve him in the Navy." In October and November, 1667, Pepys appeared three times before parliamentary committees to justify himself and the board. Finally, on March 5, 1668, he was summoned before the House of Commons itself. Fortified by half a pint of mulled sack at the "Dog" and a dram of brandy when he got to Westminster Hall, he entered a prejudiced House at noon and spoke until three, "without any hesitation or losse, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me." It was a remarkable performance, and he might have won a vote of confidence if he had not spoken so long that many members slipped out to dinner and came back half-drunk. As it was, everyone from the King on down plied him with "such eulogy as cannot be expressed."

He was now a man of fame and on the best of terms with the King and the Duke. On April 22, as he stepped into a boat at Whitehall stairs, on his way to Parliament again, Charles and James were watching from the terrace, and:

> The Duke of York called to me whither I was going? and I answered aloud, "To wait on our maisters at Westminster;" at which he and all the company laughed.

There were rumors that he might succeed Coventry as James's secretary, and it is strange that he did not. Much lesser men, like Sir Joseph Williamson, took the short step from the civil service into government. But Pepys had no landed estate, he was not in Parliament, and—worst of all—his eyesight was giving way. He sought leave to go abroad for several months for his health, and he also faced up to the fact that he could no longer keep a diary in crabbed shorthand. His holiday abroad saved his eyesight, but he was shattered by the sudden death of his wife, in November, 1669, at the age of twenty-nine. Though he was childless and increasingly wealthy, he never remarried. Nor did he resume his diary.

His public career in the thirty-odd years remaining before him was one of mounting success, broken only during the insanity of the Popish Plot, when better men than he suffered a worse fate. As secretary of the Admiralty Commission under James II, the King himself being Lord High Admiral, he enjoyed unparalleled power over the navy and made it into a more efficient fighting force than it had ever been. When James was deposed in 1689, he retired from public life, though he was far from abandoning his interests in literature, philosophy, science, and art, which gave him a substantial reputation as a *cognoscente.* He died in 1703, and was buried beside his wife.

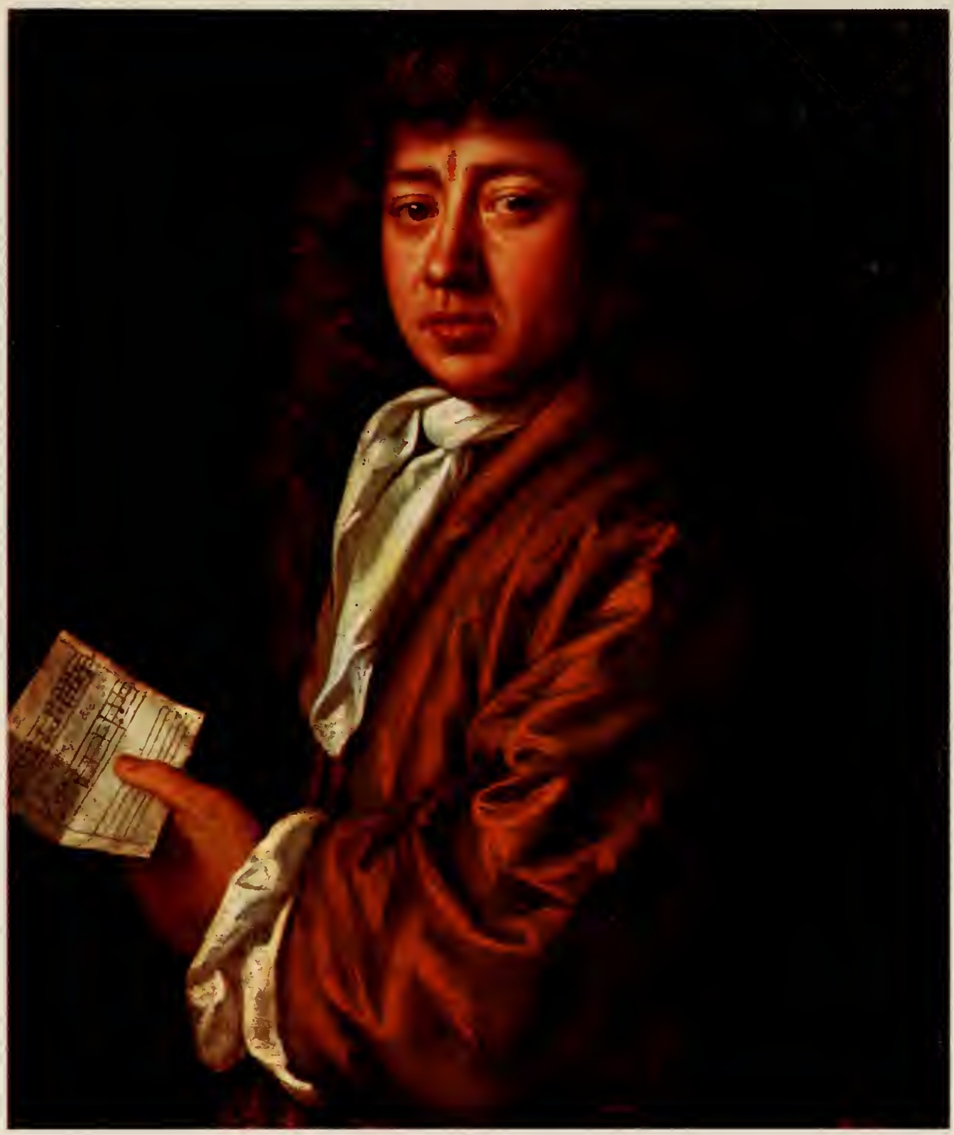
Without the diary, these last years are like a drama enacted behind a curtain. The last day Pepys recorded was May 31, 1669. It was much like any other, except that he spent the morning with his clerk, making up his personal accounts. He dined at home, then left for Whitehall, calling on the way on his current mistress, a mature charmer called Betty Mitchell, whose daughter he also fancied.

> *Je* did *baiser elle,* but had not opportunity *para hazer* some with her as I would have offered if *je* had had it [he says rather obscurely]. And thence had another meeting with the Duke of York, at Whitehall, on yesterday's work, and made a good advance; and so, being called [for] by my wife, we to the Park, Mary Batelier and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us. Thence to "The World's End," a drinking-house by the Park; and there merry, and so home late.

He then added a few words of explanation to his final entry:

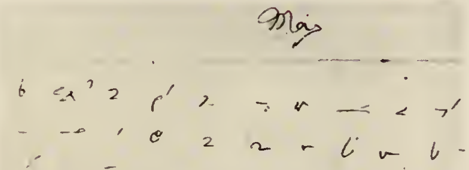
> And so I betake myself to that course which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

A professor of history at the University of Hull, John Kenyon edited an abridged edition of Pepys's diary for Macmillan.



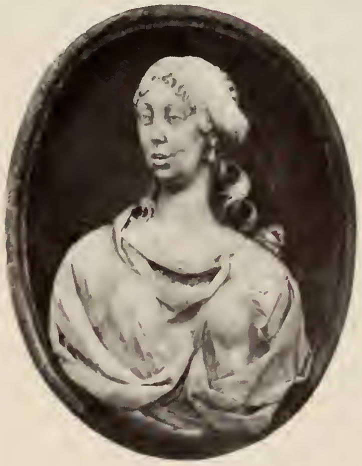
DIARY: BY COURTESY OF THE MASTER AND FELLOWS OF MAGDALENE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; OTHERS: NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

THE RESTORATION IN SHORTHAND

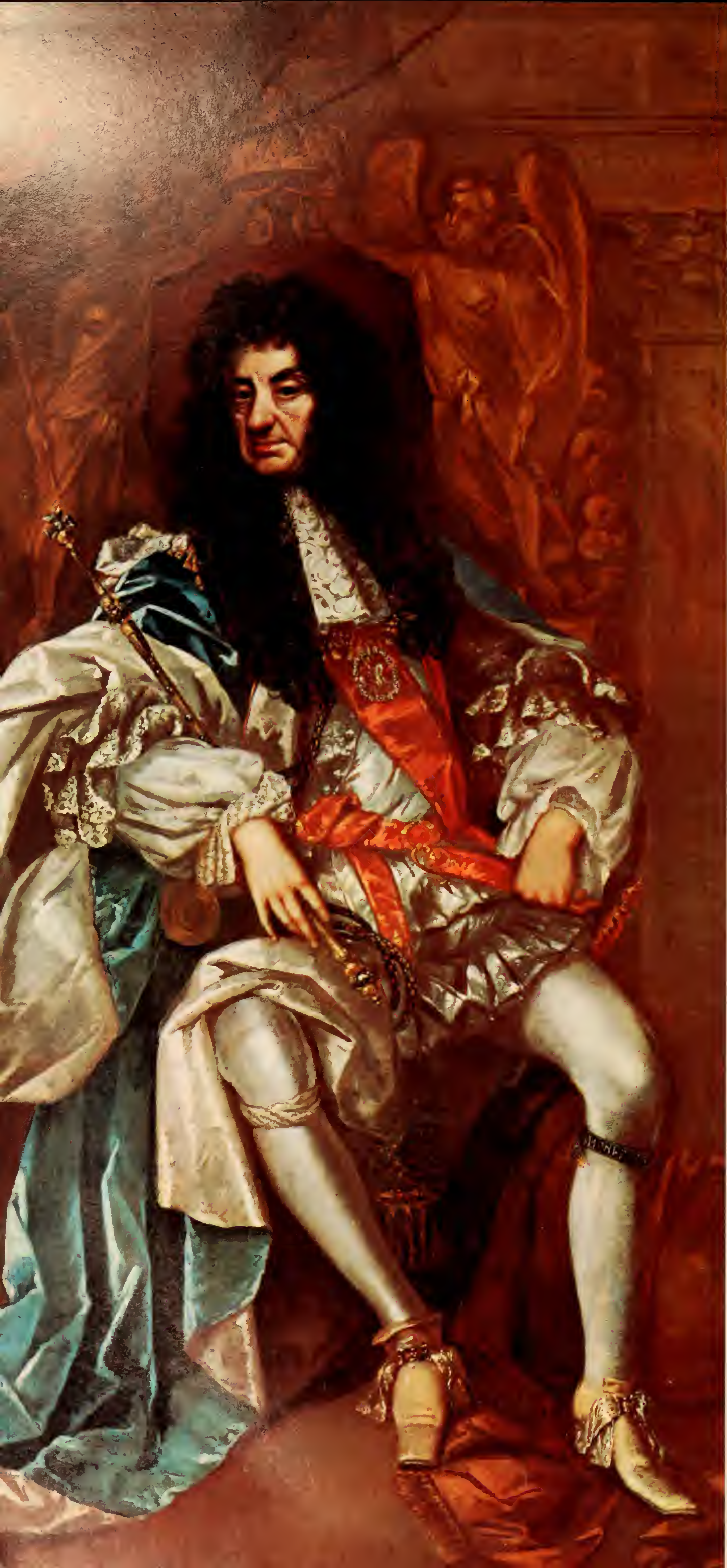


Last page of Pepys's diary, May 31, 1669

"Diligence," Pepys reflected one morning while lying in bed, was the key to his success: "living as I do among so many lazy people . . . the diligent man becomes necessary . . . they cannot do anything without him." The "lazy" were the titled rich who ruled the world of Restoration England. In that languid aristocratic society, Pepys was a plain, earnest burgher with a plain, earnest face, and a too earnest fondness for music—as his 1666 portrait, above, testifies. Even the lower rungs of smart society were too much for Pepys and his wife, at right. There was, he said, "a great deal of fooling among them that I and my wife did not like." But if Pepys was not at the center of things, he did have a knack for being squarely on the edge of them. When a British fleet bore Charles II back to England and the throne, Pepys was on board—as a lowly clerk. When science blossomed at the Royal Society, he became a member, though he barely understood what was going on. He had a still rarer faculty: that of absorbing the life around him with the openness of a child and of recording it (in shorthand) with an artist's persistent eye for the telling detail. The reader of his diary is thrust into the very heart of Restoration England, though the diarist himself never quite got there.

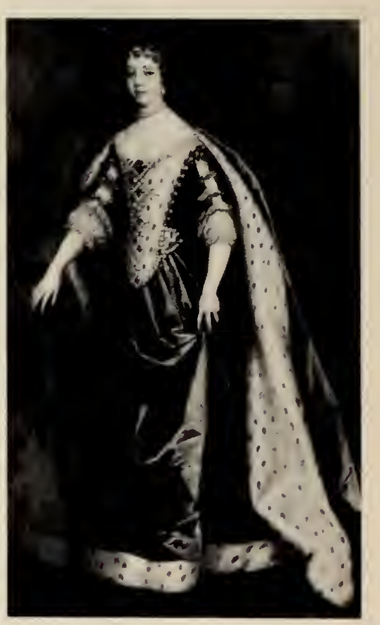


Pepys's wife, Elizabeth



CHARLES: NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON; CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA: THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA, LONDON

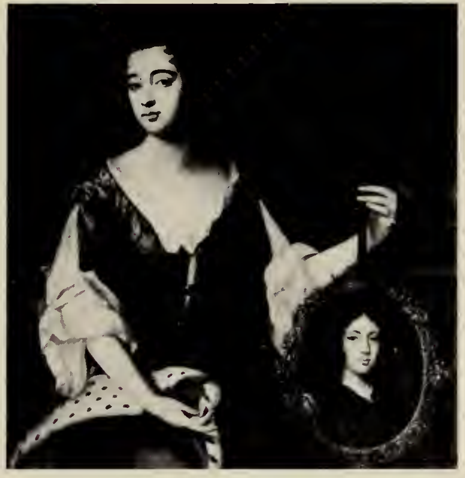
THE KING AND HIS LADIES



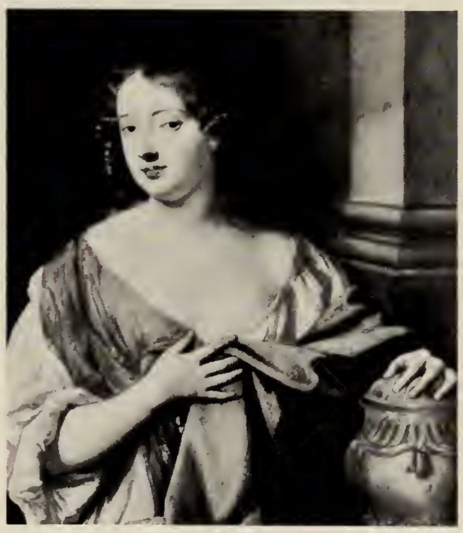
The Queen, Catherine of Braganza

"The King do mind nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thoughts of business," wrote Pepys, the diligent civil servant, of his monarch, Charles II, left. An incurable reveler and cynic, the King set the tone for his court by filling it with his mistresses, several of whom are shown here. Pepys was only an onlooker, but he was near enough to hear the choice gossip, including what happened when Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stuart engaged in a "frolic that they two must be married—and married they were, with ring and all other ceremonies of church service, and ribbons and a sack posset in bed . . . but in the close, it is said that my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the King came and took her place." An amorist in his own right, Pepys himself was infatuated with Lady Castlemaine and "filled my eyes with her" when he sat near her at the theatre. What did irk him was the King's habit of taking mere actresses, like Nell Gwyn and Moll Davis, for mistresses, which is "very mean, methinks, in a prince." For Charles's Portuguese wife, Catherine, above, Pepys had great admiration. Still, he admitted, "she be not very charming."

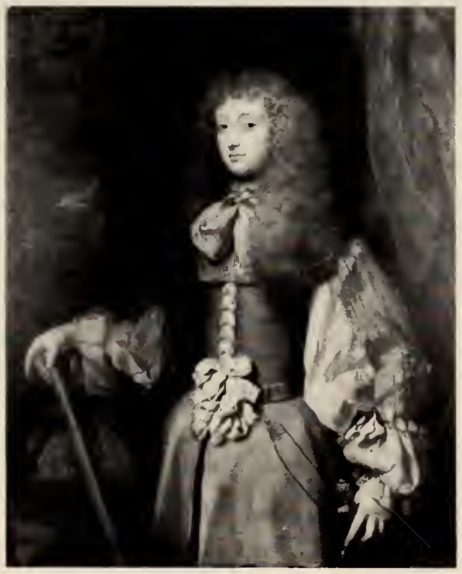
LUCY WALTER: BY KIND PERMISSION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY; MOLL DAVIS: NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON, BY COURTESY OF BELL PUBLISHERS; FRANCES STUART: BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II



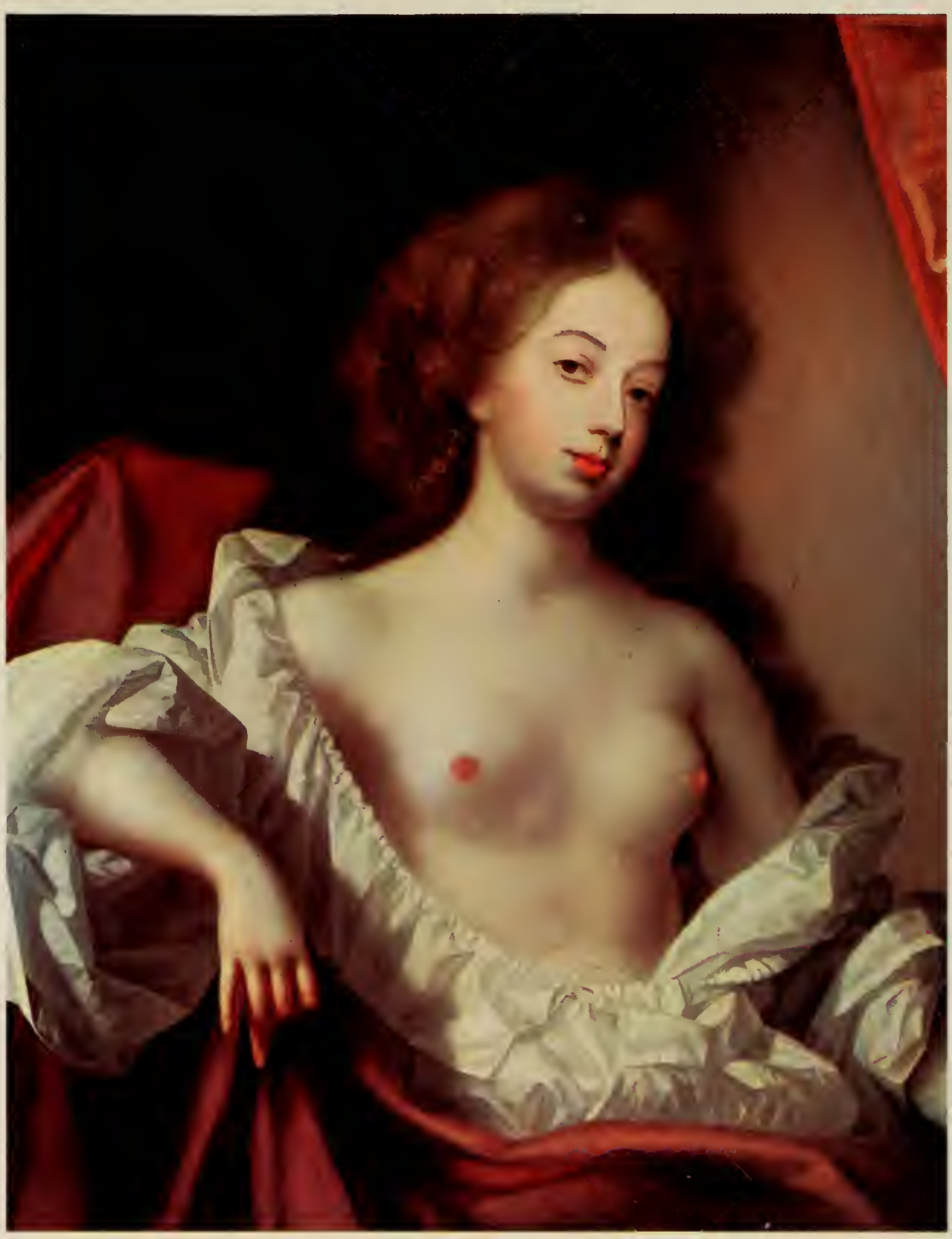
Lucy Walter, Charles's youthful amour, holds a picture of their son, the Duke of Monmouth.



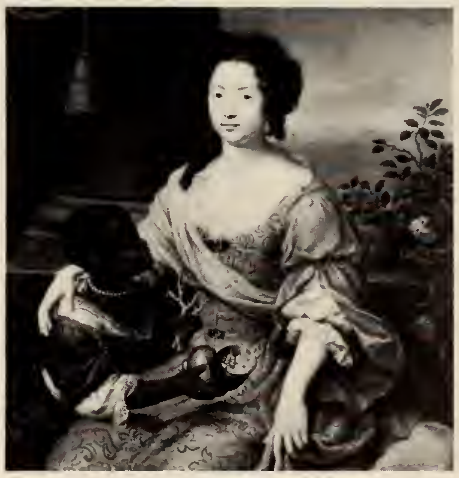
Moll Davis, a leading actress, bore Charles his fifteenth—and last—illegitimate child.



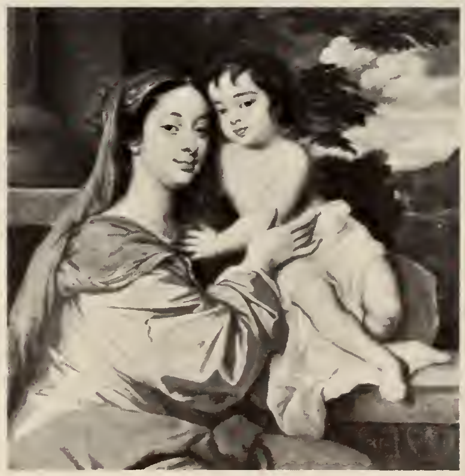
One royal mistress, Frances Stuart, may have been the model for Britannia on copper coins.



Nell Gwyn, the most popular actress of the day, was briefly popular with Charles. Pepys moralized that he could "hope for no good to the state from having a prince so devoted to his pleasure."

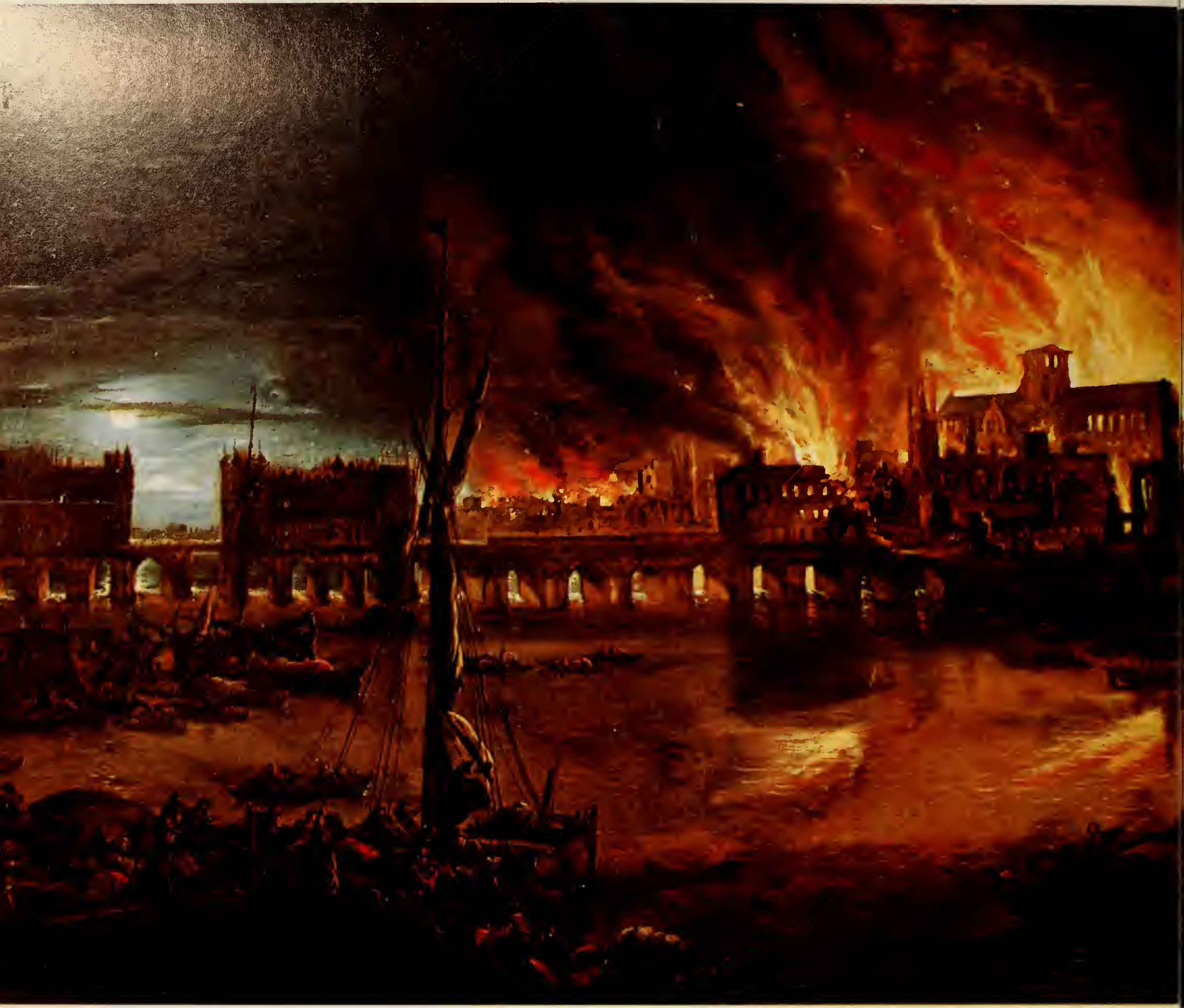


Louise de Kéroualle was Charles's French mistress, and Louis XIV's political agent.



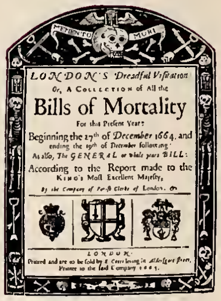
Barbara Villiers, Lady Castlemaine, was the King's favorite for fourteen years.

LEFT: NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON, BY COURTESY OF BELL PUBLISHERS; BELOW, BOTH: NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON



DISASTERS OF THE DAY: PLAGUE AND FIRE

The Great Plague spread slowly over London during the late spring of 1665. It was not until June 7 that Pepys first saw the dread quarantine sign: " . . . houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us!' writ there." The cry for divine mercy was understandable, for the inmates of a quarantined house were more than likely doomed. All through the summer officials kept records of burials and published them in bills of mortality, like the one shown at right.

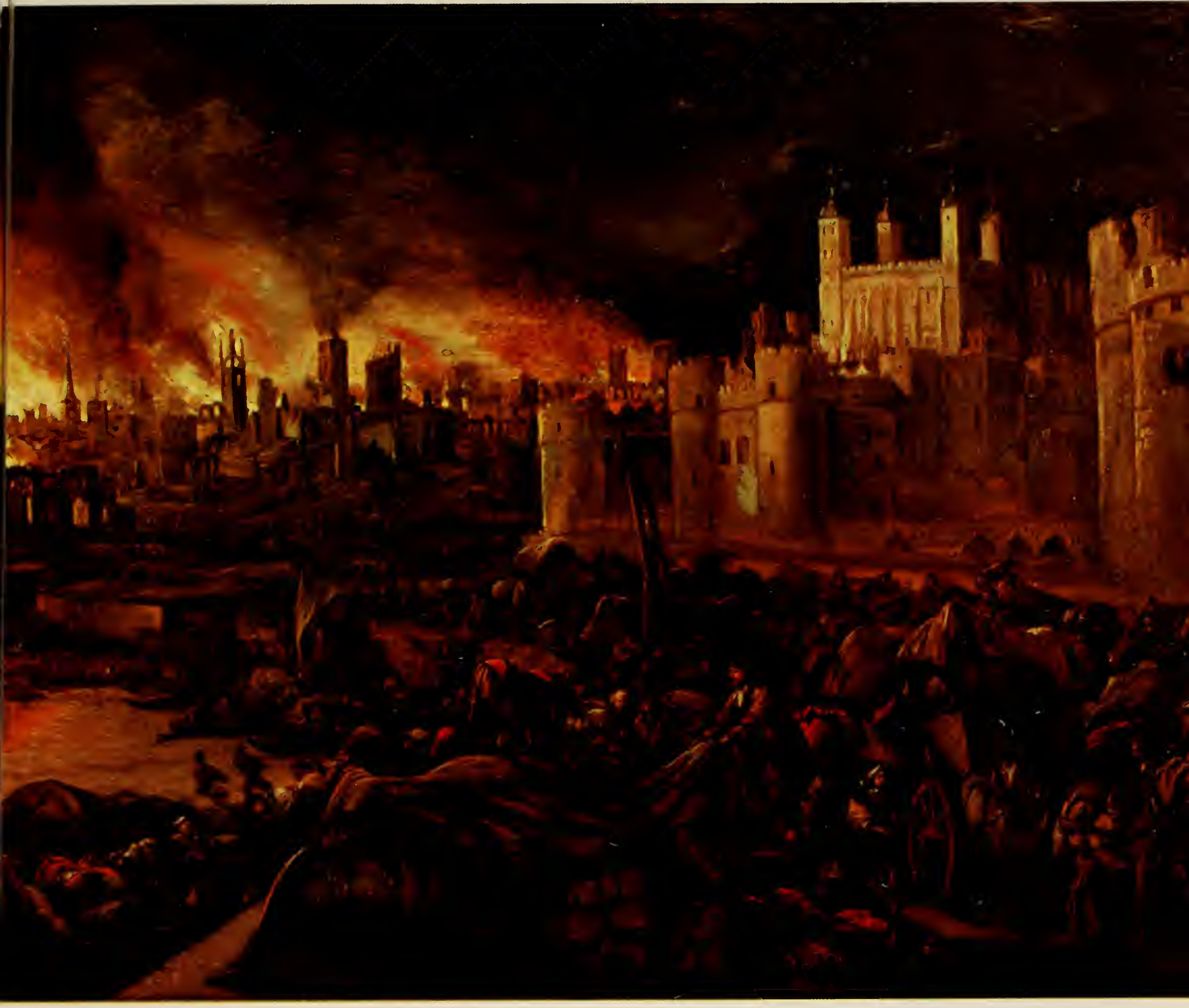

MEMENTO
MORI

LONDON'S Dreadful Viſitation
Or, A COLLECTION of All the
Bills of Mortality
For this Preſent Year:
Beginning the 27th of December 1664. and
ending the 19th of December following:
As alſo, The GENERAL or whole years BILL:
According to the Report made to the
KING'S Moſt Excellent Majeſty,
By the Company of Pariſh Clerks of London. &c.

LONDON:
Printed and are to be ſold by E. Cotes living in Alderſgate ſtreet,
Printer to the ſaid Company [illegible]

The epidemic reached its height in September, when there were more than thirty thousand recorded deaths. By then, the affluent had long since fled the city, although Pepys stayed at his London post and looked with scorn upon the "great people" who had deserted theirs. In October the Great Plague at last began to subside, never again to return to England.

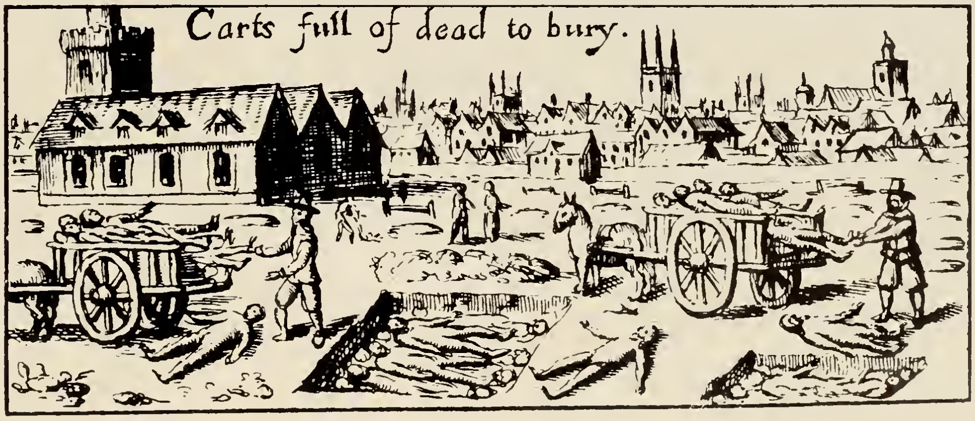
WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GOLDSMITHS, LONDON



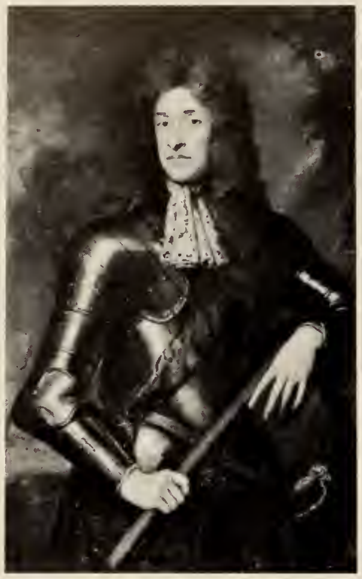
On Sunday, September 2, 1666, fire burst out in a riverside area of London. The season was dry, the city wooden, and a perverse east wind kept fanning the flames. Ever curious, Pepys climbed a turret to get a better view of the sickening desolation and walked the terror-ridden streets "as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds." Ever prudent, he buried his "Parmesan cheese" in his garden and sent his wife out of town with the family gold—"about £2,350." When the Great Fire was finally brought under control, after raging for five days, the London of medieval times had virtually disappeared.

The London fire luridly illuminates the homeless huddled near the Tower. In this contemporary painting London Bridge can be seen at left and the burning Old Saint Paul's at center. Below, plague victims are dumped in mass graves.

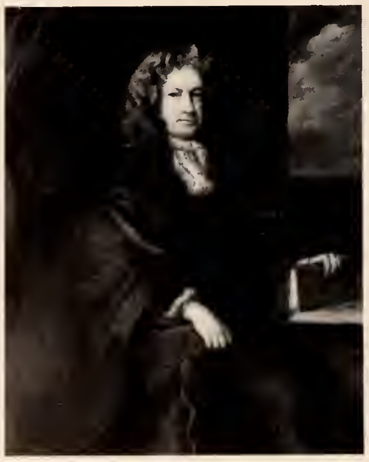
THE MASTER AND FELLOWS OF MAGDALENE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

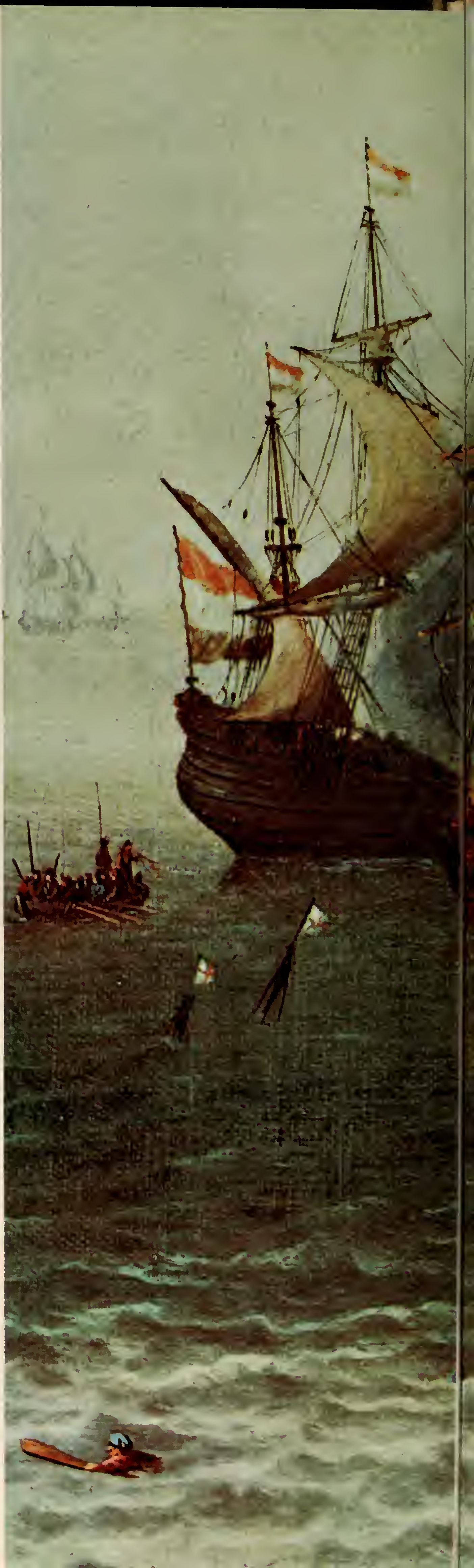

Carts full of dead to bury.

A CAREER MAN'S CRISIS

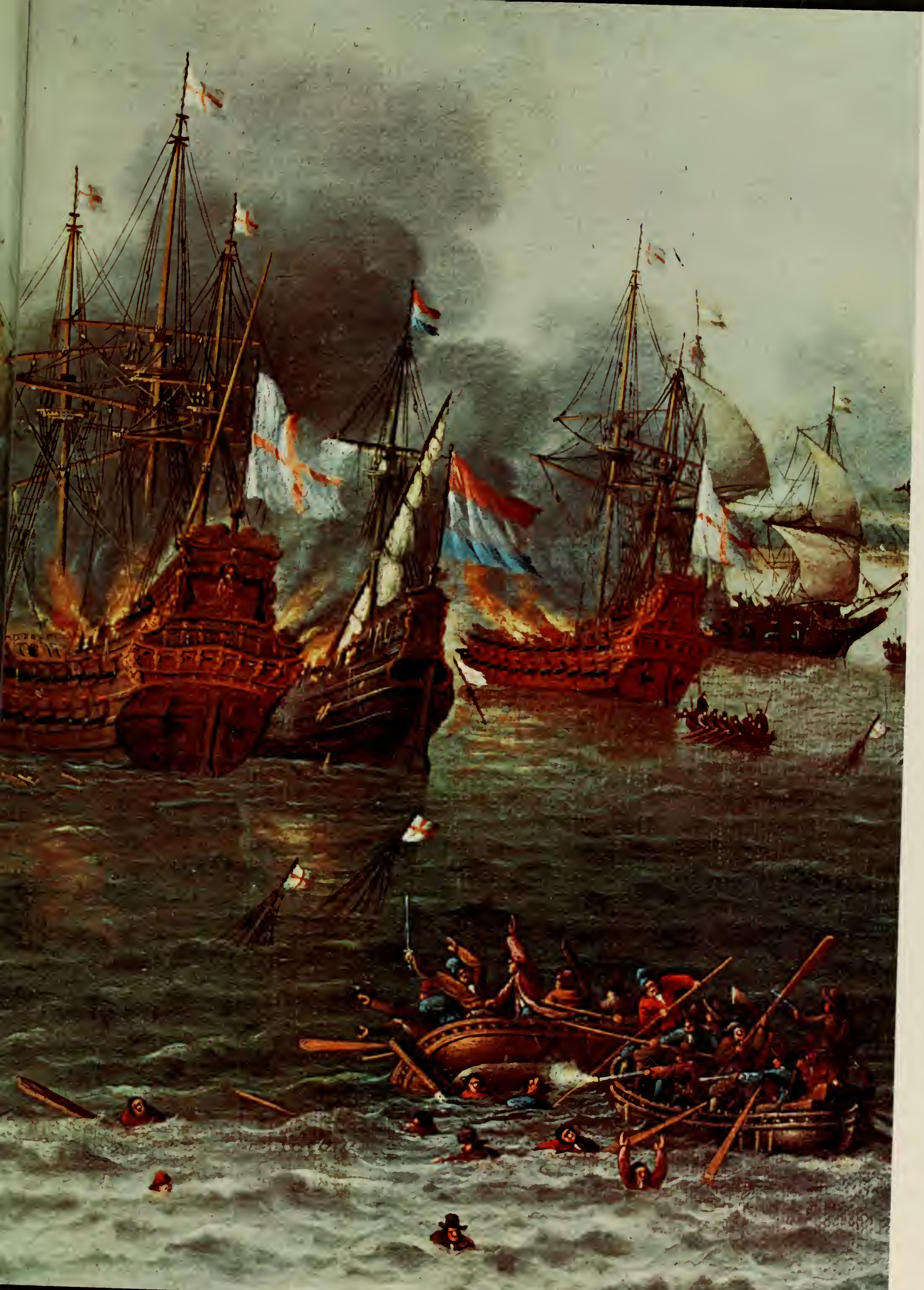

James, Duke of York

"Chance without merit," said Pepys, had won him his post as the navy's Clerk of the Acts. Mischance without personal demerit almost cost him all on June 12, 1667, when a Dutch squadron sailed boldly up the Thames, burned part of the British fleet at anchor, right, and towed away the royal flagship before the eyes of the humiliated British. The public "dismay," said Pepys, was comparable to nothing save the panic of the recent London fire. Tales of official corruption, reports of gun batteries equipped with the wrong ammunition, fed the popular fury. For days after the Dutch raid Pepys fully expected a mob to break into the navy office. He feared, too, that the King might clap him into the Tower. That he, of all people, was blameless, was no shield at all, as Pepys well knew. "Only favour," he himself had said, "do prevail in the world." As Clerk of the Acts, for example, his influence depended very little on his official status, for no tidy civil-service hierarchy then existed. Among his richer and better connected colleagues on the Navy Board, Pepys might have been last among equals had he not won some favor with the King's brother, James, Duke of York, the Lord High Admiral, above, and with James's secretary, Sir William Coventry, below, who shared Pepys's quite uncommon concern for efficiency in carrying out the King's business. Fortunately for Pepys, his friends did not betray him during the frenzied hunt for scapegoats. A few weeks after the Dutch attack, he learned to his relief, the King himself singled Pepys out as the one shining figure in the tarnished navy office. The Dutch disaster, in fact, put Pepys on the high road to success. With the backing of the Duke of York, he now became the driving force behind naval reform. Advancing steadily, he eventually became the civilian chief of the navy in 1684. By then he was in his fifties, a widower for years, and had long since discontinued his diary. Had he never kept that diary, he would still be remembered by historians as one of the greatest administrators in the annals of the British navy. Because he did keep it, however, the busy, curious, energetic little man who was making his way in the aristocratic age of the Stuarts also became an immortal.


Sir William Coventry



RIGHT: NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH; JAMES: COLL. OF MRS. CLAIRE PENNYMAN WORSLEY, BY COURTESY OF BELL PUBLISHERS, LONDON; COVENTRY: NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON



"God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another"

So said Hamlet—and not a bad idea, at that. If you want to look winsome, or gruesome, but in any case awesome, here are a few pointers

"The hollow figure of a human head..." is the way one dictionary defines a mask. But surely there must be more to it.

Looking at the recent exhibition of face coverings at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York—from which the masks shown here were selected—I began to wonder what unkind fate has kept us from using masks in our own time. Why do we continue to neglect these fundamental objects of man's spiritual wardrobe? As it is, the gorgeous husks, residences (now vacant) of benign demons and ancestral ghosts, are just so many exotic ornaments in our eyes, to be classified and catalogued and reduced to *objets d'art*.

Trying them on for size fails to stir up in us much empathy for the mythical creatures they represent. We have forgotten that face masks were once part of the cultural baggage of Western man, figuring conspicuously in rituals and on the stage, and sometimes in daily life as well. To this day they enable European peasant societies to keep in close touch with the supernatural agencies.

The Alaskan hunters and Mexican farmers who fashioned sacred masks in the images of bears and tigers were unacquainted with alien religious doctrines. They may never have heard of Egypt's falcon-headed Horus, or the jackal-headed Anubis, or of Thoth, who appears as both baboon and ibis, but except for stylistic detail and the choice of materials, their vision of otherworldly beings differs little from that of the ancients. In a way, these primitive artifacts, made from wood and hide, shells and feathers, are every bit as awe-inspiring as the indestructible Nilotic deities.

Gods being at a discount these days, profane masks may have a brighter future. At any rate, as a means of hiding from fellow creatures, they are sanctioned by historical precedent. They flourished early in Venice, where sumptuary laws mention them as far back as 1295. By the time of the Renaissance they were in common use there, and not only during carnival. Patricians and plebeians, prostitutes, mothers with babes in arms, servant girls going to market, even beggars—all wore them in plain daylight.

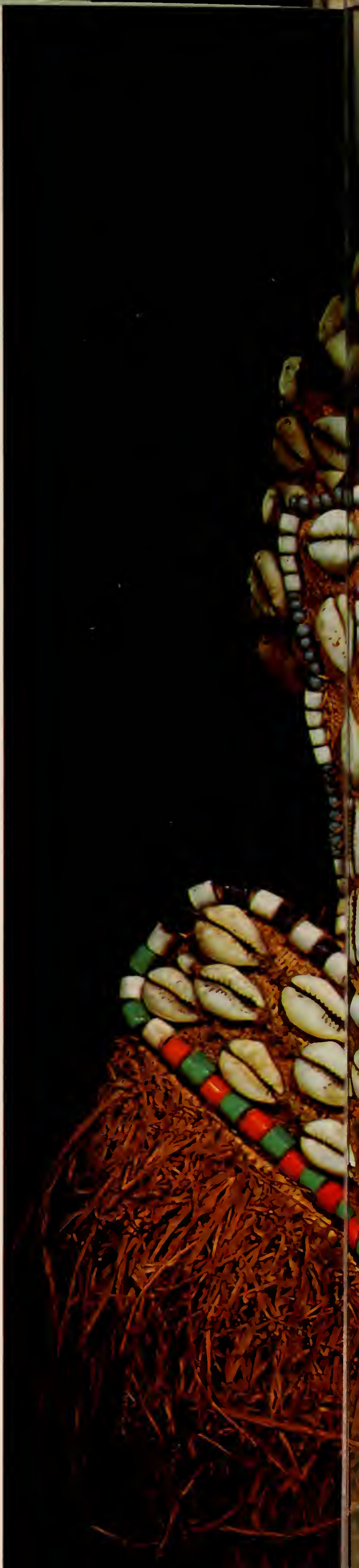
Their use spread to France and, eventually, throughout Europe. In 1663 Pepys noted in his diary, it "is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face." Queen Elizabeth rode horseback masked. But nowhere were masks more useful than at the theatre, where they permitted women to enjoy the ribaldries of the stage without betraying their emotions. The last word in mystification was the double mask, whereby a person wore a second mask under an outer one, so that when he took off the first, people thought to see his true face.

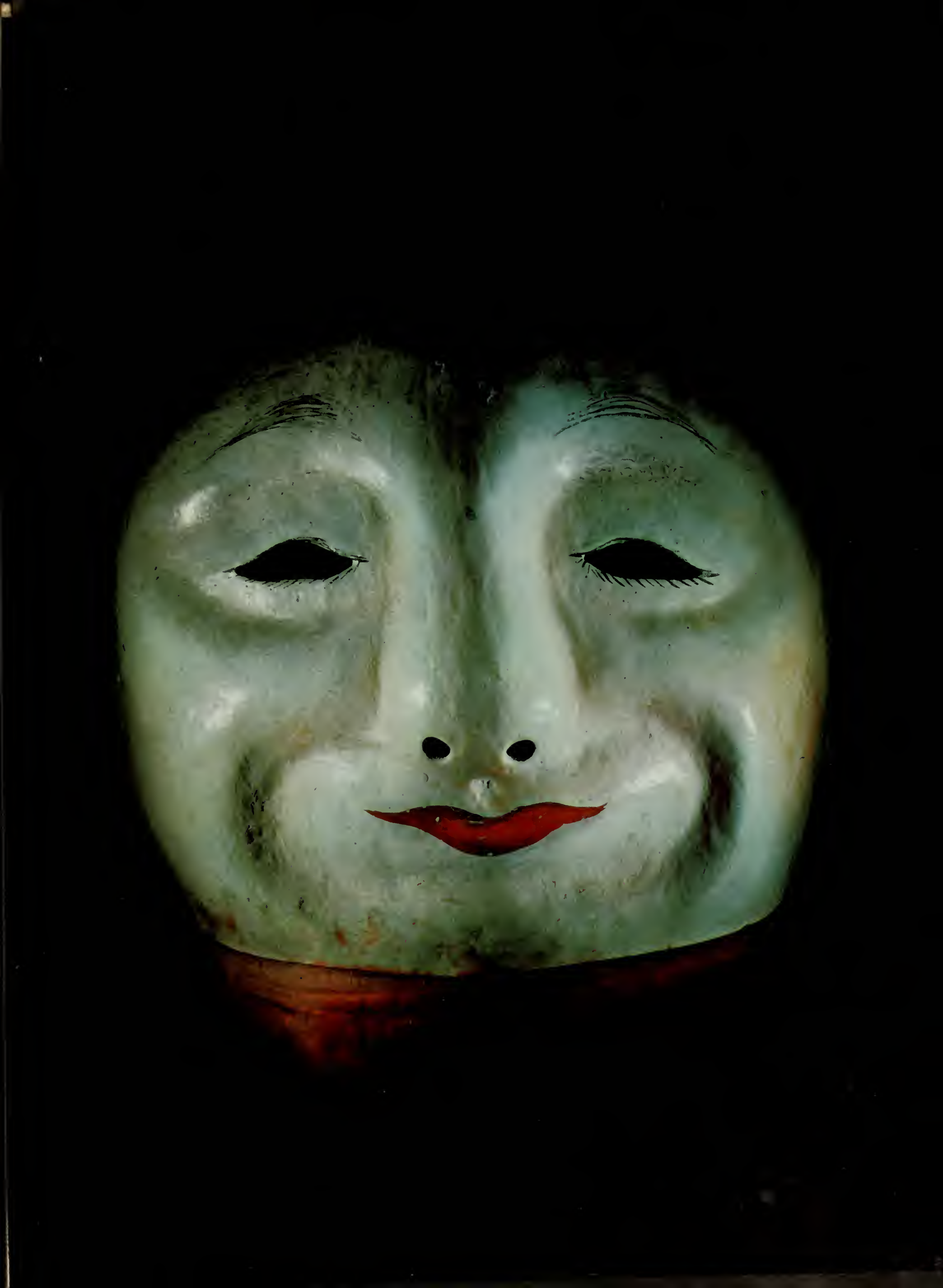
In our own puerile way we sometimes take sanctuary behind impenetrable eyeglasses. For years, old and young have been wearing dark spectacles at all waking hours and in the gloomiest of places. And recently, men

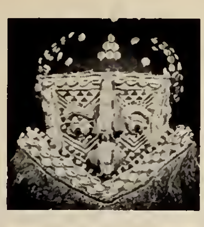
TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

By BERNARD RUDOFSKY

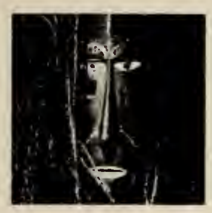
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HORIZON BY LEE BOLTIN



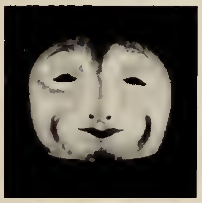




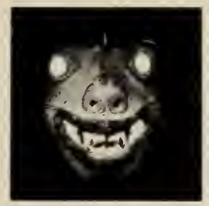
The Congo: A helmet mask of the Kuba tribe serves as an emblem of authority. It is made of cloth, raffia, and cowrie shells.



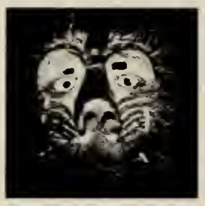
New Guinea: A painted, elongated wooden countenance with close-set, piercing eyes was used in preharvest fertility ceremonies.



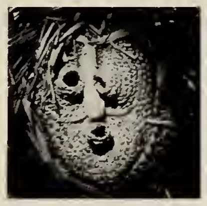
Tibet: The lead actor in a traditional comic play about a smug and silly Chinese monk wore this face of papier-mâché.



Alaska: A sharp-toothed bear mask was put on for cult dances by the Tlingits' bear clan, which traced its descent to a grizzly.



Mexico: A wooden tiger mask that symbolizes a crop-destroying evil spirit is worn by Acatlan people in their carnival dances.



New York State: This mask of braided cornhusks was made by Seneca Indians. At winter rites, the mute wearer begs food.

ABOVE LEFT, TOP TO BOTTOM: MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, N.Y.; SAME; AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, N.Y. RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM: MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, HEYE FOUNDATION, N.Y.; GIRARD FOUNDATION, SANTA FE; AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, N.Y.

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

rediscovered another substitute for masks in shrubby beards, which curtain off precisely the part of the face that, according to Schopenhauer, "expresses morality." Yet true masks are denied us. The only ones we are more or less familiar with are the lusterless mouth aprons of industrial workers, surgeons, and bank robbers, and those less mentionable ones sported on Halloween or at Ku Klux Klan outings. As tools for instant self-realization they seem hopelessly blunt.

How much longer, then, do we have to wait to catch up with the noble savage, the horse-sensical peasant, and the sophisticated mummer of Renaissance times? Although more people than ever want to improve upon their face, the results hardly measure up to their expectations. Noses are straightened, teeth recapped, cheeks and double chins gathered up; yet all these makeshift repairs only distract from the radical and ultimate solution of the problem—the escape into the shelter of a "false face." False hair, false teeth, and glass eyes have been with us since time immemorial, and the false face can't be far off. Such an interim face would seem to be a logical, not to say unavoidable, stage in the development of more adequate body coverings. Let us explore some of its possibilities.

It is a fact that nearly everybody, even the least observant person, has a precise, albeit mistaken, idea of what he looks like. As a rule, he is dissatisfied with nature's product. He may be unsympathetic to his reflection in the mirror; he may scorn his photographic image; he may reject the portraits he or his admirers have commissioned from painters and sculptors because none of them correspond to the picture he has formed of himself. Although his objections may not always be justified, his insistence on a superrealistic likeness is understandable. He asks for more than artistry or resemblance; in fact, resemblance may be the last thing he wants. To shore up his ego, he needs an icon, a holy picture of his inner self. Only a faultlessly constructed mask will meet his need—and gain his approval.

An unassuming man might be content with a single mask, modeled after his most flattering photograph—perhaps the one he has chosen to accompany his obituary. Or he might settle for an idealized likeness of himself, a sublimation of his ordinary features. A truly fastidious person might want to own an entire collection of masks, each suitable for a particular occasion, expressing optimism, indifference, sustained surprise, displeasure, etc., without jeopardizing his basic looks. A person who has been mistaken more than once for a celebrity whom he faintly resembles might unblushingly choose the illustrious face. No doubt, most people would want to look younger; a few, perhaps, older. But rare is the person who has never longed to encounter a different face in the mirror.

A mask permits anyone to put his best face forward. No baggy eyes, no wrinkles, no five o'clock shadow, all features permanently composed. Neurologists may want to prescribe therapeutic masks to help patients ease their real or imagined sufferings. At a board meeting a well-masked man will not hesitate to speak his mind freely, and the steady gaze of his fellow masks will fill him with pride and confidence.

Moreover, since few men in the public eye are graced with a handsome or intelligent face, a mask can alleviate the discomfort of having to look at them. It has been ascertained that much of the poor impression politicians make results from their visual image. Henceforth, popularity votes and personal ratings will be based on a man's compelling effigy; by wearing a mask, he will no longer have to show the world his true face. Sculptors, those least useful members of human society, will receive commissions that may decide a nation's fate, and news will be made by the ten best-masked women, whether they wear clothes or not.

Bernard Rudofsky wrote about castles in the Spring, 1971, issue of HORIZON.

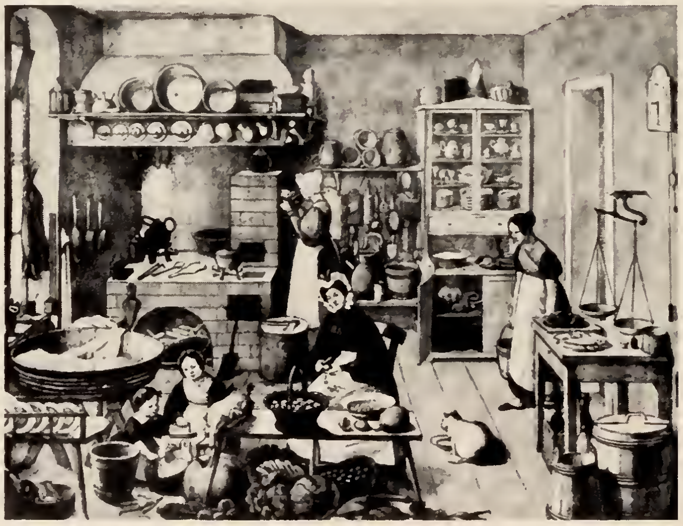
By J. H. PLUMB

UP FROM SLAVERY

Sir Robert Walpole, England's durable eighteenth-century prime minister, lived in great splendor. In 1733 his household consumed over a thousand bottles of white Lisbon wine, merely one variety among the scores in his cellar. Every week oysters came in by the barrel, and about once a month a hundred pounds of chocolate, along with a load of mixed nuts, arrived in Walpole's kitchen to be made into the chocolate bars he craved. And back at Houghton Hall, his vast house in Norfolk, his mother and his wife, with an army of servants, were busy preparing food that they then dispatched to London by ship, coach, and wagon.

As with Walpole, so with the rest of the nobility, and with merchants, lawyers, doctors, and tradesmen: their kitchens were active the year round, to a degree that would daunt the most dedicated housewife today. Wives and daughters made everything; the processes were slow, the labor, even with the help of servants, exhausting. Beer, cordials, lemonade, herbal and medicinal drinks, fruit wines—all had to be made. Everything preservable, from pigs to mushrooms, had to be preserved; fruits were jammed and crystallized. There were no mixers, no shredders, no liquidizers. Nor was it only food that the women prepared. When Walpole was a boy, his shirts, nightgowns, and cravats were made at home or by a gentlewoman who lived ten miles away and was noted for her splendid needlework. And, of course, his sisters' petticoats and dresses were made by themselves or by their mother.

There were worse chores. The streets of London and the roads of the countryside were in foul weather a loathsome mess of mud, water, and dung; women could only keep their houses clean by getting down on their knees and scrubbing. So Mrs. Samuel Pepys and her maid periodically rose at 2 A.M. and set out—first the laundry, then about the house with a copper's fill of hot water. They finished late in the day. We can scarcely imagine the toil that went into maintaining even a modest household: water had to be fetched from wells, candles trimmed, lamps filled, earth closets and closestools emptied, firewood carried. Nor were servants plentiful; Pepys, and other men of his class, had to manage with one serving girl, probably no older than fifteen or sixteen. Except in the highest ranks of the aristocracy, women labored, perhaps slaved would be a better word, in their houses.


Burdened females in 1839 spend hours over the household dinner.

Childbirth, too, kept women in subjection. There are plenty of examples of middle-class women in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Europe having up to twenty children, and it is appalling to think of all these pregnancies combined with the toil of a household. With their lives so encumbered, women had little time to cultivate their minds. Even in the eighteenth century few upper-class females could spell, and their education, other than the acquisition of social graces, was sadly neglected. They were thus regarded by most men as inferior in intellect, weaker vessels to be both disciplined and protected.

The wretched fate of many women was rendered still more wretched by the fact that marriage was so closely bound up with the transmission of property: alliances were contracted for social and economic reasons, and only rarely for love. Naturally, some women sought escape. A few succeeded in trade, either by sheer business acumen or by obtaining their release from drudgery through the death of a husband or father. But it must be stressed that these were a minority—as it was a minority of country girls or servant drudges who fled to freedom through prostitution.

Although exploited by males, both married and unmarried, prostitutes were constantly denounced. Morality pictured them as being driven through certain disease to an early death—a fate not unlike that of a good many devout and chaste wives. The subjection of women was also reflected in the laws and social customs of preindustrial societies. Because a woman's infidelity threatened property relations, the status of males, and the care of the household, it was frequently a capital crime. In ancient Assyria adulteresses were stoned to death; in Victorian England they could be deprived of all they possessed.

This was but a hundred years ago. Although women still cry for liberation, and links of their old shackles still hobble their lives, the freedom, the opportunities, and the range of experience now open to women borders, for the historian, on the incredible. This change is one of the most profound and the most remarkable of modern times. It is, moreover, uni-

TOP: BROWN BROTHERS; BOTTOM: *Secrets II* BY PAUL WIESENFELD; COLL. WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, N.Y., RICHARD AND DOROTHY ROGERS FUND; OPPOSITE: N.Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY

versal, a feature of Kosygin's Russia and of Mao's China, as it is of Nixon's America. Even in the Latin countries and in Japan the fetters are being struck off. For the first time, Italian women may get a divorce.

Such liberation as women have enjoyed up to this time is usually explained by three factors: the growth of contraception, the spread of education, and the dedicated fighting spirit of women themselves, especially those magnificent suffragettes who chained themselves to railings, threw themselves under the hooves of race horses, or starved themselves in prison to the point of death. These heroic women certainly helped their cause, but only because the tide had already turned toward the achievement of their feminist goals.

By the end of the nineteenth century women were no longer virtual illiterates. Those Victorian ladies, so rugged if so determinedly feminine, who had become doctors, lawyers, and even engineers demonstrated that they could excel in careers that were previously thought to be the particular preserve of males.

Nor is it possible to deny the immense value of the third factor—the spread in the knowledge and use of contraceptives, abetted by such technical improvements as the vulcanization of rubber in the nineteenth century and the development of the Pill in the twentieth. Yet one should not place too great an emphasis on the liberation provided by birth control. Birth control was widely practiced in preindustrial societies: primitive methods—coitus interruptus, herbal aborticides, acid douches, lengthy periods of lactation combined with ferocious taboos against intercourse, even the exposure of infants—were all practiced with some success from Tahiti to seventeenth-century New England. What happened in the late nineteenth century was that birth control became technically more efficient, and because of the growing need for women in industry, the practice of birth control spread to the lower-middle and working classes. Certainly it eased the problems of women, but it was no more than a single aspect of a far deeper revolution.

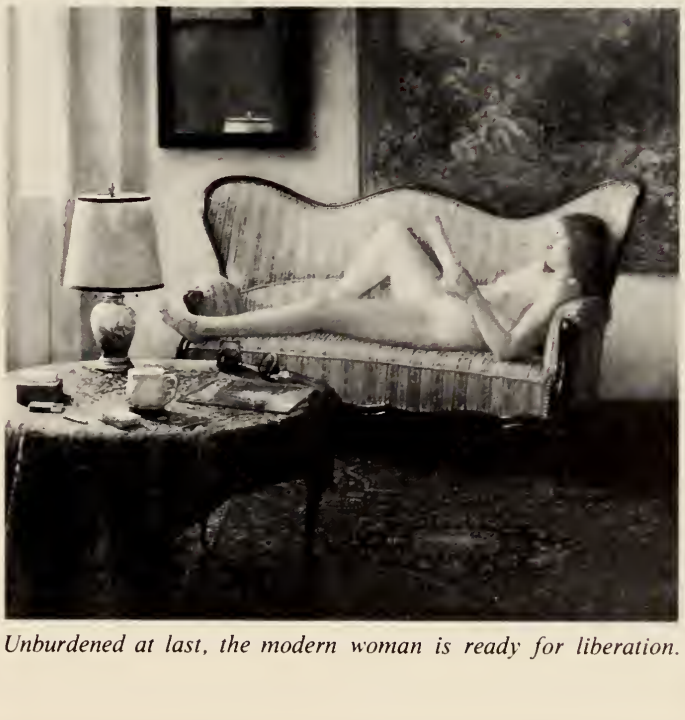
The burden lightens: vacuum cleaning c. 1910.

What is still hard for people to grasp is that the technological and scientific revolution in which mankind has been involved with ever-incressing momentum during this past century has profoundly affected every social and personal relationship, no matter how seemingly private. It is a process whose end is nowhere in sight. Scientifically-based industry has brought affluence and freedom—even, ultimately, to the poor and the disadvantaged.

This affluence, and the personal freedom it creates, springs from two sources: the rise in the value of labor and the growth of the much maligned consumer society. Go to West Africa and you will still see women pounding for hour after hour the cassava roots from which their flour is made. Go to the most wretched slum in urban America or to a desolate village in Appalachia and there you will find canned goods of every description, wrapped and sliced bread, packaged meats, and frozen vegetables, not to mention refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, running water, and heat. Move from the ghettos to middle-class suburbs and the ease of household management becomes even more marked—with washing machines, dishwashers, and electrical gadgets for quick preparation of food.

The industrial revolution has steadily provided women of all classes with more leisure. For the middle-class married woman, however, this new freedom has created almost as many problems as it has solved. With commercial, technical, and professional activities still male-dominated, with their lives still cluttered with the vestiges of household duties and motherly cares, and still, alas, the victims of social ideologies that regard women as essentially decorative or domestic, many of them are faced with the boredom of ever-increasing leisure. Indeed, one might argue that middle-class women are now the victims of liberation. They have been freed from their age-old tasks, from their constant toil within the basic social unit, the family, yet have been given little in exchange.

The freedom of women from their burdens owes more to cheap electricity and the supermarket than it does to the suffragettes or the Pill. But, sadly, attention to their fundamental plight—the erosion of their social role without its satisfactory replacement by another—is being distracted by the ravings of female radicals who seem bent on destroying the concept of femininity rather than on creating a more satisfactory life for their sisters. Sex is easy enough to get and enjoy these days; a deeply satisfying social role is much more difficult to achieve.



Unburdened at last, the modern woman is ready for liberation.

ANATOMY OF A MASTERPIECE

Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte

Sunlight, sailboats, parasols, and pets:
how long have you taken this cheery summer scene
for granted? You may never do so again

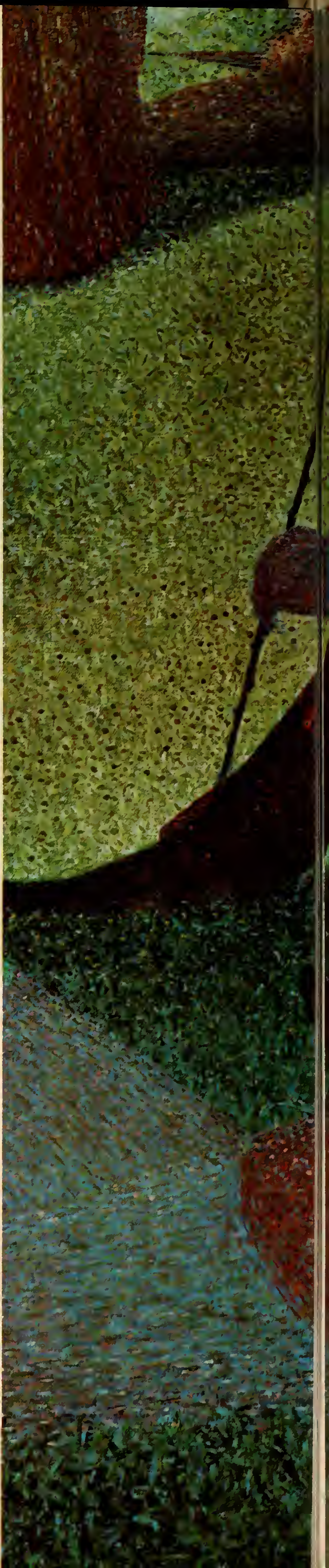
Georges Seurat

In his *Confessions of a Young Man* George Moore refers rather breathlessly to the eighth and last group show of the pioneer impressionists, which opened on May 15, 1886, in rooms above the Maison Dorée, a restaurant near the Paris Opéra. "I hear," Moore writes, "that Bedlam is nothing to it; there is a canvas there twenty feet square and in three tints: pale yellow for the sunlight, brown for the shadow, and all the rest is sky-blue. There is, I am told, a lady walking in the foreground with a ring-tailed monkey, and the tail is said to be three yards long."

His hearsay was wrong about the dimensions and colors, but right about the uproar. Most of the first-day visitors seem to have agreed that the canvas in question, Georges Seurat's ten-foot-long *Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte,* was the funniest picture they had ever seen. It provoked, according to Seurat's disciple Paul Signac, "a march-past of abuse and sneering laughter." It was killing, and not only for unsophisticated viewers. The portraitist Alfred Stevens, who was neither a peasant nor a fogy, shuttled between the Maison Dorée and the fashionable Café Tortoni, recruiting *boulevardiers* for the spectacle, and he was in such mirthful haste that he frequently forgot to pick up the change from the francs he flung at the turnstile.

In sum, a rather puzzling performance. Today *La Grande Jatte* is apt to inspire affection, admiration, and a bit of churchlike museum silence. In less serious moments we may regard it simply as a vision of the good old summertime, or as a marvelous fashion plate, but certainly not as a sidesplitting joke. What was the whooping all about?

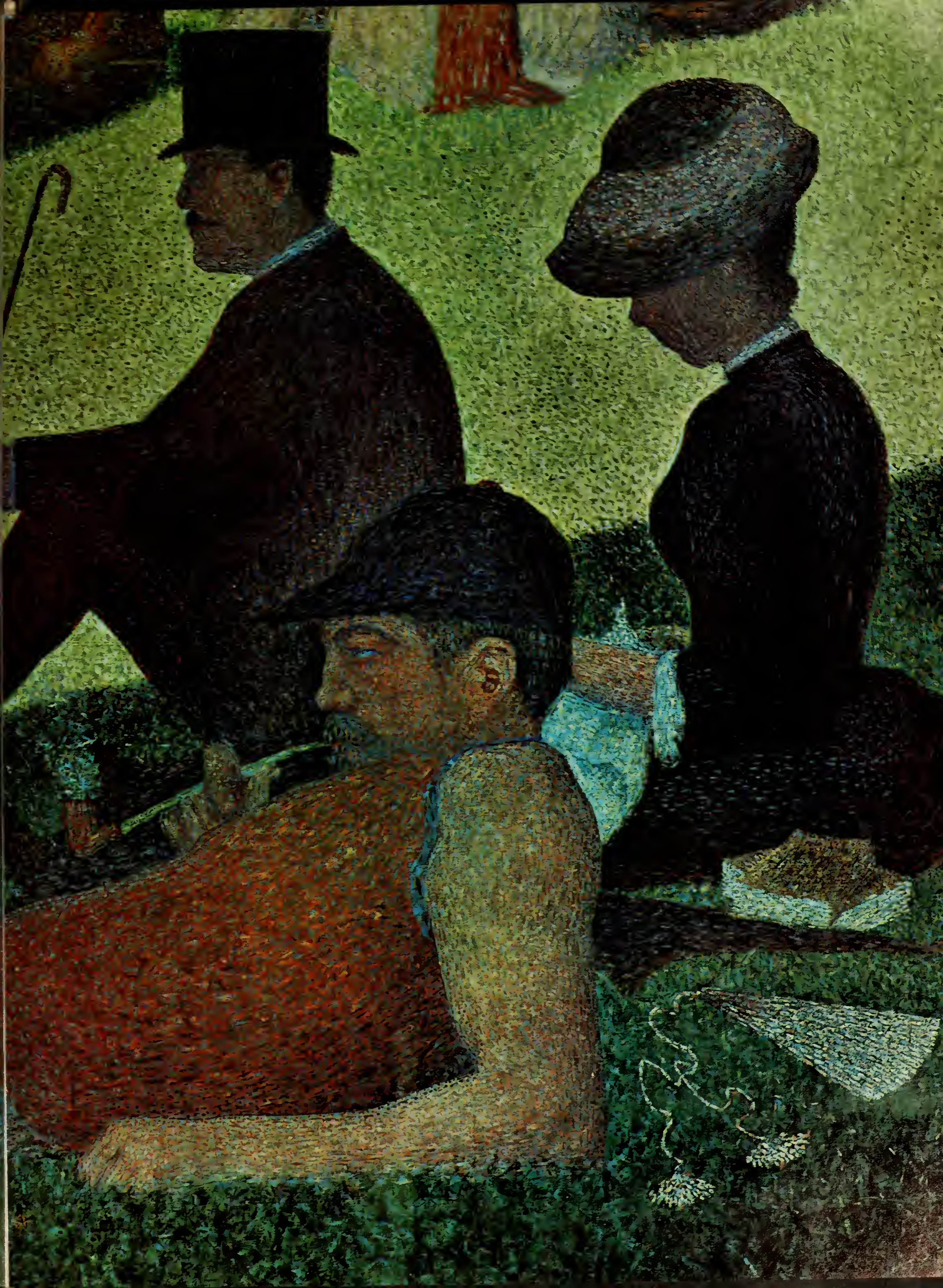
Contemporary press comment offers some clues. Critics were merry over the dots of color, the "superb cocotte" with the monkey, the "prostrate jockey" (actually a boater), and the stiff, ritualistic strollers "in their Sunday best," who were seen as "lead soldiers,"



ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, HELEN BIRCH BARTLETT COLL.

This monumental trio, seated in the deeply shaded foreground of Seurat's masterwork, La Grande Jatte, *might be seen as a symbol of modern man's isolation amid his own kind.*

By ROY McMULLEN



a "clearance sale of Nuremberg toys," and a "procession of pharaohs." None of this, however, quite accounts for such bedlamite hilarity.

Could the fun have been partly stock, like laughing at the vice-presidency, and partly nervous and defensive, like giggling at a funeral? That it was partly stock can hardly be doubted, for Parisians had been hooting at new paintings since the time of Manet. Nervousness and defensiveness are, of course, unprovable, but they become at least a faint, mischievous possibility when we remember that viewers in 1886 were still uncowed by avant-garde art and were without our modern emphasis on the formal and abstract elements in painting, and were therefore more sensitive than we are likely to be to the figurative message—the moral, to use a nineteenth-century term—of *La Grande Jatte.*

For there actually is such a message, or moral, in the picture, however much it is ignored by art historians intent on optical effects and spatial organization or by ordinary appreciators engrossed in summertime and bustles. And a similar message can be detected nearly everywhere in Seurat's mature achievement, rising like a slightly corrosive odor from his characteristic mixture of loveliness, banality, delicacy, and pedantry.

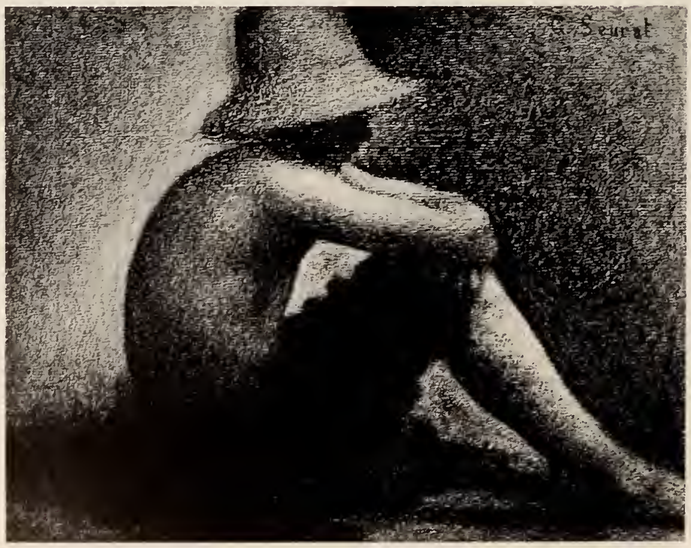
A whiff could have made a *boulevardier* at the Maison Dorée feel obscurely menaced. Consider, as an example, the pipe-smoking boater and his two elegant neighbors in the left foreground of *La Grande Jatte* (pages 90 and 91, detail on pages 82 and 83). At first glance these impressively monumental figures—naked, the boater could be an antique river-deity—seem drenched in the sedative bliss of a sunlit holiday; at second glance the bliss drains away. One of today's veristic film directors could scarcely ask for more eloquent images of urban man's loneliness in a crowd and his inability to communicate with his fellow men.

The same solitude seems to shroud, with a few doubtful exceptions, everyone in the picture, including the mysteriously motivated hornblower in the tropical helmet and even the "superb cocotte," despite her decorative pet and her evidently affluent protector. It lies heavily on the shoulders of the figures in *Une Baignade, Asnières* (pages 86 and 87), and isolates each of the melancholy models in *Les Poseuses* (pages 94 and 95). It is equally evident in the series of magnificent drawings, romantic as they are in some respects, that were done as preparation for these three paintings.

This accent on loneliness may be related to another part of Seurat's message: his tendency to portray human beings as mere objects. As the merry critics of 1886 noticed, this is strong in *La Grande Jatte.* Although these solemn strollers in their Sunday best may not look quite like "lead soldiers," many of them do resemble dressmakers' dummies or automatons, left staring at the Seine when the clockwork ran down. Moreover, a surprising number are practically faceless.

Elsewhere, the dehumanization takes various forms. In *Une Baignade* and the drawings done for it (below and opposite), we are likely to be disconcerted by a beefy mindlessness. In other drawings we may be struck by immateriality, combined as a rule with facelessness. *Les Poseuses* jars with antieroticism. In spite of such theoretically suggestive details as the discarded clothing and the stocking-clad leg, the three nudes are not in the remotest danger of becoming the sex objects deplored by women's liberationists. They are just female pictorial objects, seen by a remarkably unsentimental eye and assigned to about the same category as objects in a still life.

Am I neglecting, for the sake of a paradox, the artistry, the period charm, and the indefinable nostalgia in these paintings and drawings? Let me agree right away that the artistry, the charm, and the nostalgia do exist. But so does the paradox, and it needs emphasis in order to inhibit the fairly common impulse to regard Seurat as merely a special kind of impressionist and hence as a celebrator of the passing moment. In fact, he was a rationalist in emotionalist territory, a puritan in pleasureland, a cold fish in warm water. He was also, ostensibly at least, a scientist who scorned the evocativeness of painting, his own included. When studio visitors became unsuitably enthusiastic over *La Grande Jatte,* his reaction was like a schoolmaster's rap for an end to nonsense. "They see poetry," he remarked to a friend, "in what I've done. No, I apply my method and that is all there is to it." Presumably he would have delivered the same rap at talk about his message. He could have felt justified, since there is no evidence that he wanted viewers to worry about loneliness and dehumanization. But, of



Man with a Straw Hat, Seated on the Grass

Had Seurat never painted a picture, he would still be famous for his luminous drawings—indeed for his Conté-crayon drawings alone. The two above and opposite were preliminary studies for Une Baignade, Asnières, *the six-by-ten-foot canvas completed in 1887. Seurat was always fascinated by the seated human form, and he never used it more grandly than in this massive composition showing workingmen at play on a sunlit bank of the Seine. At the upper right of the* Baignade *(pages 86–87) is La Grande Jatte—Seurat's own decorous version of Tahiti; it was already being overrun by the unidyllic sprawl of Paris.*

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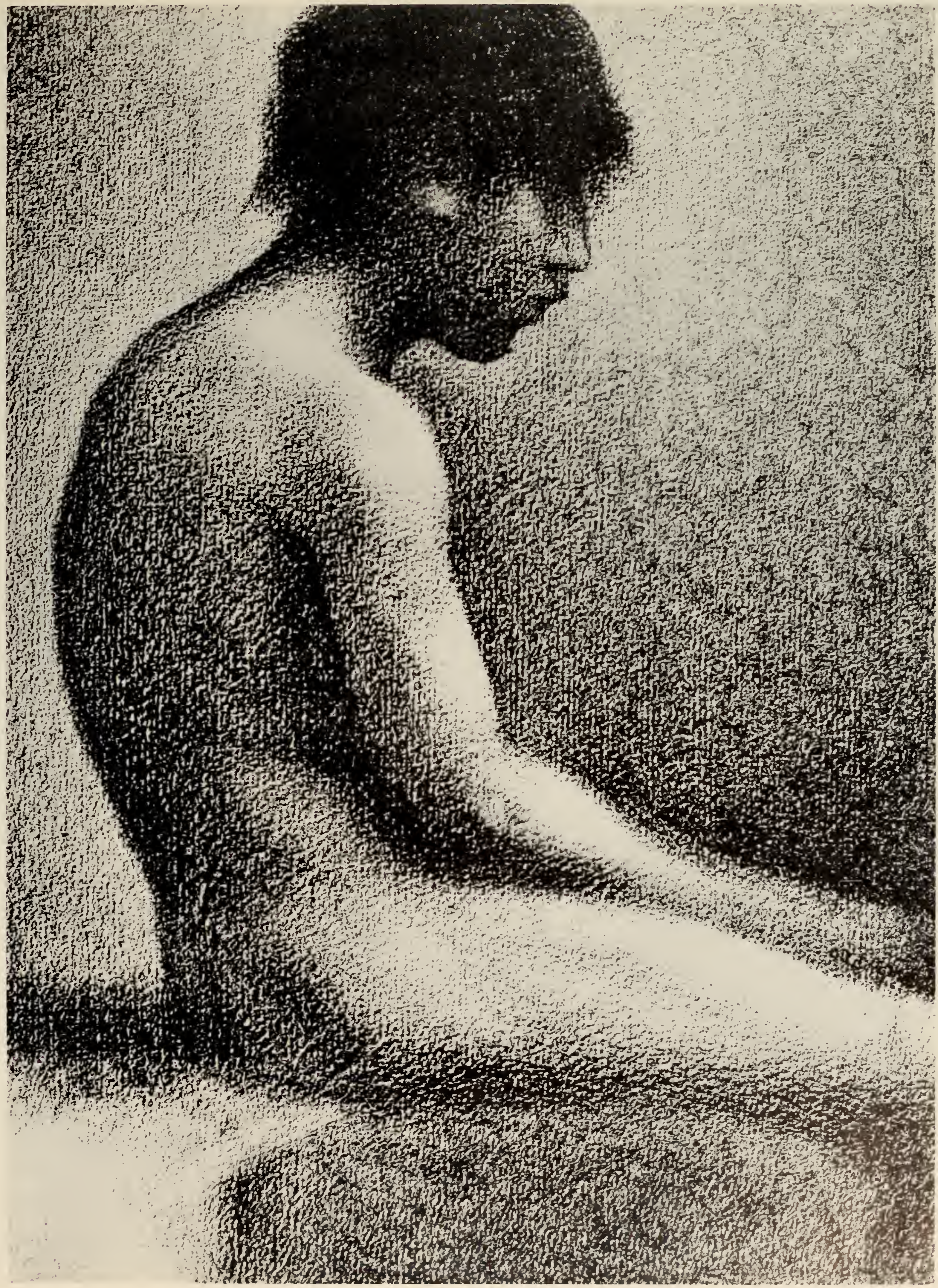
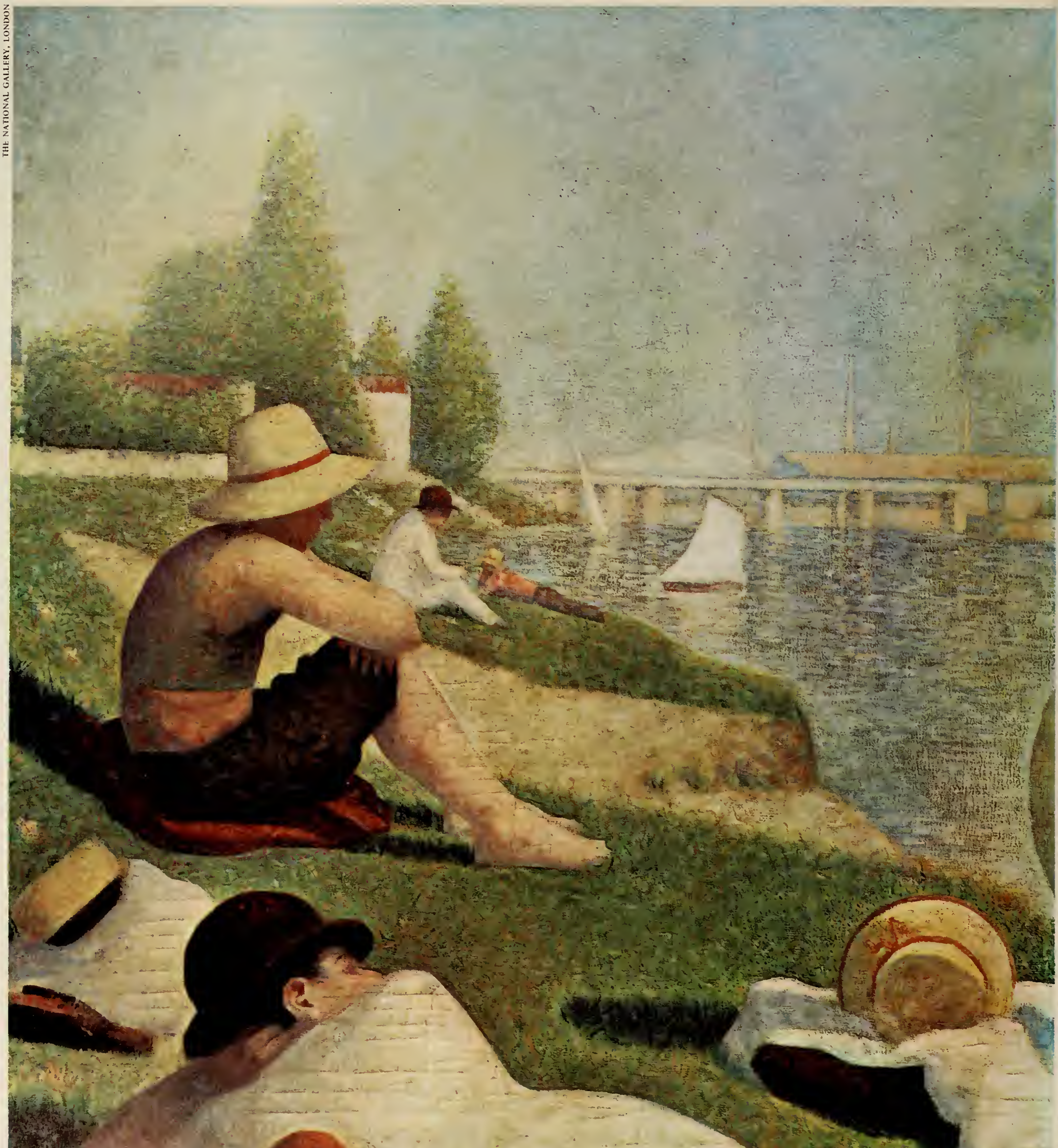


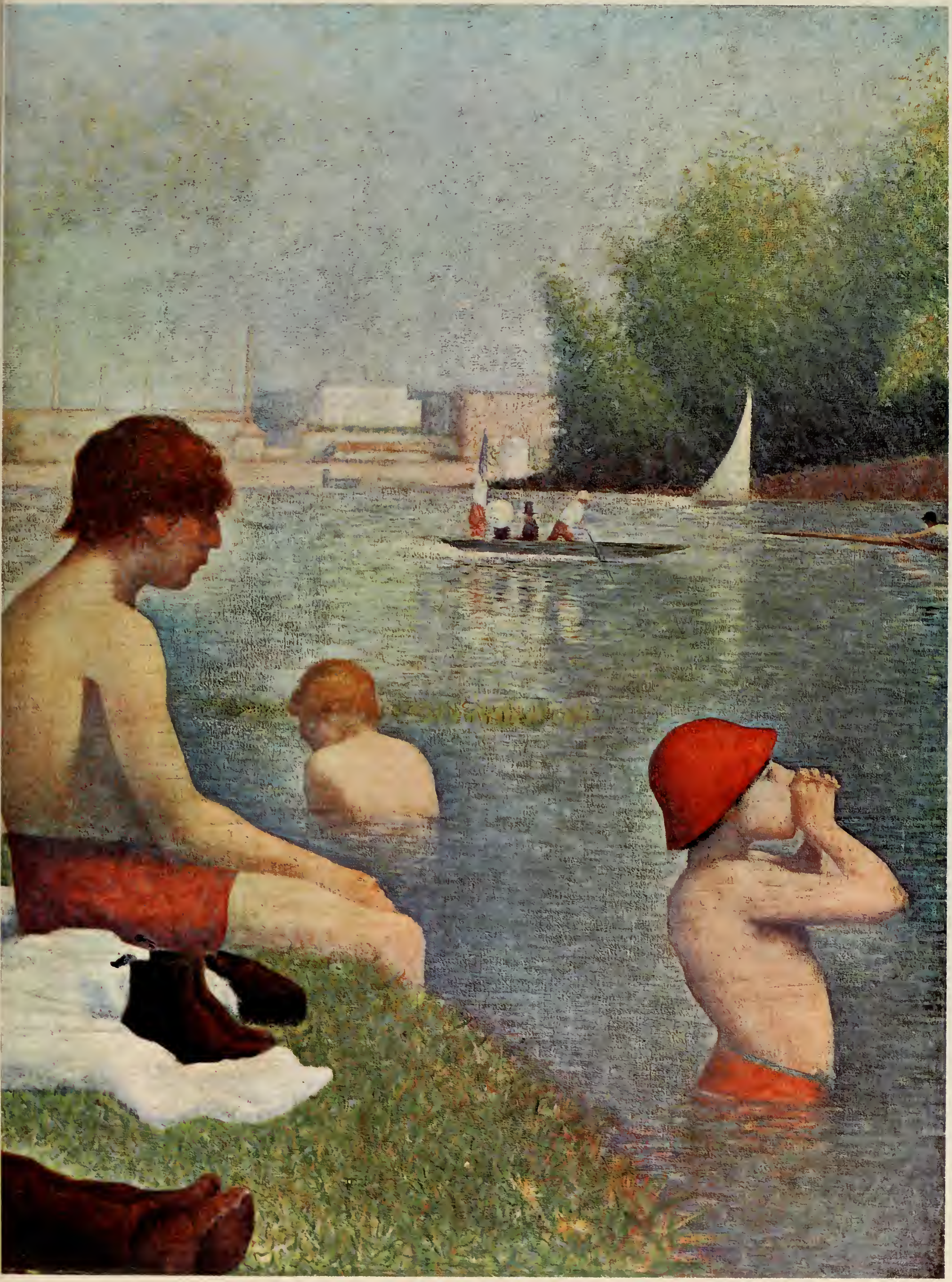
Seated Nude

COURTESY ALEX REID & LEFEVRE LTD., LONDON; OPPOSITE: YALE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY, UNIVERSITY PURCHASE, EVERETT V. MEEKS



THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

"Une Baignade, Asnières"



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course, there is no need for any such evidence. A painting is not a telephone, with the artist at the far end of the line and the appreciator at the near end, straining to get through the buzz. The message is in the apparatus itself.

How does it get there? In many ways, including some that are sheer cultural accidents, and we can never be sure. But with Seurat's works I think we can arrive at a plausible explanation by glancing first at the man and his method and then at his subject matter.

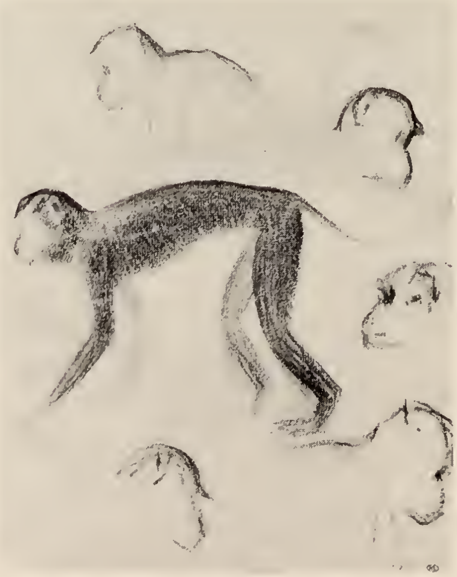
The man had the bittersweet privilege of being young all his life. He was only twenty-four when he exhibited, in 1884 in the buffet bar of the first Salon des Artistes Indépendants, his great *Une Baignade.* Then came *La Grande Jatte,* which, in spite of the hilarity, established him as the inventor of a new movement, labeled neoimpressionism by favorable critics, pointillism by the less favorable, divisionism by others, confettism or lentilism by Paris wits, and chromo-luminarism by Seurat himself. In 1888 he completed the large and small versions of *Les Poseuses.* He was allowed three more years to produce his other major canvases: *La Parade, Le Chahut* (a high-kicking dance), and *Le Cirque;* and then, after a brief illness, he was dead.

From accounts by his contemporaries a double portrait emerges. His devoted admirers were impressed by a poetic, almost holy, appearance and a corresponding demeanor. He was tall, handsome, timid, deep-voiced, and slow-moving. He wore "an apostle's beard" above which were "eyes of velvet." To a foreign visitor, he seemed to be a "cousin of the Leonardos, the Dürers, and the Poussins." He even reminded one friend, who chose to ignore the beard, of Donatello's statue of Saint George. Other observers were decidedly less inclined to idealize him. With his polka-dot cravat, his habitual top hat, his measured tread, and his humorless self-confidence, he looked, we are told, like a department-store floorwalker. Degas had the unkind habit of referring to him as *le notaire.*

Everybody, admirers included, noticed that the young Saint George was addicted to spells of extraordinary uncommunicativeness; his recurring fear of divulging his method was nearly "a sickness" in the view of the usually mild Pissarro. The same reticence covered personal affairs; only after his death did his closest friends know that he had had a mistress, an ignorant, unappetizing girl totally unfit for him. Apparently he had kept her as a convenience, with no intention of ever letting her share his life.

Although the elder Seurat, a prosperous Paris bailiff, appears to have been generous with allowances, the son displayed very early, and never abandoned, a fanatic belief in work. When he died his studio contained, according to the legal inventory, 42 paintings, 163 oil sketches, and 527 drawings; and this material was only a part of the production of his short career. Each major canvas was preceded by careful preparatory studies, more than fifty of which have survived for *La Grande Jatte* alone. In this respect, as in others, he was an anti-impressionist who rightly rejected the "neo" tag.

LOUVRE



SEVEN MONKEYS

The wispy monkey, above, and the powerfully curving tree trunk, opposite, were to reappear, in perfected form, in the final version of La Grande Jatte, *overleaf, the stately creation for which Seurat is chiefly remembered. The effects he had long obtained by brushing a soft crayon over coarse-grained white paper were likewise re-created by his famous* petits points *of color, which also gave Parisians the term "pointillism" to describe his new method. One of the few contemporary critics who liked the painting compared it to a tapestry, "monotonous and patient," and spoke of it as a mixture of "colored rays of light." Modern writers have tended to admire the way in which the scene is constructed, with its great swath of sunny space in the center, rolling leisurely back to the distant tip of this island in the Seine.*

He was also a dizzying instance of the rule that geniuses develop by looking at art rather than reality. Among the influences that have been discerned in his style are those of ancient Egypt, classical Greece, Piero della Francesca, Raphael, Holbein, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Poussin, Ingres, Hokusai, Delacroix, Millet, Corot, Daumier, Puvis de Chavannes, the early impressionists, and the poster designer Jules Chéret, who was much admired by French collectors during the 1880's.

All this hard work and earnest scrutiny, however, might not have had its strange effect if Seurat had not been something relatively rare in the history of art—a painting bookworm. He was the first such of any importance since the mathematical-perspective enthusiasts of fifteenth-century Tuscany, and like them, he was possessed by a naive ambition to render by strictly scientific means what earlier painters had achieved only by intuition and rule of thumb. He studied the optics of Helmholtz and Clerk Maxwell and the optical-aesthetic treatises of some less reliable theorists who are now largely forgotten. He pondered, with a thirst close to Faustian, such dark matters as "the law of simultaneous contrast," the nature of color, and the psychological and spiritual effects of geometry.

His dots, the *petits points* of pointillism, were the most spectacular result of his research. In *La Grande Jatte* (the patches in *Une Baignade* were added later) they made him a celebrity. After their systematization in *Les Poseuses* they became the symbols of his scientism, the aiming *points* of his enemies, and the rallying *points* of his followers. His most ardent foes, the slab-color group gathered around Gau-

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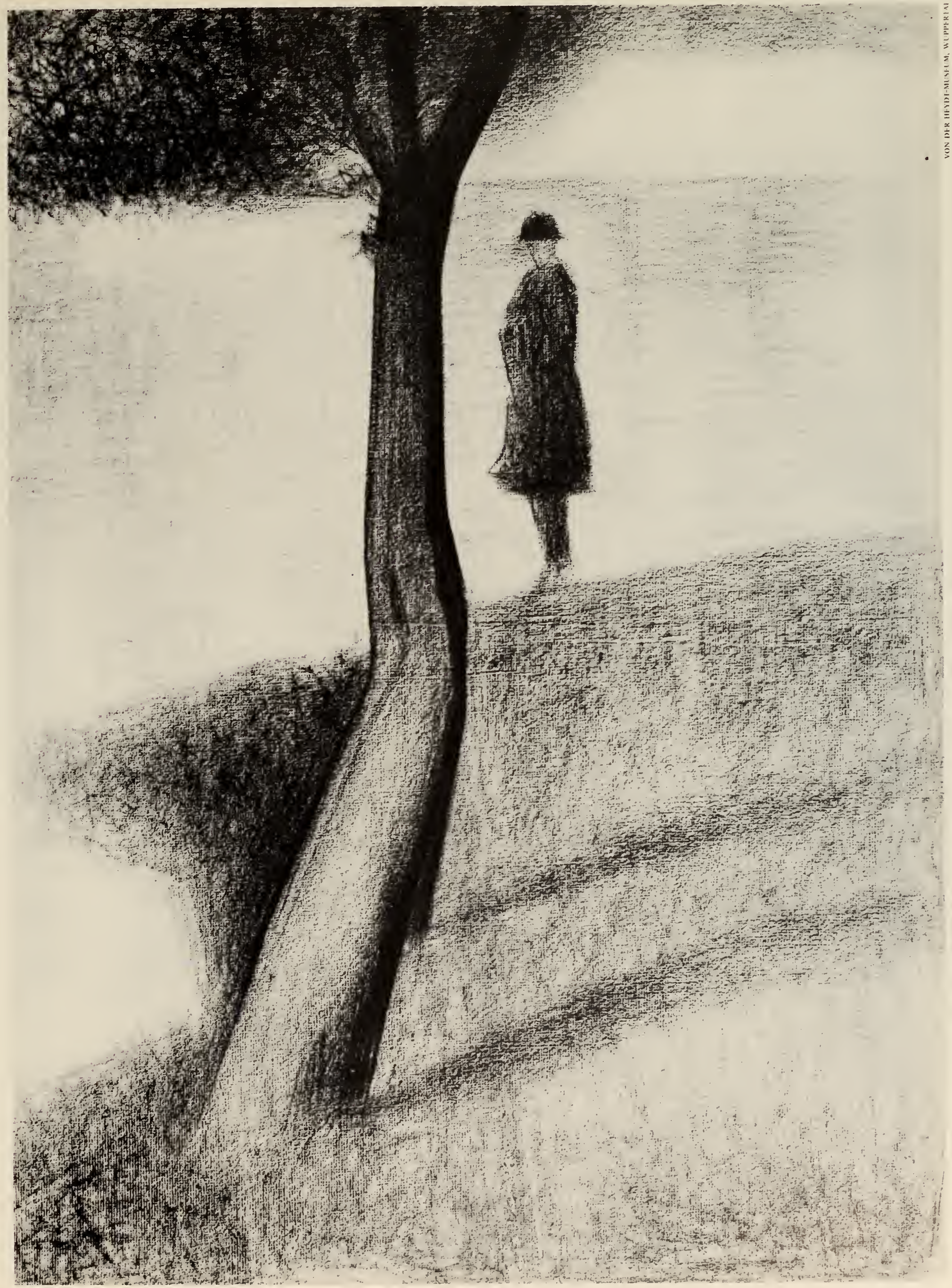
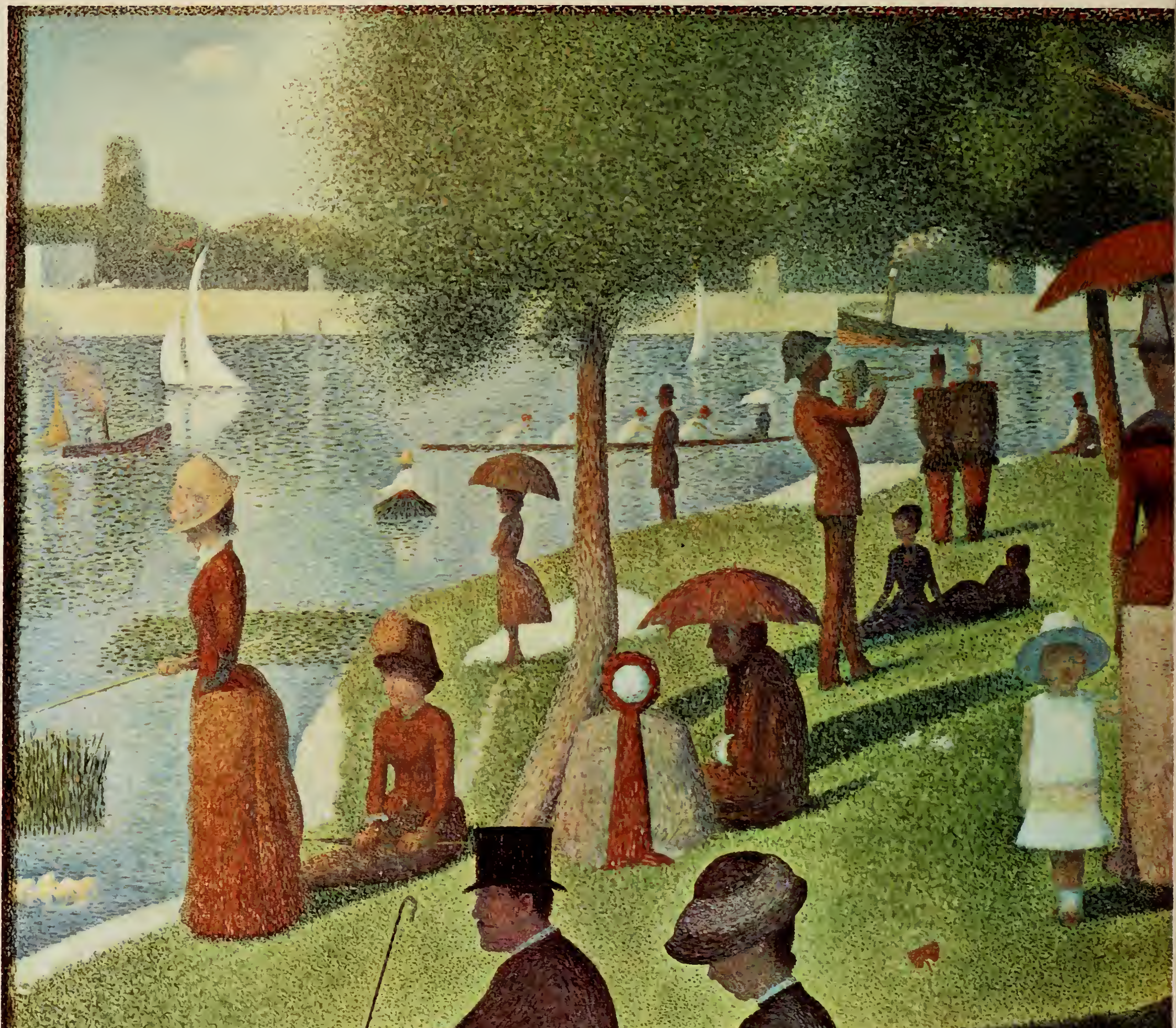


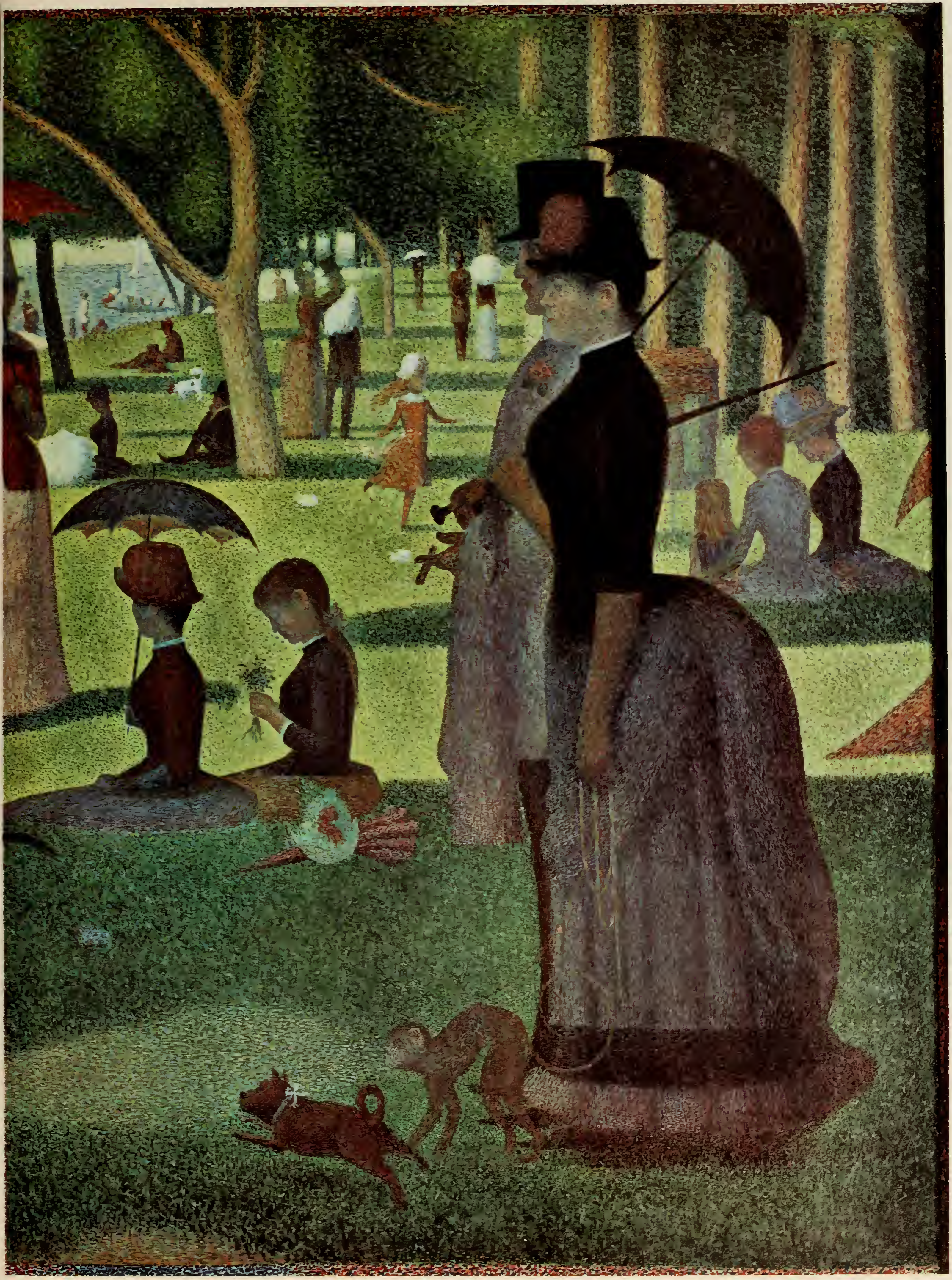
VON DER HEYDT-MUSEUM, WUPPERTAL

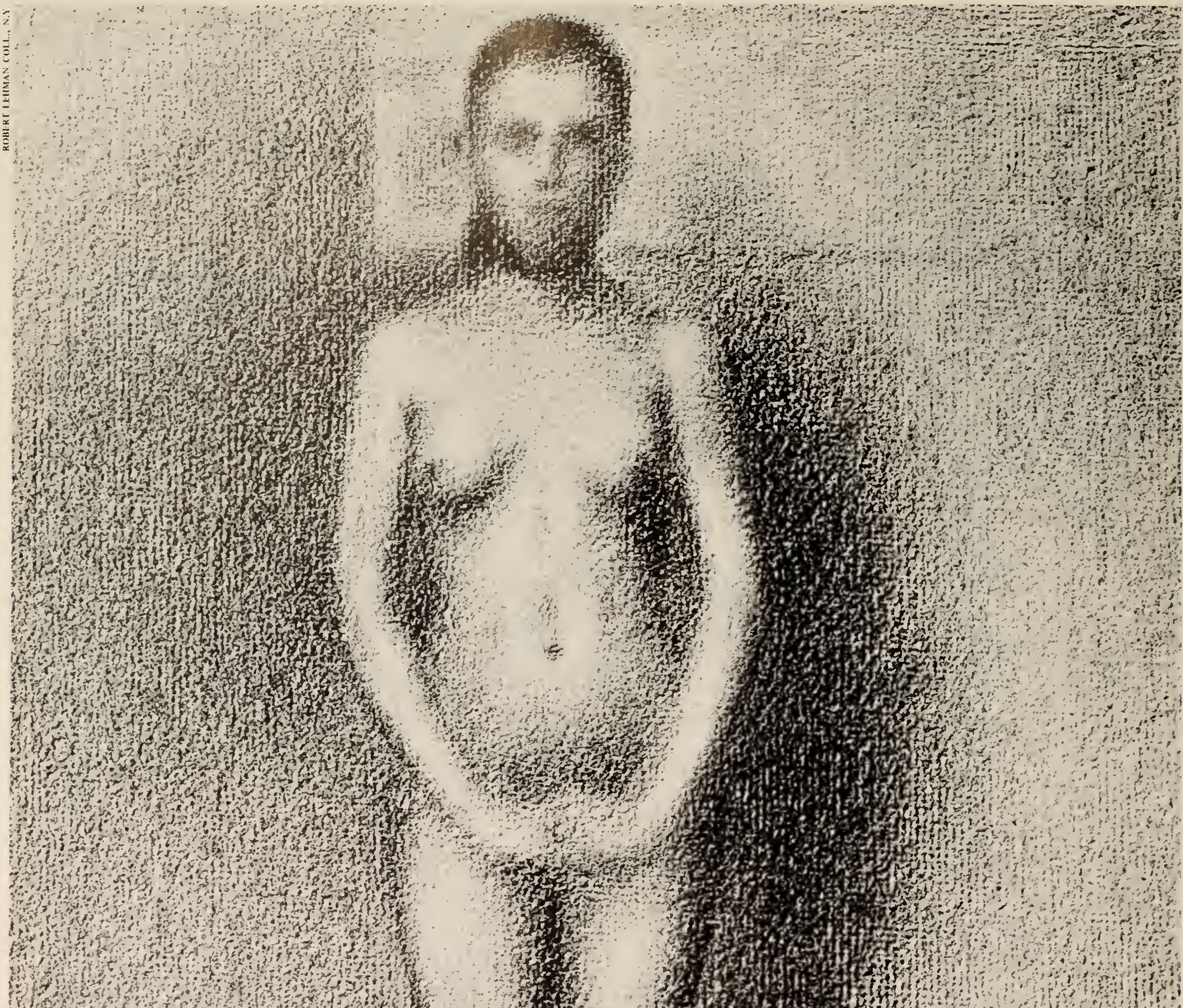
Tree and Man



ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, HELEN BIRCH BARTLETT COLL.

Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte





ROBERT LEHMAN COLL., N.Y.

Standing Model

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guin in Brittany, composed a song in which painters were instructed to sit "planted for two days" before a landscape, humming lugubriously:

> *Un petit point, avec grand soin,*
> *Deux petits points, trois petits points (bis).*

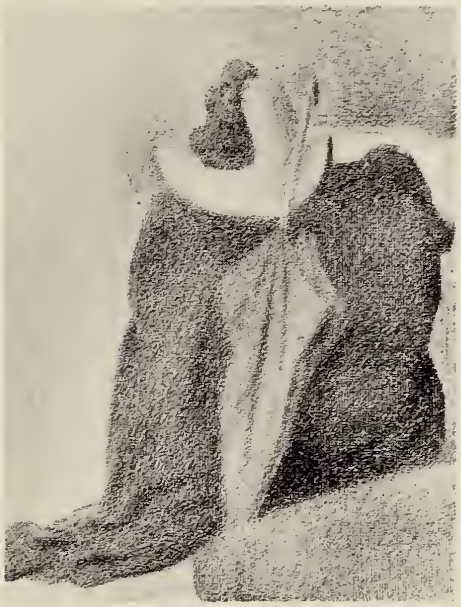
Loyal disciples and friendly critics replied with the theory, which was by no means new, that the little blobs, seen at the proper distance, would fuse in the eye of the viewer and yield tints much more brilliant than those obtainable by mixing colors on palettes.

This optical-mixture explanation is still being circulated, usually without qualifying comment, in art manuals and dictionaries. But its principal effect, I am afraid, is to embarrass admirers of Seurat. For the plainly visible fact is that his pointillist colors are neither brilliant nor even, in some instances, very agreeable; an inert violet and a dismal orange-brown occur too frequently, and the general impression is often that of a faded lantern slide. The most luminous passages in his finished pictures (the oil sketches are another matter) are precisely those —the river in *La Grande Jatte,* for example—in which the handling is the most free, the least "scientific."

One reason for the failures is that the artist's studies did not embrace enough practical chemistry; some of his paintings, according to contemporary testimony, deteriorated almost immediately. A more important reason, however, is simply that his color theory and method, although partly correct, were ultimately too crude to allow him to manipulate the myriad variables he would have had to control in order to produce, by calculation instead of by the trial and error he disdained, a given sensation of hue and saturation at a given distance. He was attempting something that would daunt a computer, and he was inadequately programmed to boot.

Fortunately, the dots were useful in nonchromatic ways. They may have contributed, as units of scale, to the monumentality he achieved. They certainly served, as he could have discovered from engravings, as a technique for obtaining the subtle gradations of tone from light to dark in which he delighted and in which, much more than in color, his gifts were at home. Indeed, one of his secret reasons for inventing the *petits points* may have been a desire to duplicate in painting the black-and-white sparkle, the rich tonal values, and the congealed-vapor forms he had been getting in his drawings by merely rubbing the black chalk known as Conté crayon across rough-textured paper.

Fortunately again, the dots were far from being the only result of his research. Although much of the geometric, aesthetic, and psychological theory he consumed was about as scientific as astrology, it did nourish him with the "laws" his Cartesian temperament yearned for, and it did stiffen a sensibility that could easily have become wanly academic. By one of those devious processes that are common in the history of artistic doctrines, he extracted from his pseudo science a workable set of rules for managing the proportions, the dominant lines, and the masses of light and shade in a painting. Eventually he had an architectural system of contrasts and harmonies that really did make him a cousin of Poussin. In brief, he reinvented the classicism that the impressionists had dismissed as obsolete.



WALTER C. BAKER COLL., N.Y.

STILL LIFE (HAT AND UMBRELLA)

Seurat's imagination did not work in sudden strokes but slowly, step by painstaking step. The figure opposite and the still life above are two of the many preparatory drawings for the painting reproduced overleaf, Les Poseuses. *The crayon-sketched nude stands as stiffly as a young bride in an old tintype, yet her form vibrates from darkness to light as though she were some unearthly apparition.*

Why he did not take the logical step of reinventing at the same time the subject matter of classicism is not clear. He was certainly aware of the possibility; referring to *La Grande Jatte,* he once observed: "I could just as well have painted, in another harmony, the struggle between the Horatii and the Curiatii." Perhaps he wanted to defeat the impressionists on their own ground. Perhaps, as even some of his supporters alleged, he lacked the power to imagine a scene. Or perhaps, when he was planning his first large canvases, he just happened to find La Grande Jatte and neighboring Asnières a pleasant pretext for working on location.

The island of La Grande Jatte (literally, "the big bowl") is a flat, mile-long cigar in a loop of the Seine on the northwestern edge of Paris, a few hundred yards upstream from the community of Asnières. In the 1880's, as the horizon of *Une Baignade* shows, the whole district was becoming what it is today: an unidyllic suburb devoted mainly to warehouses, small factories, and low-rent housing. A few green stretches remained, however; the water was still fit for bathing; barge traffic had not yet made amateur boating hazardous. At Asnières there were sailing and rowing establishments, and the island was a popular weekend summer resort, equipped with dance halls, restaurants, cafés, and grassy promenades.

On warm Sundays, according to memoirs of the period, the area smelled of industrial smoke, heavy perfume, and fish stew and echoed to cheap pianos, barrel organs, and the mock insults traditional among rivermen. But middle-class Parisians liked to drive out for a stroll or a sedate picnic, and men of fashion sometimes made an appearance.

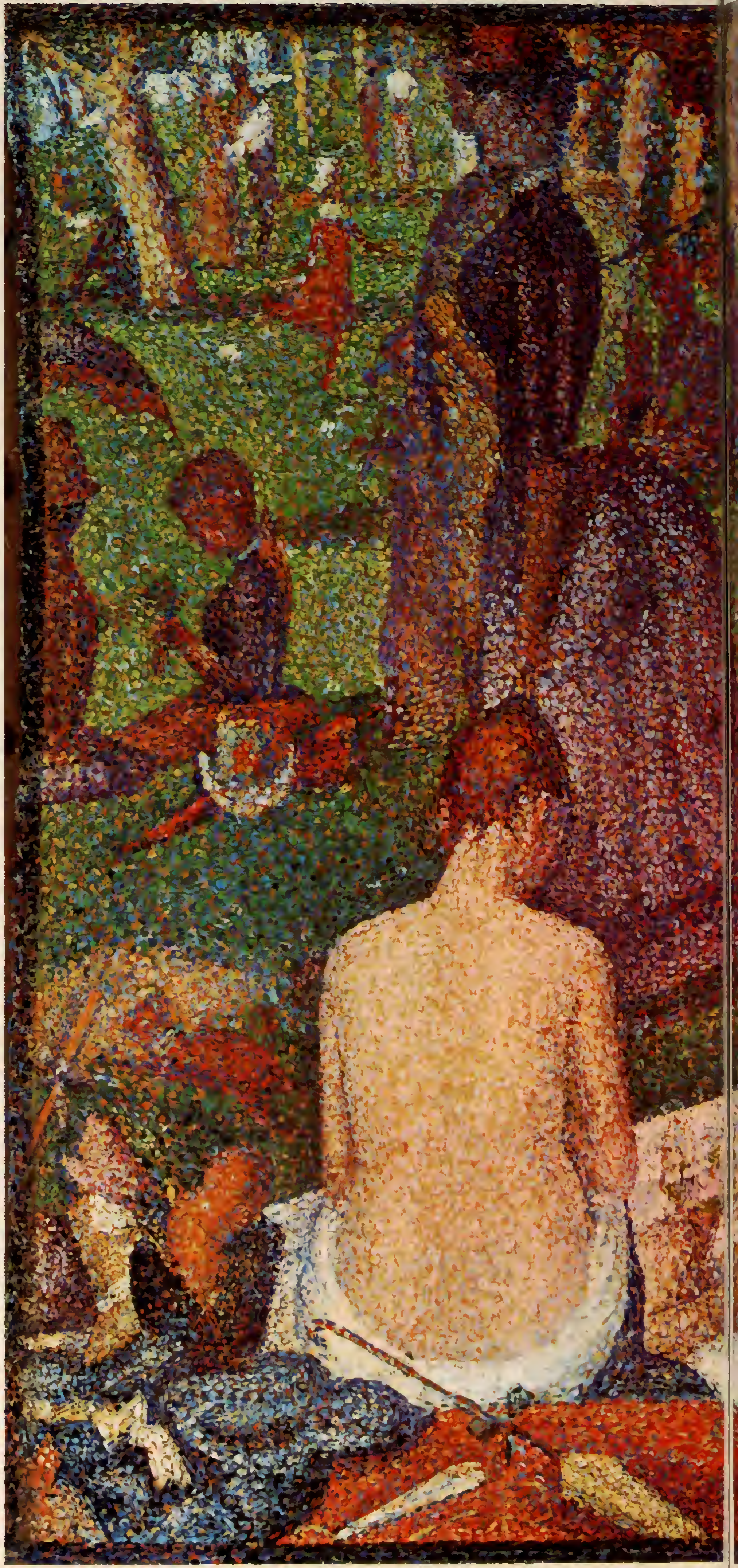
One can imagine the gaiety Renoir

This is the smaller of two versions of Les Poseuses, *both completed in 1888, three years before Seurat's death. His detractors —even his admirers—had often said that the pointillist technique could never be used for painting nudes. Perhaps in answer to this challenge, Seurat chose three nude models as his next subject. But why did he also include a "quotation" from his earlier work,* La Grande Jatte? *Perhaps he wanted to remind potential critics that the man now occupied with perfectly traditional material was the same who had been so successful in dealing with an outdoor, impressionist subject. Or perhaps he had become obsessed with his images of human beings in the summer light and could not resist painting them once more.*

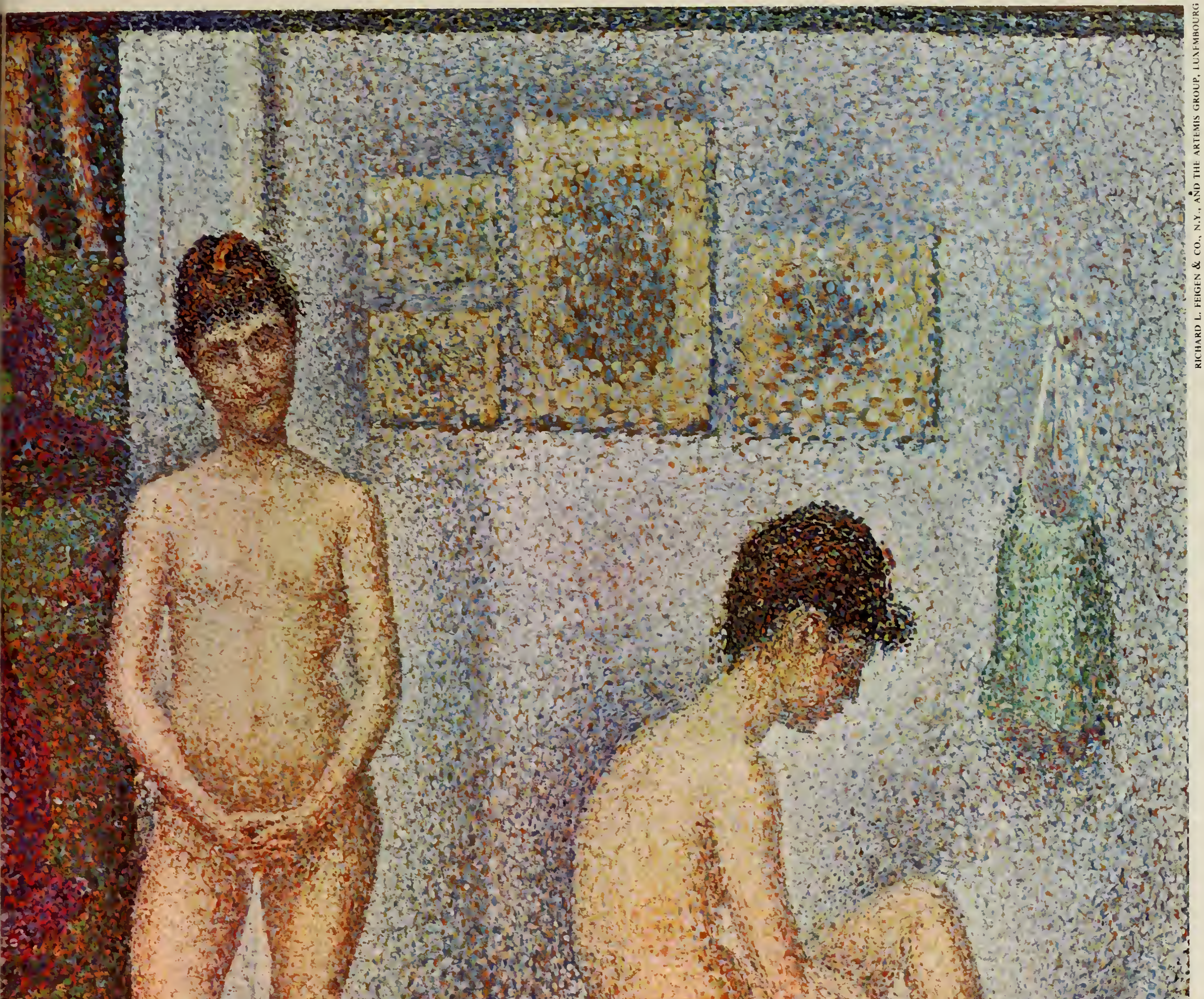
might have seen in such subject matter, as one can imagine the bloom he might have seen in the flesh of *Les Poseuses.* But the Seurat who reached artistic maturity in *La Grande Jatte* had none of Renoir's hedonism. For months, day after day, he labored on the island, so conscientiously that he refused to stop for lunch and asked his friends to cut the grass when it grew to an improper height. Then he assembled his notes during long winter nights in his Montmartre studio. He applied his method.

Perhaps the resulting message of loneliness and dehumanization was predictable. The method was partly the man himself, a revolutionary in the cause of tonal values and geometry, but oddly deficient in openness and love. It was also a scientific method, in spirit at least, and as such it fostered a tendency to objectify everything and to indulge in what we now call reductionism. Finally, it was a classical method, a way of organizing landscapes, people, dogs, monkeys, hats, and parasols as structural and decorative elements. All this, applied to the Horatii and the Curiatii, might have yielded a familiar message about Roman fortitude. Applied coldly and incongruously to an impressionist genre subject, it yielded, as the *boulevardiers* at the Maison Dorée may have noticed, a deflating comment on nineteenth-century society.

Roy McMullen frequently explicates paintings for HORIZON. *His subject for Spring was Giorgione's* La Tempesta.



"LES POSEUSES"



RICHARD L. FEIGEN & CO., N.Y., AND THE ARTEMIS GROUP, LUXEMBOURG

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THE ARYAN MYTH

It was born as a minor issue in comparative linguistics, grew into a full-fledged racial theory of history, and ended by almost devouring European civilization

In no other field of social science has prejudice more disastrously masqueraded as fact than in the study of race. Myth has pervaded discussions of race throughout the history of Western civilization. The mythmakers have exploited the popular associations of race, blood, and soil, knowing that these elements could be molded to suit their purposes. Their technique is to invent a mythical past and project it into a messianic future, wherein a chosen race, guided by the spirits of its ancestors, fulfills its glorious destiny.

Versions of this myth, which assumes that some races are innately superior and that pure races still exist, are rooted deep in the Western consciousness. We see one in embryo in Aristotle's remark that "Those who are so much inferior to others as is the body to the soul, and beasts to men, are by nature slaves and benefit, like all inferiors, from living beneath a master's rule"; and in the Old Testament polarization between the favored seed of Abraham and that of cursed Canaan, "servant of servants." But the political dominance of racial messianism is a recent phenomenon. Its most infamous and dangerous creation is the Aryan Myth, together with the closely allied myths of Teutonic, Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, and Nordic supremacy.

The edifying monument opposite, embodiment of all conceivable Aryan virtues, was made by the Nazi sculptor Joseph Thorak.

It all began innocently enough. In the 1780's the distinguished English Orientalist Sir William Jones concluded that Sanskrit was related to the Persian, Greek, Latin, Celtic, and Germanic languages, and that they were all branches of an ancestral but now unknown mother tongue, properly referred to as Indo-European. This language was at first termed "Aryan," because the Sanskrit-speaking invaders of ancient India and the ancient Persian inhabitants of Iran had both referred to themselves as "Aryas." Jones's investigations were pursued further, especially in Germany, where the brothers Grimm and others developed the science of comparative linguistics. This reached its climax in the work of Franz Bopp, whose vast and magisterial *Comparative Grammar* began to appear in 1833. But, by then, Aryan studies were no longer limited to the area of language alone.

The trouble began with the taking of the short but illogical step from the notion of a single linguistic family to that of a single race. It was then that the Aryan race and its myth were born. The propagation of the myth was no great problem, for in the first decades of the nineteenth century the liveliest spirits of Europe were gripped by romanticism—a romanticism that gloried in the exotic and that could easily accept the idea that Europe had been founded by Aryan migrations. All agreed that those migrations had happened a long time ago, but as to *how* long, there was little consensus. The problem became increasingly important as many European nations began to assert their national consciousness, their distinct blood and soil, and as historians began to make their primary task the discovery of a vigorous national past that portended an even greater future. To record the primitive history of the Aryan race, scholars availed themselves of the embryonic sciences of ethnology, anthropology, and archaeology. And yet, the more scholars who joined the attempt to dissipate the mists shrouding the primitive history of the race, the more fog there appeared to be.

By the end of the century nearly every region of the earth had been

By MICHAEL D. BIDDISS

credited, at some time or other, by some scholar or other, with the honor of being the birthplace of the Aryan race. Although parts of Central Asia—especially the Hindu Kush mountains of Afghanistan—remained favorites, there were many vague suggestions about European origins. Edward Bulwer-Lytton thought that the birthplace lay somewhere between the Black Sea and the Baltic, most probably on the Hungarian plain; Louis Geiger proposed central or western Germany; others favored a homeland between the Baltic and the Urals. By 1900 desperation had driven the few remaining Aryan-hunters to say that North Africa might be the place.

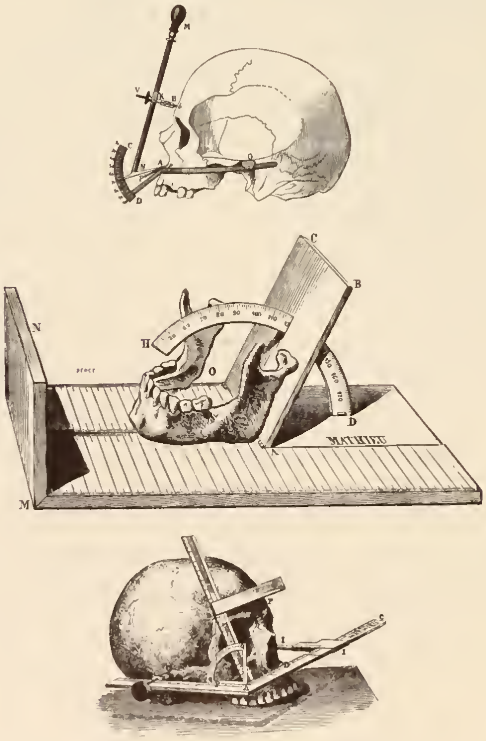
The investigators were merely providing posterity with a tragicomic example of what happens when historians set out to solve an insoluble problem. For the better part of a century they had been asking, "Where did the Aryans come from and how did they create our civilization?" when they should have been asking, "What evidence is there that such a race is not a figment of the imagination?" But reality has little to do with plausibility or political utility. Here was a myth that otherwise scrupulous scholars never doubted and that politicians, not so scrupulous, recognized as a useful tool.

The most famous proponent of the Aryan myth was Count Arthur de Gobineau, a Frenchman of great charm and considerable but erratic learning. He was active at various times as a journalist, diplomat, Orientalist, poet, novelist, and historian of civilization. Though he came, in fact, from a prosperous bourgeois family of Bordeaux, he convinced himself and his contemporaries that his lineage was truly aristocratic. Thus identifying himself with the harassed and impoverished French nobility, he looked with distaste upon the "progress" of nineteenth-century civilization.

PHOTO HARLINGUE — ROGER VIOLLET

This may be the only surviving portrait of Count Gobineau, whose mythical Aryans eventually materialized as a host of fanatics.

The revolutions of 1848, which particularly horrified him, reinforced his sense of alienation from the modern world. To challenge the rising currents of democracy and socialism, he adopted a racial interpretation of history that had a long pedigree in France. This was the theory that the Gauls and Romans defeated by the so-called barbarian invaders were the ancestors of the French lower classes and that the aristocracy was descended from the conquering Franks, whom commentators by Gobineau's time considered to be part of the Aryan stock. His hymn of praise to these Aryans was, therefore, also a chorus of protest against the democratization of French politics.



One branch of scientific Aryanism was craniometry—measuring the angles of skulls with a "goniometer" (three types of which are pictured above) and using the measurements to help prove questions of racial superiority.

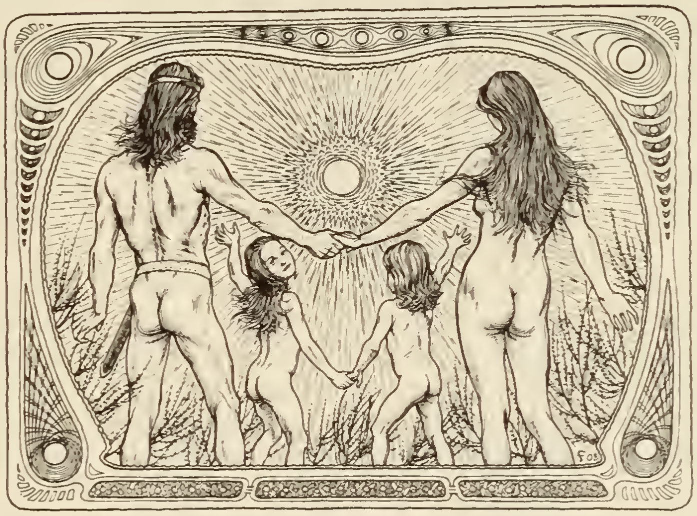
During the 1850's Gobineau presented these views in his enormous *Essay on the Inequality of the Human Races,* which synthesized the relevant work of philologists, anthropologists, ethnologists, archaeologists, and historians up to that time. It remains a monument to the presumption of a certain kind of nineteenth-century positivist scholarship. Gobineau insisted that mankind was divided basically into three races—black, yellow, and white, arranged in ascending order. He further argued that within the white race itself the Aryan branch, originating in central Asia, was the finest of all. The rise and fall of civilizations, together with other political and social phenomena, were controlled ultimately by the workings of blood mixture between these races. Gobineau was unusual in suggesting that civilizations could be created only when the Aryans were intermixed, on a limited scale, with their colored inferiors. But his description of the Aryans is typical of the myth: he said that they were tall, blond, powerful, and alert, that they loved freedom but placed honor above all.

"I have become convinced," Gobineau declared, "that the race question dominates all the other problems of history, that it holds the key to them, and that the inequality of races from whose fusion a people is formed is enough to explain the whole course of its destiny . . . I am at last sure that everything great, noble and fruitful that man has created on earth in science, art and civilization draws the observer back to a single point, issues from a single root, results from a single idea, and belongs to a single family, the different branches of which have reigned in all the civilized countries of the universe." That family was the Aryan, and Gobineau's account of its

SKULLS: FROM *Instructions Craniologiques* BY PAUL BROCA, PARIS, 1875; OPPOSITE: COURTESY OF PROFESSOR JOST HERNAND, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON

triumphs is marked by the monomania that attributes every event to a single cause. The medieval tendency to find the source of all good and evil in a system of divine causation was reflected here in the reasoning of a later, secular age.

The similarities between the racist Gobineau and the communist Marx, between a conception of history dominated by Aryan destiny and one enslaved to the destiny of the proletariat, are evident. So, too, are their shared intolerance and limitation of vision. But, though some of Marx's myths have proved therapeutically useful in provoking helpful revisions of social attitudes, no such qualification applies to the disastrous results of Gobineau's Aryanism. Ironically, Gobineau was drawn to the myth by considerations of class conflict. He identified the Aryans not only with the ancient French aristocracy but also with much of the European nobility, a caste whose overthrow by Slav and Latin was virtually complete. Aryanism and communism were thus enlisted in the same conflict of interest, but on opposite sides. Since Gobineau believed that the Aryan race was exhausted after centuries of culture-creation and that nothing but degradation and decline lay ahead, he preached stoicism rather than racial messianism. But others, ignoring his comparatively harmless conclusions, were to steal his methods and use them to wreak havoc.



Hugo Höppener, widely known to the German public as "Fidus," engraved this representation of the ideal Aryan family around 1908.

In the English-speaking world Gobineau's most interesting counterpart was the eminent philologist Max Müller. A precocious graduate of the University of Leipzig, he was appointed, before the age of thirty, deputy professor of modern languages at Oxford, where he popularized the findings of Sanskrit scholarship and acquired a reputation as the most eloquent champion of the Aryan ancestry of European civilization. His courses were renowned, and in 1868 Oxford created for him a chair of comparative philology.

His early belief in Aryan cultural genius had been based upon the old erroneous equation of language and race, but Max Müller, at least, eventually recanted. As he finally stated his position in 1888: "To me an ethnologist who speaks of Aryan race, Aryan blood, Aryan eyes and hair, is as great a sinner as a linguist who speaks of a dolichocephalic dictionary or a brachycephalic grammar. It is worse than a Babylonian confusion of tongues—it is downright theft. We have made our own terminology for the classification of languages; let ethnologists make their own for the classification of skulls, hair, and blood." Noble as this retraction was, the damage had already been done. Myths tend to have a life of their own. Like Frankenstein's monster, they often end up terrorizing and enslaving their creators. Whatever Max Müller's change of mind, the ideal of the ancestral Aryan hero was firmly established, and the professor's eloquence was now unavailing.

The myth continued to feast upon what scientific ideas it could. Having lost the general support of philologists, it relied upon some of the more convenient applications of Darwinism and, especially, upon the pseudo science of anthroposociology, of which the most infamous manifestation was craniometry, or skull-measurement. Its adherents soon were quarreling about whether the dolichocephalics (longheads) or the brachycephalics (broadheads) were the real representatives of the Aryan heritage. Most craniometrists sided with the longheads, for they were allegedly dominant in cities and must therefore have had the competitive drive of the Aryan race, as well as its ability to survive. The broadheads had supporters, too, especially in France.

By the turn of the century, Aryanism, like the true monster it was, was busy replicating itself. Adapting to the increasingly acrimonious political climate in Europe, it multiplied into submyths—Celticism, Teutonism, Nordicism, and Anglo-Saxonism, each claiming authentic Aryan descent for its own particular tribe. These new monsters began to grapple with one another, but the Aryan myth remained the supreme racial ideal. It was now part of common parlance, even among those who were never consciously racist. To take but a single example, in 1901 the young Winston Churchill could remark, "I believe in the ultimate partition of China . . . The Aryan stock is bound to triumph."

As Churchill's remark reveals, a racial drama requires villains as well as heroes—virtuous Aryans confronting evil yellow hordes. Gobineau, however, had not fully appreciated this dramatic necessity. Fearing Slavs, Latins, and Mongols alike, he failed to concentrate on any one object of fear. But later proponents of the Aryan myth were cleverer. In the late nineteenth century the theme of Aryan supremacy over such peoples as the black Africans bulked large among the motivations of imperialism. As white men took up their burden, Aryanism echoed the dramatic confrontation between Prospero and Caliban. Certain Americans also sensed the drama of the confrontation between Black and White, Vice and Virtue. The American version of the myth stressed Anglo-Saxon and Nordic supremacy over the Negro. Its two most famous spokesmen were Madison Grant, who in 1916 wrote *The Passing of the Great Race,* and Lothrop Stoddard, whose *Rising Tide of Color Against White World Supremacy* appeared in 1920.

In Europe, however, the alleged enemy of the Aryan race was neither black nor yellow. Here, the villain's role in the great eschatological drama of Aryan redemption was generally assigned to the Jew. Anti-Semitism, with its long history, remained a valuable political weapon in a secular age that was nevertheless wedded to myth and unreason and in search of vivid confrontations between Good and Evil.

The first to develop this dualism fully was Houston Stewart Chamberlain, the son of an English admiral, whose lengthy treatise *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* first appeared in 1899. To understand Chamberlain, we must emphasize the crucial influence upon him of the Bayreuth circle presided over by Cosima, widow of Richard Wagner. In the last years before the composer's death in 1883, Wagner had become an admirer of certain aspects of Gobineau's racial philosophy. Though the Bayreuth circle devoted itself partly to propagating a version of Gobineau's ideas, its primary object was to deify Wagner himself, principally by staging his operas at the festival theatre, which served almost as a temple.

The Ring cycle, concerning the adventures of the great Germanic hero Siegfried—symbol of purity, strength, and innocence—was the work of the same man who in 1850 had written the hysterical anti-Semitic diatribe *Judaism in Music.* It was therefore scarcely surprising that the Gobineau Society, founded in 1894 largely by members of the Bayreuth circle, should give an unjustifiably anti-Semitic emphasis to the Frenchman's writings, thus bringing them into line with Wagner's view of Jewish cultural degradation. In this atmosphere Chamberlain not only wrote his *Foundations* but also eventually married Wagner's younger daughter and became a German citizen.

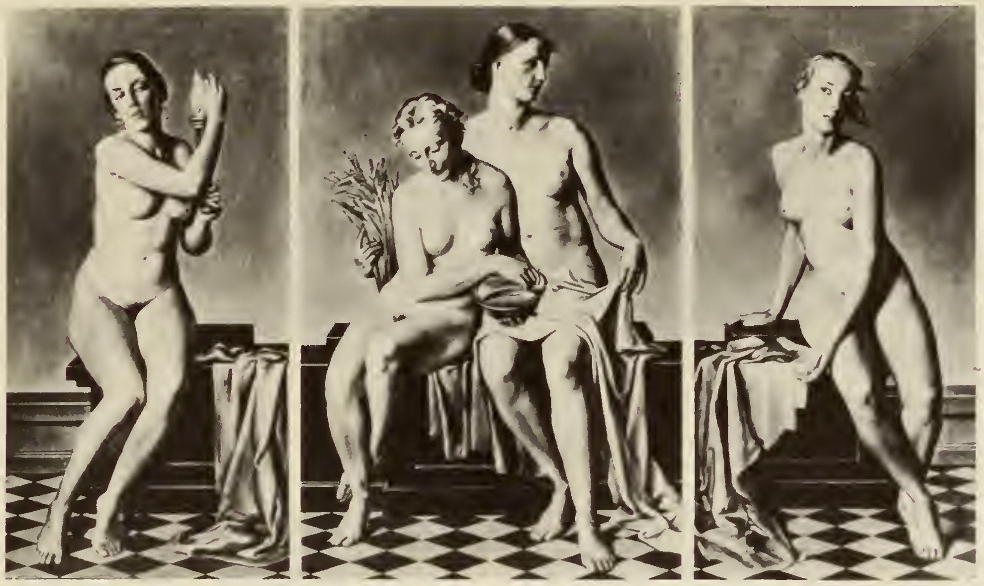
Like Gobineau, Chamberlain undertook to explain the complexities of universal history solely in terms of racial factors. He suggested that the foundations of modern civilization were the culture of ancient Greece, the statecraft of Rome, the Christian revelation, the Jewish menace, and the regenerative power of the Aryan-Teutons. Western history since the fifth century, he said, was essentially concerned with Teutonic improvement upon the classical and Christian achievement in the face of Jewish disruption. Though Chamberlain also feared the Latins, Slavs, Negroes, and Mongols, the archenemy was the Jew. All that the author hated became Jewish. His idea of the Jewish "race" was supplemented by that of the "inner Jew," who, though not Jewish by birth, may become one by acting like one. Conversely, "Whoever behaves as a Teuton is a Teuton whatever his racial origin." Here, as later with the Nazis, we perceive that singularly dishonest mixture of scientific panoply and crass emotional subjectivity. As Chamberlain remarked, unconscious of his self-condemnation, his findings were the natural consequence of "intuition born of ceaseless observation."

With equally unconscious irony Chamberlain could even accept that the Aryans had never hitherto existed. In the *Foundations* we read: "Though it were proved that there never was an Aryan race in the past, yet we desire that in the future there may be one. That is the decisive standpoint for men of action." We are left in no doubt that the Aryan-Teutons are destined to dominate the world. Chamberlain's racism is primarily concerned, not with the history of civilization, but with the prophecy of an ultimate struggle in which the Aryan replaces God and the Jew replaces Satan. Since a nominally Christian theme runs throughout the *Foundations,* Christ himself has to turn into an Aryan. The resulting figure is a kind of self-indulgent Prussian *Junker,* a proud and belligerent Christ who enjoys a good banquet and condones the sins of the flesh. It is not surprising that the book met with the Kaiser's thorough approval.

The metamorphosis of various historical figures into heroes of Aryan stock was a marked feature of this phase of the myth. Dante, Shakespeare, Leonardo, and Michelangelo were included in Chamberlain's Aryan fold. Ludwig Woltmann's *Political Anthropology,* published in 1903, took up this line of thought and contended that all great men were Aryan-Germans. Woltmann gave suitable new names to Frenchmen and Italians: Gounod became Grundiwald; Diderot was really Tietroh; the philosopher Giordano Bruno was part of the clan Braun; and Leonardo da Vinci should rightly be surnamed Wincke.

Nor was this brand of Aryanism without its utopias. One Willibald Hentschel advocated the establishment of an isolated community called Mittgart, after the supposed home of the Aryans. He believed that the ideal society could only be achieved by maintaining blood purity and a caste system. He therefore proposed selective breeding to rescue and regenerate the race. The community was to have a ratio of one thousand women to one hundred men in order to facilitate polygamous marriages, in which the contract would terminate upon pregnancy so that the male might continue without further delay the pursuit of Aryan reproduction. The woman would tend her child for two years, then pass it into common custody and remarry. Hentschel's contribution to Aryan strength and joy was never implemented.

Such doctrines of Aryan regeneration, in Germany above all, naturally had repercussions in popular culture and in art. Even before 1914 the artis-



ULLSTEIN BILDERDIENST

This quartet of precisely rendered, supposedly allegorical nudes—German womanhood in its highest Aryan form—is the work of Adolf Ziegler, who was the favorite painter of Adolf Hitler.

tic typologies of both Aryan and Jew were well established. These were epitomized in the work of the popular illustrator Hugo Höppener ("Fidus"), who synthesized his interpretation of the Greek ideal of Beauty with his conception of the Aryan-German essence. His emphasis on the nude forms of young Aryan males fitted into the broader context of Strength and Joy, of Eros and Sun Worship, that surrounded twentieth-century Aryan mythology. The Nazis black-listed "Fidus" because of his theosophic and spiritualistic symbolism, but the creations of their own pet painters were otherwise all too similar. The Führer himself lived amid the sexually obsessed realism of Adolf Ziegler's paintings. The striking degree to which the Nazi leaders themselves failed to conform to their own racial ideal is surely one reason why the myth was modified to accommodate those who were Aryans in spirit as well as those who were so in body.

In 1925 Hitler went to Bayreuth to pay his respects to the aging Chamberlain on behalf of the Nazi party, whose newspaper had already praised the *Foundations* as the "Gospel of the Volkish movement." Thus the chain of personal and intellectual links from Gobineau and Wagner to Chamberlain and Hitler was complete. In *Mein Kampf*, and in his other writings, speeches, and actions, the Führer made plain his indebtedness to Aryan mythology. He echoed Gobineau in declaring that "Every manifestation of human culture, every product of art, science and technical skill, which we see before our eyes today is almost exclusively the product of the Aryan creative power." The Aryans were the founders and upholders of civilization; the Jews were the architects of its destruction.

Eventually Hitler's Aryan myth, like many another, monstrously devoured both its creators and its supporters. The evolution of Hitler's racial doctrine indicates that he came to regard the German people, upon whose support he relied, as themselves debased in comparison with a supranational elite, limited in number but geographically boundless. Hitler devised the SS as an elite order embodying the ideals of Wagner's *Parsifal*. Its knights under Himmler were to seek the Holy Grail of pure Aryan blood, just as Parsifal had sought the cup that had held Christ's blood. The war over, Himmler was to have Burgundy as the heartland of a supranational SS state. This was the theoretical essence of Hitler's New Order, in pursuit of which the Nazis annihilated themselves. The historical drama ended not as *Parsifal* but as *Götterdämmerung*—that is, in fire and destruction.

Yet the fact that the Nazi champions of Aryanism are gone cannot give us complete reassurance that the myth itself is dead. Emotional revulsion in the aftermath of Auschwitz is no guarantee against the re-emergence of the myth. Nor can scientific enlightenment do away with it. Though biologists and geneticists throw doubt on the very idea of race itself, though they reject the idea of pure races and dismiss conceptions of innate racial superiority, theories of racial supremacy refuse to die.

The history of the Aryan myth demonstrates the power of belief over the power of knowledge. Thus it is alarming to encounter contemporary neo-fascist doctrines advocating the unity of One Europe or of One White Atlantic Community because of a paranoid reaction to the economically backward and vocally hostile colored hordes beyond. We may now hear more often of Caucasians than of Aryans, but the substance and errors of the belief in white supremacy linger.

Certain of our contemporaries might take to heart some wise advice from Gobineau: "There is no greater tyranny than that which works through fictions, for they are by their very nature unfeeling and pitiless, boundless in their impudence and their pretensions." He failed to see the relevance of this remark to his own inventions, but it is an admirable judgment upon the past and even, perhaps, upon the future of the Aryan myth.

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Echoes of the "Aryans"

The "Aryans" no longer exist;
yet a distant murmur of their lost language lives still,
spoken by a tribe of Nuristanis

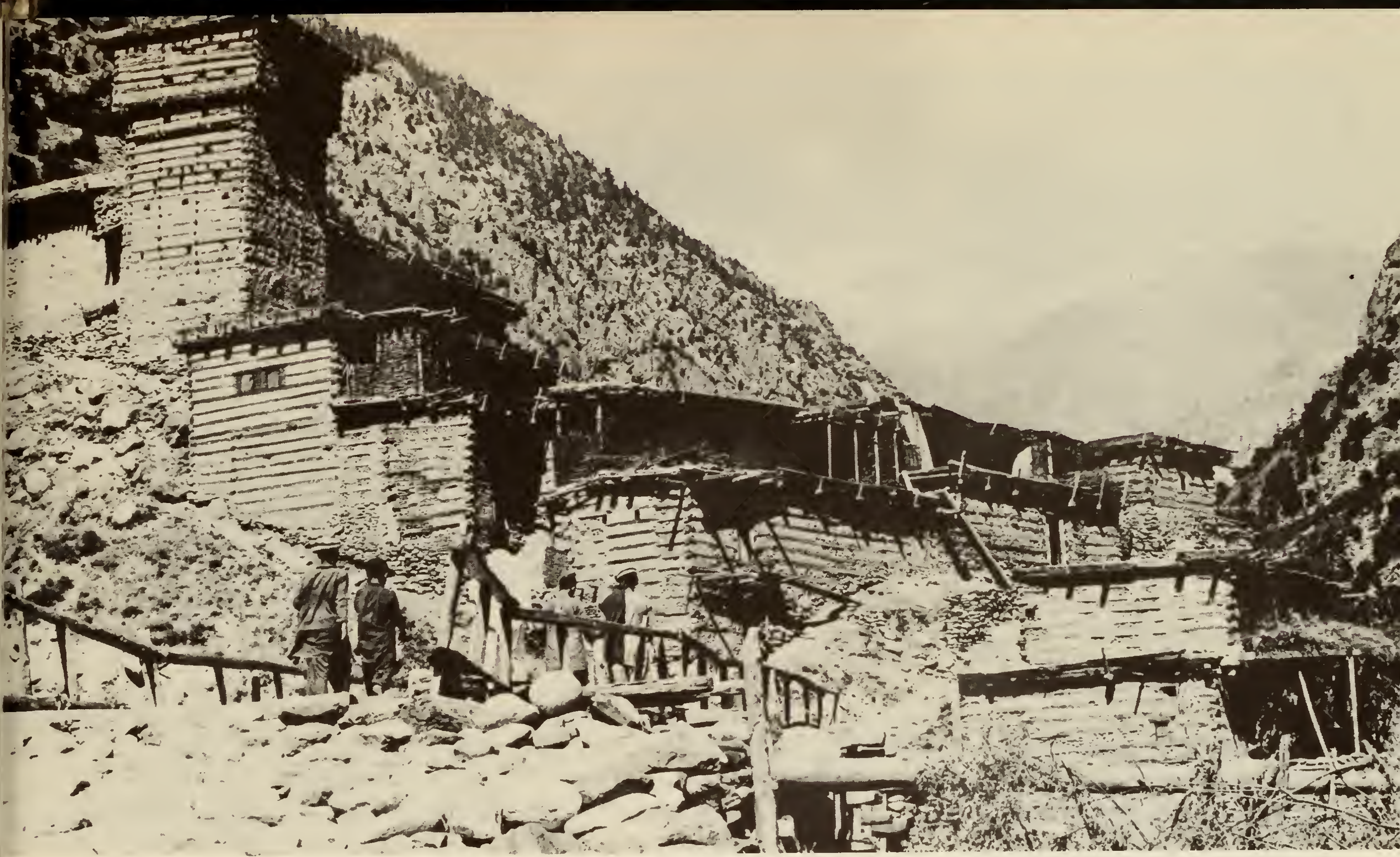
By FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

The Greeks of Alexander's army, fighting their way across Afghanistan to India around 330 B.C., were surprised to find a fair-skinned people living in a region they called "Nysa," somewhere between the Kunar River and the Indus in the folds of the Hindu Kush mountains. More than two thousand years later the commander of the 1839 British expeditionary force in Afghanistan, Sir William McNaghton, received a deputation from a tribe of fair-skinned people living in some of the highest and most remote valleys of the Hindu Kush; they had come to befriend the British, whom they assumed to be a distant branch of the same tribe. ("One division went to London," as they afterward explained, "while the other settled here.")

Sir William was not an ethnologist, or he might have realized that he had stumbled on a group of tribes probably descended from the ancient "Aryans" who had moved into this region some four thousand years ago. In their manner of speaking, at any rate, they were distant cousins of the British, since their language had a common ancestor with English—and with virtually all European languages. The tribesmen of the Hindu Kush, moreover, spoke a language that is so old, and contains so many archaic elements, that it must have branched off from the main stem of Indo-Aryan, our linguistic Ur-grandmother, even earlier than Sanskrit, which is more than three thousand years old. In the splendid isolation of their impenetrable mountains, they managed to preserve not only what may be the earliest living form of Indo-Aryan but also elements of a culture that goes back to the third millennium B.C.

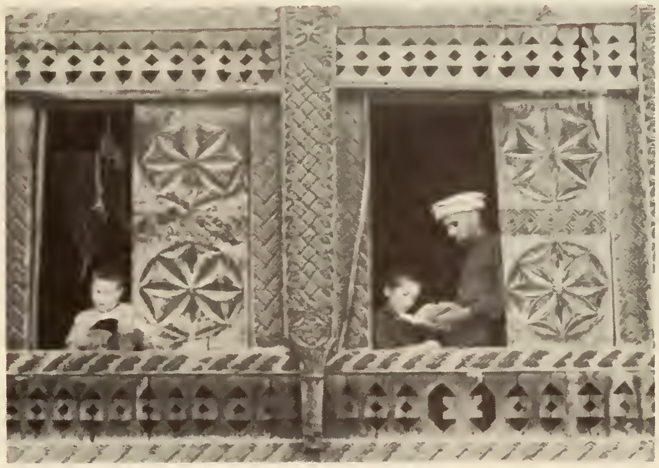
Their first attempt to make contact with the British was frustrated by McNaghton's Afghan advisors. "The Afghans grew furiously jealous," says a British account of the episode, "and the deputation was sent coldly away." It was an understandable reaction. The Mohammedans harbored a long-standing grudge against these fierce mountain men, whom they called Kafirs ("infidels"), and who were notorious for the bloody head-hunting raids with which they terrorized their Moslem neighbors.

The outside world was not to learn anything very definite about the Kafirs until the turn of the century, but rumors about them began filtering back to Europe before that. It was thought they might be Christians, or perhaps an isolated pocket of Greeks, a "Homeric island in the interior of Asia." Kipling fantasized about them in *The Man Who Would Be King*: "They were fair men—fairer than you or me—with yellow hair and remarkably well built." Actually, fair hair is rare among the Kafirs, who tend to look Spanish rather than Norwegian, though there is a sprinkling of blue-eyed blonds and redheads among them. Linguists and anthropologists have been studying these people for a number of years, yet



In this fortress-like village in the Hindu Kush, mountain tribesmen preserve ancient customs and traces of an archaic language that is perhaps as close to our Indo-Aryan mother tongue as we can get.

there are still a great many questions about them, which dramatizes the unsolved problem of Indo-Aryan origins and migrations.



Abstract pagan symbols adorn the shutters of a Nuristani house.

BOTH: TOBY MOLENAAR

Some of the available evidence as to their cultural origin is certainly puzzling. They live in wooden houses ornamented with carvings that resemble those from the Balkans or the Pyrenees. They use chairs and tables rather than sit on the ground, as their neighbors do—but the chairs have curved rawhide seats like those of the ancient Aegean. Until their conversion to Islam the Kafirs made wine and poured libations, like the classical Greeks. In their athletic games they toss a stone shot-put and a sort of discus. They play a four-stringed harp, the *waj*, which is unlike any instrument found in the world today but closely resembles the angle harps of ancient Sumer, dating from the third millennium B.C. The music they play on it sounds tunefully Balkan rather than Asian, with rippling melodies that are tinged with a certain melancholy.

But it is the antiquity of their language that provides the best clue to their past. An authority on Indo-Aryan languages, Georg Morgenstierne, says that Kafiri "probably derived from the language of an early wave of Aryan invaders, forerunners of the later . . . tribes pushing on, from Central Asia, towards the plains of India. The ancestors of the later Kafirs were then pushed back by these their more numerous and stronger successors into the remote and till recently inaccessible valleys where they have been able to preserve, not only their ancient religion but a number of special cultural features, such as sitting on chairs, drinking wine, and so on."

None of this has any bearing on the thoroughly discredited Aryan myth so far as it pertains to Europe. Archaeologists and linguists now agree that the word "Aryan" cannot be used to describe a race, but only those people who spoke the early Indo-Aryan languages. One thing emerges from prehistory: a great migration of peoples began in Asia around the second millennium B.C.: they are probably the same "Aryas" who are mentioned later in Vedic literature. To them the word "Aryan" in its various Sanskrit forms meant something like "comrade" or "bosom companion" (as opposed to *dasa*, the enemy, the earlier inhabitants) and had the connotation of "noble." Waves of these invaders laid the foundations of the present population of the Iranian plateau and the Indian subcontinent, giving it an Indo-European language base. What they looked like, no one is now in a position to ascertain; perhaps some of them did resemble the Kafir villagers. But the present-day inhabitants of the Hindu Kush are so far removed from the mysterious original Aryans in time that they can no longer serve as a valid anthropological "control group."

What is so striking about the Kafirs is that, thanks to their mountain defenses, they have been able to preserve so many incredibly ancient cultural traditions. While the Zoroastrians and the Buddhists, each in their turn, converted Afghanistan, the Kafirs clung stubbornly to their version of the Aryan religion—a kind of ancestor worship combined with the cult of Imra the Creator, Gish the war god, and several lesser deities. They were the only tribes who successfully parried the sword of Islam when it swept through Afghanistan in the seventh century. In the fourteenth century Tamerlane tried to subdue them and failed; so did the Mogul emperors and the Afghan dynasties that followed.

Not until 1896 did the "Iron Man" of Afghanistan, Emir Abdul Rahman Khan, put an end to the guerrilla raids with which the Kafirs regularly celebrated their independence. Capturing the main villages in a surprise attack, he compelled the tribes to acknowledge his authority and to accept the Moslem religion. The government sent a missionary priest to each of the fourteen villages, and the name of the region was changed from Kafiristan, land of the infidels, to Nuristan, land of light.

During the summer of 1896 the tribesmen of the upper Bassgal valley gave a great feast to which they invited people from all the villages, together with their fourteen missionaries. For the last time they performed the elaborate rituals and dances of their native religion: animals were sacrificed to Imra, the ancient songs were chanted, and there were choric dances around a bonfire fed with libations of goat fat poured over sacred cedar branches. Then, as the historian A. R. Palwal writes, "for the first and last time, but for once and for ever, the heads of the fourteen Muslim priests were cut off to propitiate the Kafirs' gods and to pacify their dead ancestors."

Those who were responsible for this ceremony quietly emigrated across the mountains to what is now West Pakistan. The rest were, as we now say, reindoctrinated, but in fact Nuristan is still a largely ungovernable province, well beyond the reach of the authorities in Kabul. To enter Nuristan, travelers have to obtain an Afghan exit visa before crossing the one bridge that leads into the region: after you sign out with the guard post there, you are on your own in a kind of no man's land where nearly everyone carries a gun and you are expected to look after your own security.

A two-day journey by Land-Rover takes you along a rough track that follows the snow-fed Bassgal River. (Coming around a sharp bend last summer, we ran into a hail of bullets that turned out to be nothing more than the ricochets of a volley that an exuberant band of tribesmen were firing at a cliff across the river.) At last you begin the long climb on foot to the villages that are perched on the upper slopes of the Hindu Kush like eagles' nests. Sometimes the trails are no wider than a footstep, with a rock face on one side and a hundred-foot precipice on the other. Barefoot Nuristani children scamper over these paths like mountain goats. The young men, loping along tirelessly with their rifles, are the most sure-footed mountaineers I have ever known. But they leave all the heavy carrying to the women, who can be seen trudging uphill with enormous baskets full of grain and babies.

The old men, with their long beards, flowing robes, and Henry VIII berets, look as though they had stepped out of one of those Renaissance paintings in which the apostles are shown as Europeans in vaguely Biblical costumes. Here, at two- and three-mile altitudes, they can get to be very old indeed. One hunter in his forties proudly introduced me to his 128-year-old grandfather, a white-haired patriarch who was still mobile in a dignified way. He could remember the days when a Kafir had to be a killer in order to qualify for manhood; today murder is at least no longer obligatory.

There is little here that money can buy. Millet is the staple grain, from which they bake a flat bread usually eaten with goat cheese or ghee, and apples or mulberries. The basic unit of exchange is the goat, and all trade is carried on, if not with the actual animals, then in terms of so many goats' worth of other commodities. Slavery was abolished after Islam was introduced. And since Moslem law forbids the making of images, most of the figurative Kafir art has also vanished. The monumental ancestor figures that once guarded the villages have nearly all been destroyed; survivors can be seen, mysterious and almost African in their geometry, in the museum at Kabul. The best art still to be seen in Nuristan is the bold, abstractly carved paneling on the old houses.

It used to be said that the Kafirs were the degenerate remains of "something higher" on the scale of civilization. But now it begins to look as though they were very lucky to be locked in the alpine redoubt of their five-thousand-year Reich, with its Sumerian harps and Aegean chairs. They can live to be a hundred, and can freely breathe the air, thin as it is, that surrounds them; they pay no taxes, have no women's liberation movement, and produce an annual net increase in goats without significant inflation. On any scale of values, which of the "Aryans" have made better use of their time?

THE WEEKENDER'S COMPANION

If customary modes of travel pall . . .

PETER M. BOWERS COLLECTION

Airline? Tiresome rope-ladder landings leave one far from the Sky Club.

Ever alert to the wants of the cultural vanguard, we have a few hints for travelers this summer, especially in times when customary modes of transport have clearly failed us. One need only contemplate the depressing scenes on this page to realize that the time has come for the *cognoscenti* to leave these tiresome devices behind. When, after all, does an airplane land where you want it to? Who would be a motorist on our present highways? And why do the trains, when they run at all, stop at such odd destinations?

Bigness, of course, is the problem. In the days of suburban oversprawl, if we may be pardoned a catch word, you are bound to have megatravel, with resulting superstall. The solution, and one must believe there is one for every problem, is smallness. Here, then, on the pages that follow is some small thinking for the imaginative weekender. If we have presented some solutions for which there are as yet no problems, do not be ungrateful. They will arise.

—OLIVER JENSEN*

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Motorcar? These tipsy-turvy affairs are liable to strand the traveler.

BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

Rail? If trains escape new Nixon-Volpe "Rail-Ax," they may go too far.

the discerning traveler will profit by turning the next few leaves

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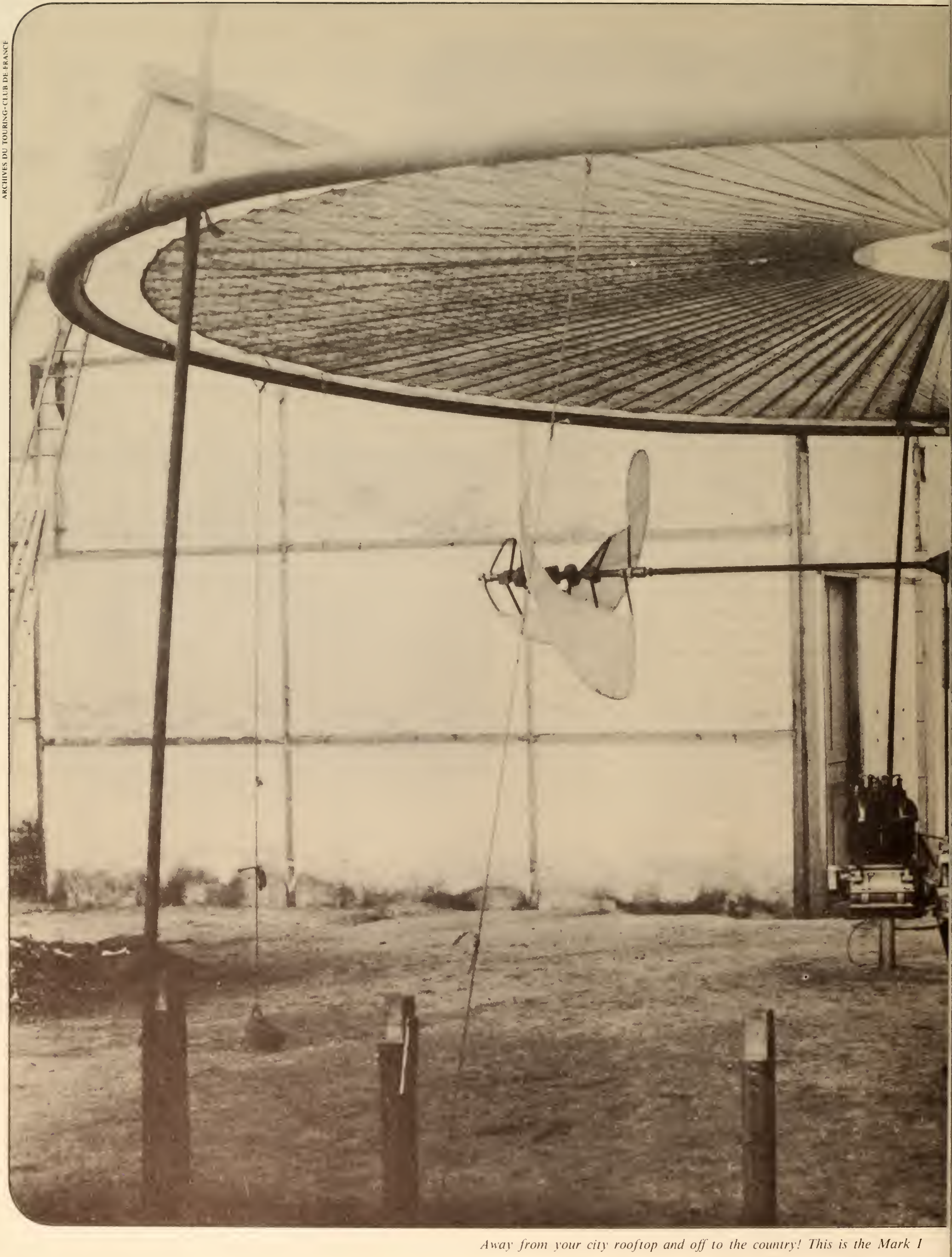
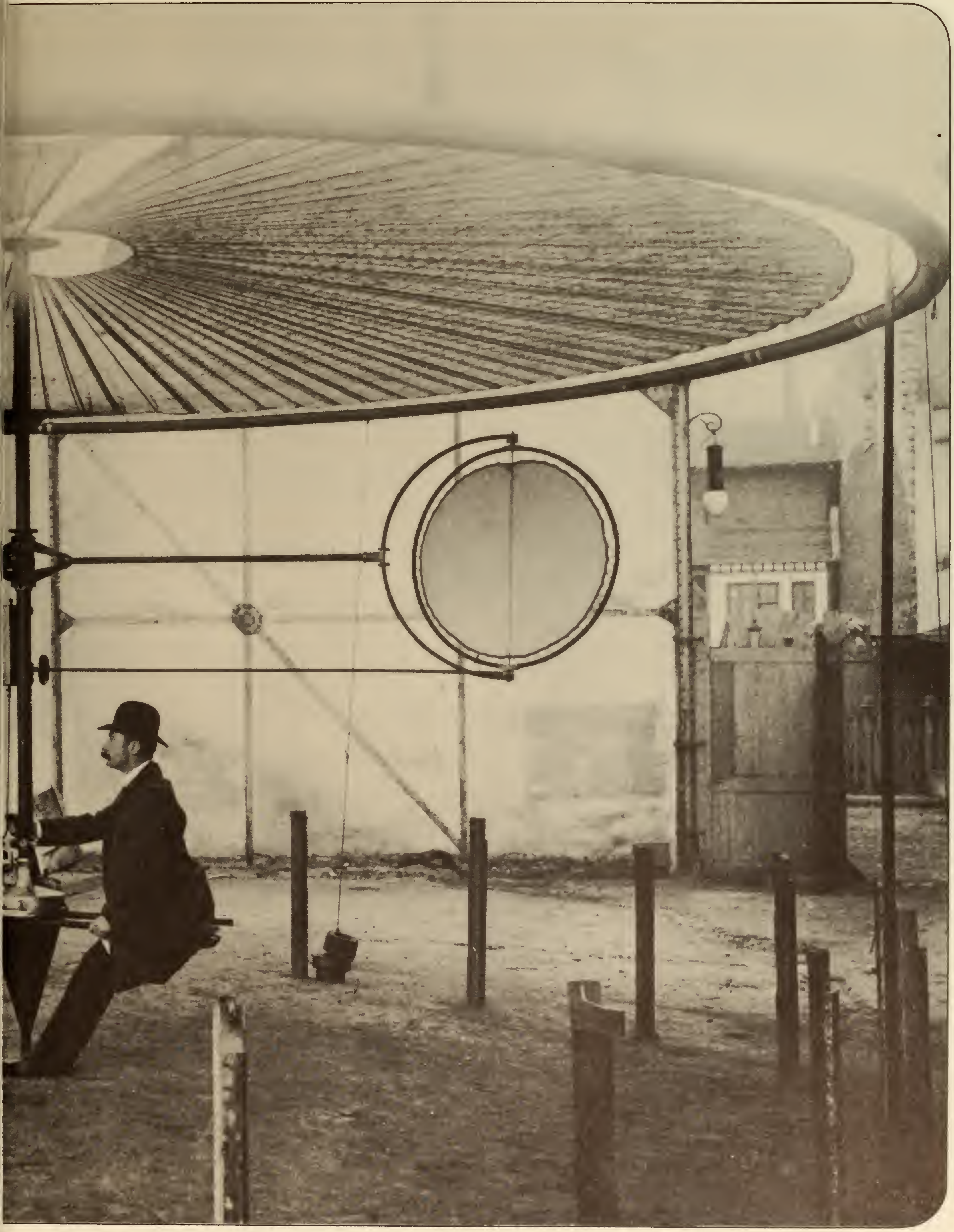
*Mr. Jensen's new book, *The Revolt of American Women* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), is about a problem for which there is no solution.



ARCHIVES DU TOURING-CLUB DE FRANCE

Away from your city rooftop and off to the country! This is the Mark I



hetero-lateral-vertical heliplane, wood-burning, called Le Parapluie Volant.

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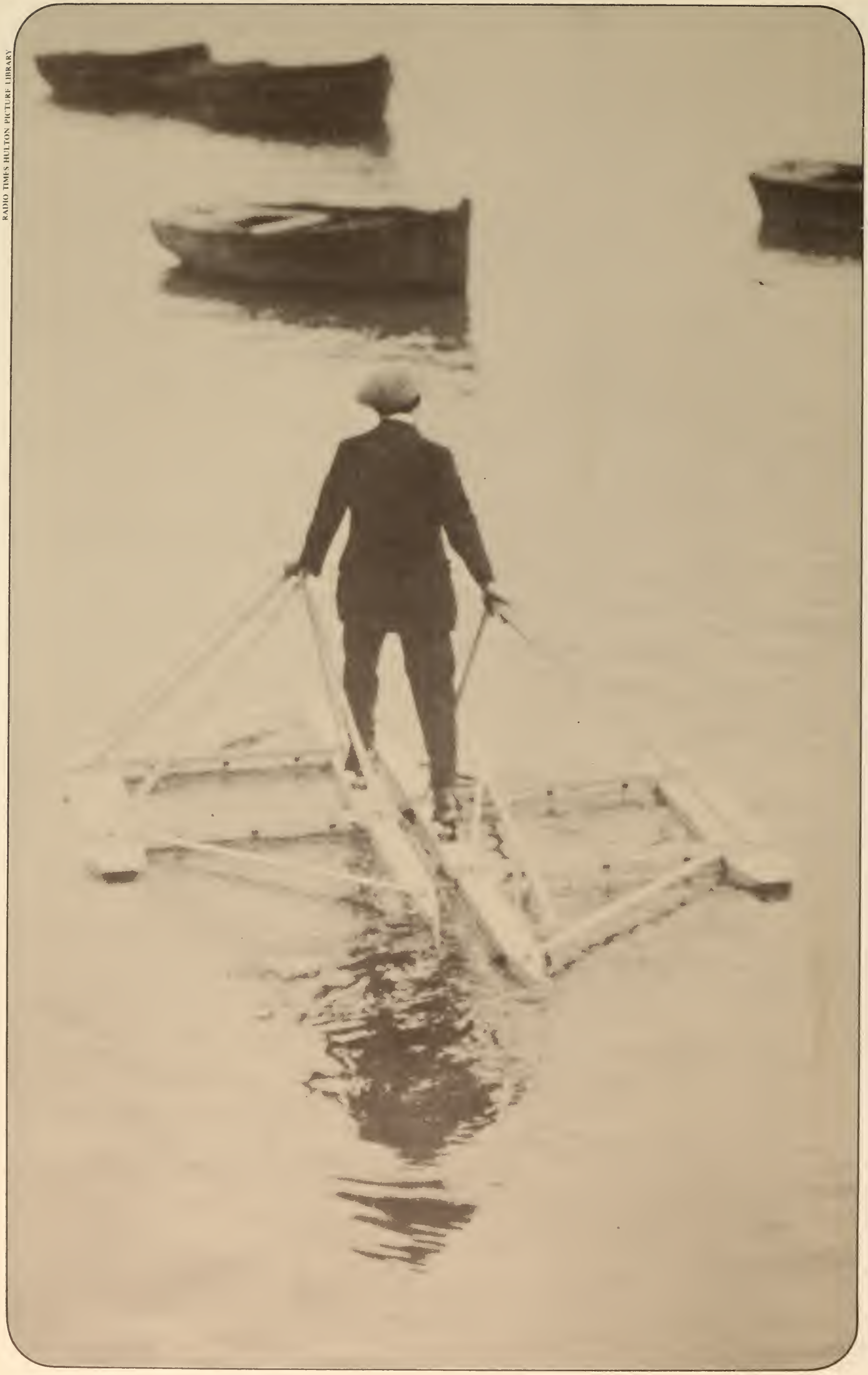
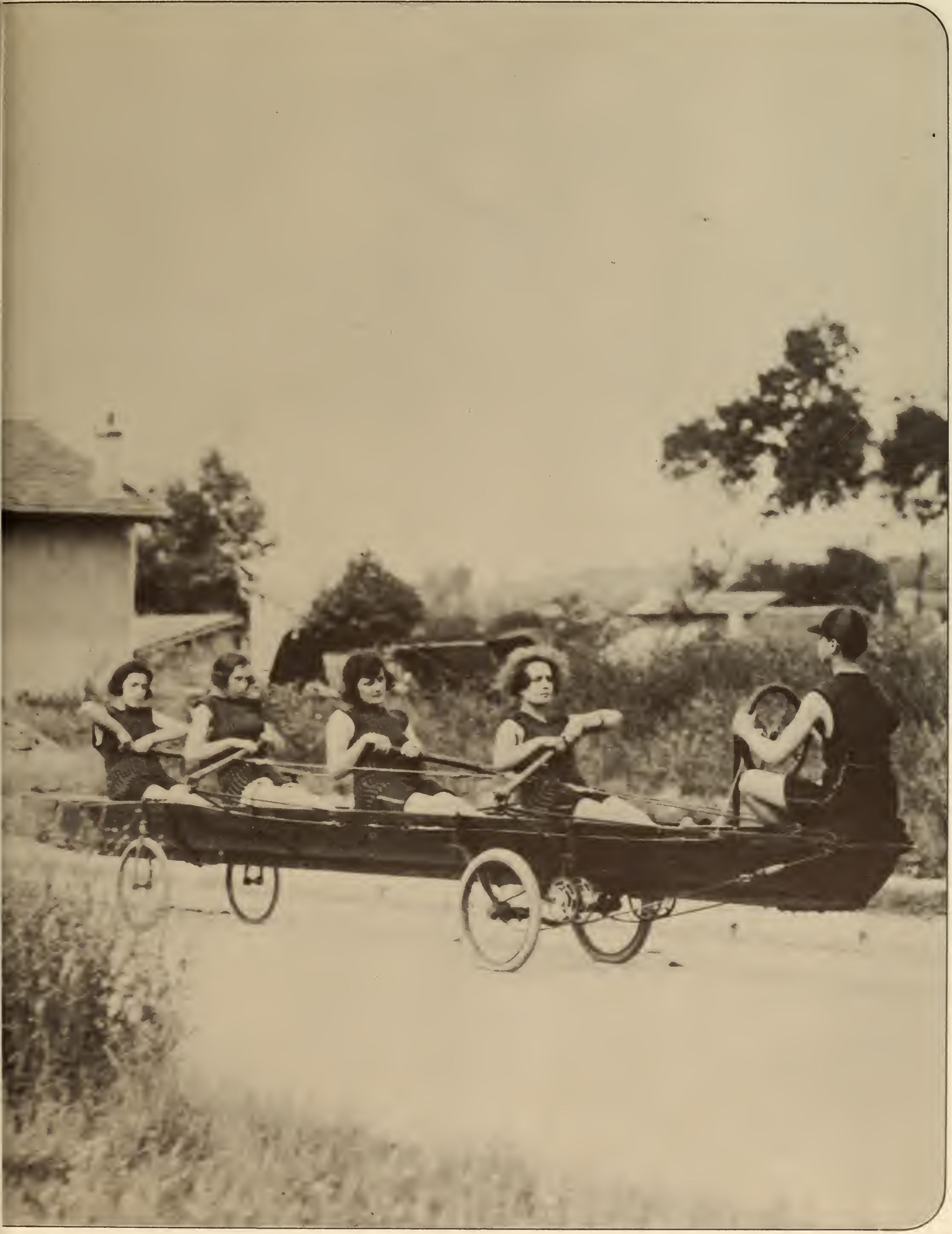


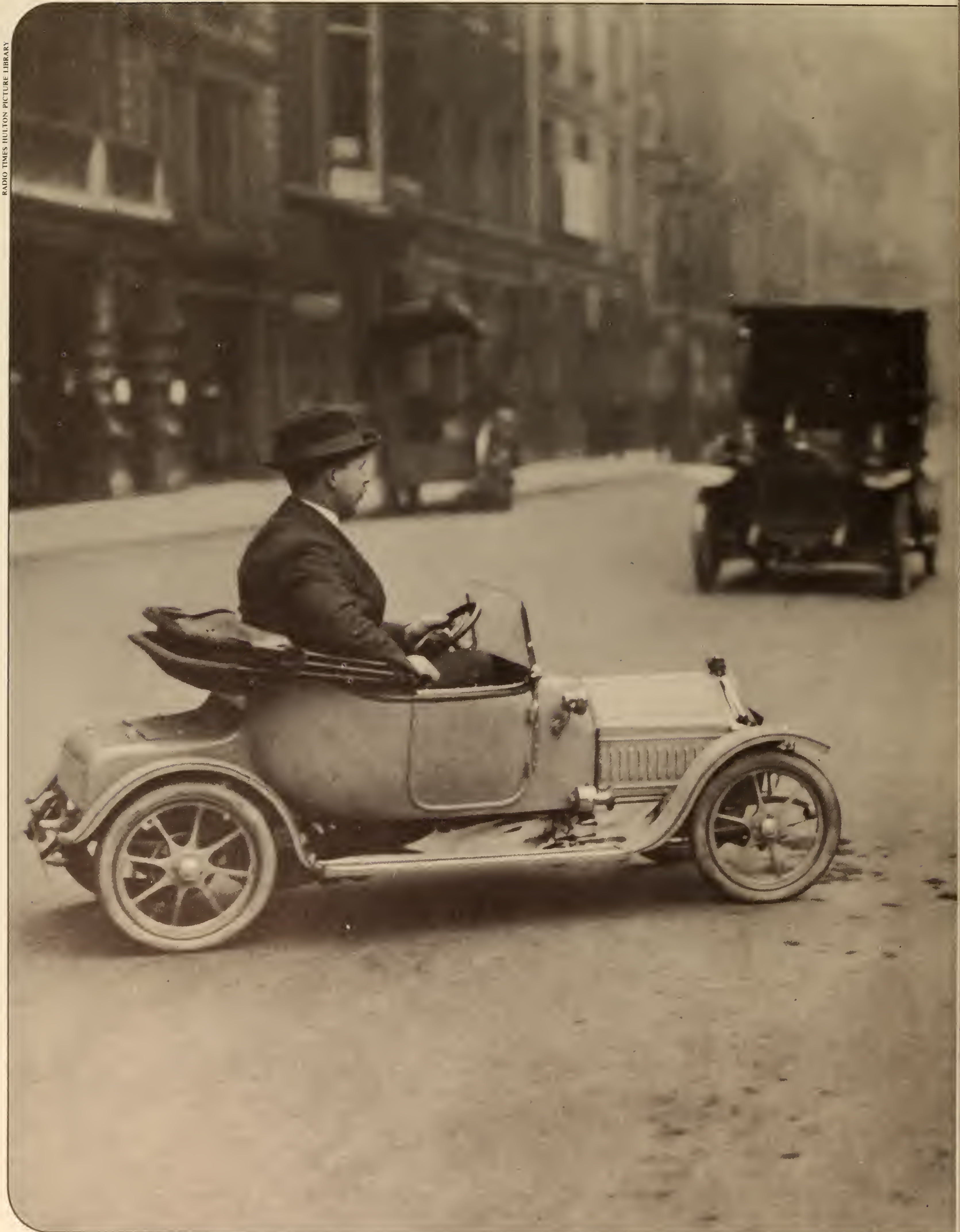
Don't take a boat; walk *on it. Known by eager users at Newport and Tuxedo Park as "Franklin D. Roosevelt's Dream."*



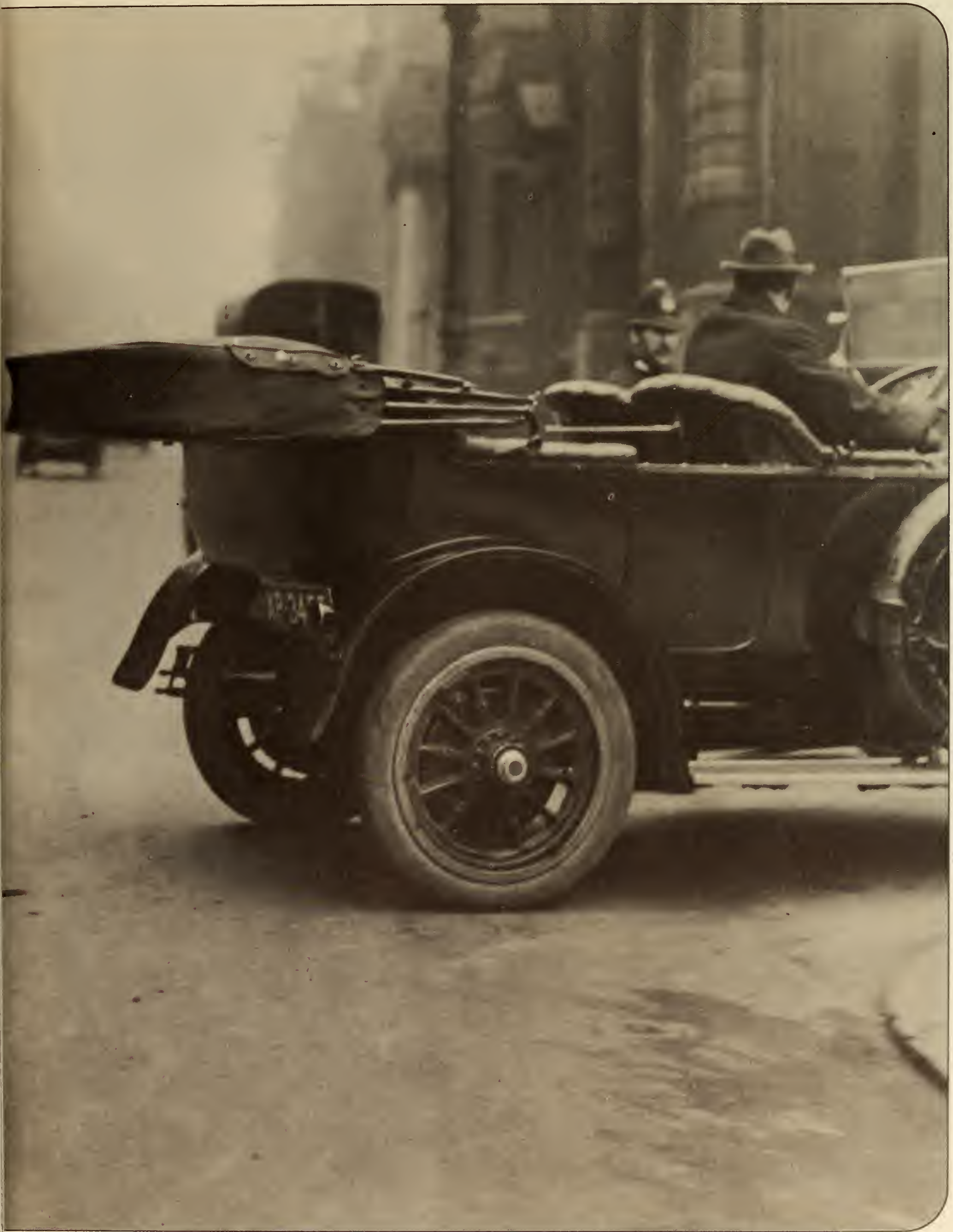
COLLECTION GEORGES SIROT, PARIS

For the oarsman, nothing moves along as handily as "The Dry Shell." The crew is preparing for the Henley Regatta.

RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

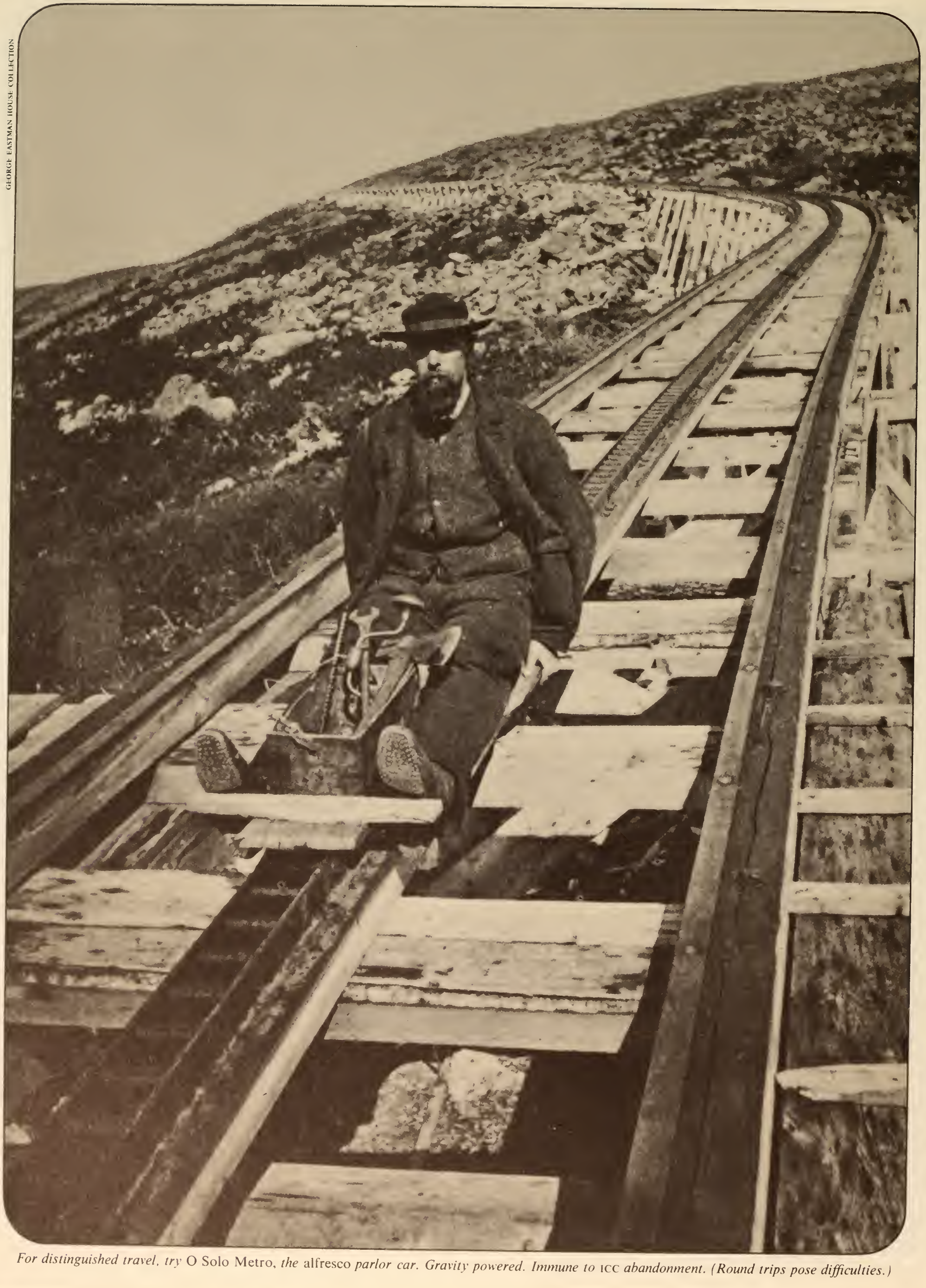


If you must motor, Detroit at last has a new compact car, whose



jolly users call it the "Lilliputter." Parks easily, washes in a jiffy.

GEORGE EASTMAN HOUSE COLLECTION



For distinguished travel, try O Solo Metro, *the* alfresco *parlor car. Gravity powered. Immune to* ICC *abandonment. (Round trips pose difficulties.)*